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FROM MORELIA TO MEXICO CITY ON HORSEBACK.

IT may be only women who sentimentalize over their old clothes, and become clairvoyant at the touch of a shabby garment, long embalmed in that subtle odor which clothing will distill from the place where it has been worn; but, even if it be a purely feminine confession, I am not ashamed to confess that memory was stronger than sight as I put on my old Colorado habit, the morning of our start, and perceived that faint, pungent smell of Indian-tanned leather, tobacco, and the smoke of wood-fires. It was not the half-packed trunks that I saw, or the *maltones*, buckled ready to be slung over the mules' backs, or Ascension sweeping the damp corridor;—it was a low cabin room, with a hammock swung across the chimney corner—the blackened trails of fire-wasted pine-woods, and the long, windy reaches of the valley of the Arkansas—I do not mean the broad, fallow stream which weds the Mississippi in its prosaic middle-age, but the wild, snow-born Arkansas in its infancy, swift as the arrowy speed of a fish through clear water, and so narrow that a horse might leap across.

I put on my old habit with an indulgent eye for its infirmities, and peering into the dim, swinging glass on the dressing-table, powdered my face white as a plaster-cast, as a defense against the sun of Mexico, which the ladies had assured me I would find *mu*y *fuerte*. The ensanguined countenances of the two blonde engineers, who had already tested its power, were sufficient warning of what I might expect. My defensive preparations were completed by a small silk face-mask, to be worn during the heat of the day, when the reflection from the unsheltered roads is scarcely less powerful than the vertical rays of the sun. We rode, a party of four—the two mining engineers, a Mexican colonel of cavalry, and

myself. Our friends in Morelia, Michoacan, had given us a magnificent outfit for the journey. We were traveling like persons of consequence,—with a retinue of six mounted men, four pack-animals, and arms and munitions enough to have enabled us to have "cleaned out," in Western parlance, every little Indian village between Morelia and Mexico City. Nothing, however, could have been more peaceful than our mood as we rode out of the hospitable court of the beautiful Casa G—. We were deeply touched by all the kindness we had received in the city of strangers, and by the breaking of those slight threads of pleasant intercourse, which are so quickly woven even between strangers when they meet on the common ground which exists for all races. The morning sun was already hot in the street, long shadows laced the pavement and followed the languidly moving figures. All the houses where the pretty girls had looked out and fluttered their fingers to us, on our way to the Paseo, were close shuttered, the balconies deserted; only the rows of water-spouts thrust out from the eaves of the flat roofs seemed to stare at us, and flout us with their long shadows, all pointing toward the city gate. So, past the fountain, near the entrance of the aqueduct to the city, where troops of animals are watered at morning and evening, past the Alameda and San Pedro, with its aisles of arching trees, and vistas of checkered shadow, we came to the outer gate. During the first hour of our ride we had the company of Mr. —, chief of the Morelia division of the railroad, to whom we owed many kindnesses. It was his influence which had procured for me the petted saddle-horse of a friend—no "galled jade," hardened in gait and temper, such as are kept for hire on long journeys, but a neatly made, light-footed

pony, of the red-roan color called in Mexico *rosillo*. I hope my pony's condition, on his return, showed his obliging master that I neither "whipped him, nor slashed him, nor rode him through the mire"—like that naughty lady in the nursery rhyme, who is so justly held up to the children's disapprobation.

I never felt him gather his nimble feet beneath him for one of our long, refreshing can- ters in the cool hours of the morning, each untired muscle responsive, each hoof striking true, his lively ears jealously attentive to the

breast of some hovering bird, whose vivid plumage may have furnished the mantles of Montezuma's queens with their gorgeous dyes.

A—— and I riding together, restfully silent, as people are apt to be who have ridden together a good many times before, had always in front of us the figures of the Scotch engineer and the Mexican colonel,—significant figures, if one chose to regard them so,—contrasted as the Knight of the Leopard and Saladin, on their journey across the burning Syrian desert. The bullets in their Winchesters clinked in unison, their shoulders kept the



A MEXICAN MAN-SERVANT.

horses behind him, without a tacit repetition of my thanks for my *Rosillo*—the chiefest pleasure of the ride, or rather the pleasure on which all others were dependent!

All the way to Charo,—the Indian village where we were to rest at noon,—the long white road stretched away between the cactus hedges, softened by willows in the wet hollows. The nopal-cactus still bore its incipient blossoms, which the untimely snow had nipped; the organ-cactus sends up from its main stalk long, prickly shoots, like organ-pipes, whose melodies are expressed in color instead of sound, as they chord with the deep blue sky, the yellow climbing-bill, and the

same movement in time to the tread of their horses' feet.

José Maria, the trusted *mozo* of Mr. —, who had lent him to us for the ride, preceded us by some distance, announcing our arrival at the stopping-places, and keeping a wary eye out for suspicious-looking fellow-travelers. Don Pepe, a veteran of the Mexican war, who acted as our commissary in charge of the "outfit," by tacit arrangement rode behind me; the *mozos de camino*, Bonifacio and Augustin, followed, and then came the queer, solemn little pack-train, the two loaded mules, and the led mules, in charge of Rafael and his assistant—a long,



THE FOUNTAIN AT CHARO.

brown stripling, "clothed all in leather," except for his wide cotton under-trowsers, which escaped from the buttonless seams of his leather ones. All leather trowsers in Mexico are buttoned down the outside seam, with very military and ornamental effect. I despair of conveying any idea of Rafael's placid, expressionless progress, sitting bolt upright on his mule, very near its tail, his wide straw hat opposed to the angle of the sun's declination and framing his head in a halo of shadow. The long youth dashed about in pursuit of straying mules or "U-lu-u-d" to them, but Rafael's repose was never disturbed. He was the only Mexican we saw who had a distinctly humorous quality. Others were gentle, and tragic, and grotesque, and repulsive, and queer to the verge of extravagance, but Rafael was the only one I ever saw who could inspire a hearty laugh without a latent misery in it. Rafael was our one embodied joke all the days of our ride; in that character alone he would have been worth his services—whatever they may have been. I could never discover that

he did anything except change the angle of his hat with the changing shadows, as if he were some movable species of sun-dial.

At Charo, the houses are built in long, low lines of gray, unstuccoed adobe, and they look as if the top story had been blown off them. The top of the spire seemed also to have been blown off the great church on the hill overlooking the village, or perhaps it had never been put on. The empty bell-chamber was open to the sky, with tufts of grass growing aloft where the bell should have hung. It is a humble little village street, with a fountain, and Biblical-looking women, with Rebecca-at-the-well draperies and jars, coming and going to and from it. José Maria had announced us, and several of these women, brown-cheeked Rebeccas, with long, black braids of hair, were patting and frying tortillas in the dark kitchen, which is separated by a low, deep arch from the dining-room of the inn.

I had time to make a sketch of this room before dinner, but the best part had to be left out—the queer, mongrel dogs and children that filled the clear space before the

arch; they could not have kept still, and the artist could not have drawn them if they had. They were subjects for Velasquez or Fortuny. The cool stone water-filter in the corner of the room dropped its contents, like the sands of an hour-glass, into the great brown *olla* in the wooden frame below. A collection of pottery vessels, as various in sizes and colors as the children, were arranged on the walls—as if they had been humble household gods—above a deep, sunken cupboard like a shrine. We bought a small memento of Charo in the shape of a pottery pitcher, with native decoration on the unglazed clay. Bonifacio, with ill-concealed scorn of our taste, put it for safe keeping in a little bag made of aloefibers, which he swung at the pommel of his saddle.

The *hacienda* of Quieréndero is said to be about twenty-five miles from Morelia. We had been recommended by a letter of introduction to the hospitality of the *administrador*, and we pressed on through the noon-day and heat, hoping to arrive in time to rest before dinner. The road, for the greater part of the way, was in broad sunlight. Occasionally we took a short canter under the shelter of a lane of willows by the roadside. We met no travelers except the itinerant Indians. Among these occasionally we observed little signs of consideration on the part of the men toward the women, as in the case of one who had given his broad hat to the woman behind him and himself walked bare-headed,

his coarse thatch of hair shining like shoe-blackening in the sun. The woman bore the sweet burden of womanhood, a sleeping child, hanging heavily in the folds of her *rebozo* and softly swaying with her steps. Beside her walked a straight-backed girl, with that peculiar thick aquiline nose which gives a sensuous kind of pride to the profile of these dull faces. She carried her shoes, of light sheepskin, and a rude guitar, at her back, and looked at us fixedly with her great black eyes, lifting one corner of the blue cotton head-cloth she wore, folded like that of an Italian *contadina*. We arrived at Quieréndero about four o'clock. It presents to the outside only massive stone walls, with gate-ways like those of a fortress. Within are two great courts, surrounded by stone buildings one story in height with tiled roofs,—the outer court, hot, unpaved, unshaded, opening through a stone gate-way, with fine contrasting effect, into the lovely inner *patio*, green-sodded, and planted with young orange-trees—a little heaven of cool refreshment to our road-weariness.

We were received by the *administrador* in the *patio*, and conducted into a large, bare room which might have been the office. There were book-cases nearly filling one end of the room, a low, broad divan across the other end, a commodious writing-desk, and a few light chairs. The glass doors opened on the corridor. Across this space of cool shadow the eye followed the light outward to the sunny, grass-paved *patio*, the young orange-



A MEXICAN KITCHEN.

trees, and the sky of Mexico, of the very tint to have humming-birds and flowers of vivid hue enameled upon it.

After we had been presented to the ladies of the house, we went to our rooms, closed out the afternoon light with the heavy shutters, and slept the sleep of a short summer night. After a long summer day, it was bewildering to find it still the same day when we woke a little after sunset, and went out into the *patio*. At dinner our host placed me, to my great embarrassment, in his own seat at the head of a feudal board, with many faces of retainers seated around it in order of their rank. The engineers were on my left, my host and his wife on my right, and the colonel, their countryman, next the engineers. Our men-servants, Bonifacio and Augustin, served us, together with those of the household. After dinner we returned to the *sala* by way of the *corridor*, which supplies the place of a hall. A lighted torch burning in the *patio* sent a Christmas glow about on the summer greenery.

That evening at Quieréndero gave a new association to the wistful *grito* of the crickets on a summer night. It was February, but summer nights may come in the dead of winter in Fairyland. We were speaking of the Indian women, who carry their burdens by a strap across the forehead (they are not all princesses in Fairyland). The *señora* with the beautiful Spanish name told us they have no *aspiraciones*, these Indian women of the province with dull faces and heavily molded forms. Life must be very hard for a woman with no "aspirations"—not even an aspiration toward a change in the fashion of her clothes bi-annually, at least. The Indian women weave and wear the garments of their dimmest progenitors, and make their pottery vessels of the same shape of those their greatest-grandmothers bore to the immemorial fountain.

Quieréndero is a private estate, but we were received at half an hour's notice—a party of four, with six servants, twelve horses, and four mules, fed and lodged and charmingly entertained—without making an apparent ripple on the serene current of its activities. Our host did us the honor to rise at daybreak to speed the parting guests. Quieréndero was beautiful in the low morning light. Men and cattle going to their day's work; the patient, homely figures of the laborers, in garments with simple folds, that have been shaped by their attitudes of continuous toil; the long shadows stretching across the carefully tilled land, a record in itself of centuries of labor,—all this reminded me of Millet's solemn epics of the poor.

No American who has never been out of

the United States can imagine such a peasantry as this. It is not probable that each individual has suffered the equivalent of that dull sadness which is expressed in the faces of all. It is a sadness which mothers must have given to their children before the conquest of the Toltec by the Aztec, or the Aztec by the Spaniard. Even Humboldt, who was not looking for the sentimental aspects of the Indian tribes of Mexico, speaks of this national sadness. Nor can it be wondered at in a people who had the awful drama of human sacrifices for their amusement during one long, dark epoch, succeeded by the bull-fight and the cock-fight during another. The muscles which encircle the mouth (parenthesis-like), springing from the root of the nostril, have, in the Indian face, that thickened, rigid look which we see in the head of a Medusa, or the tragic mask.

The prosperity of the rich valley culminated long ago in the cities of Acambaro and Zinepecuaro, and their prosperity reached its highest in the great stone cathedrals which tower above the poor streets, like a feudal castle above the village of serfs at its feet. The church's power is broken in Mexico, but thoughtful, patriotic Mexicans appreciate these significant contrasts.

"*Pobre Mejico!*" the Colonel would often exclaim, as we rode through some village of earth-colored adobe huts, with its church of hewn stone overlooking them. "*Muchas iglesias! No escuelas! Todas, todas para los padres! Para la gente—nada!*" (Poor Mexico! Many churches! No schools! All, all for the priests! For the people—nothing!)

Beyond Zinepecuaro, we left the *camino real*, and followed one of those winding trails which are so tempting to a rider. Crossing a bare upland, with little vegetation except the nopal and the wild acacia, the main trail subdivided into many obscure lesser ones, diverging, intersecting, yet following a common impulse eastward, toward the mountains. Here was opportunity for feminine persistence to stray off into tempting but delusive by-ways, admonished by masculine superiority of judgment, and to return after sharp scrambles through thorny acacia-thickets—inwardly discomfited, but outwardly flushed with triumphant achievement. The professional eye detected traces of obsidian outcropping for some distance along these bare ascents, marking the locality of the ancient mine of the Aztecs, from which they obtained this natural bottle-glass for their obsidian implements, their weapons, and the sacrificial knives of the priests. We descended again into a winding defile, a ragged cut through the hill; and here we closed up our straggling ranks. The



A VAQUERO OF QUIERÉNDERO.

Winchesters pressed to the front, for it was an "ugly place." As the shadows shortened, we were steadily climbing toward the divide which separates the great valley of Morelia from that of Maravatio.

All these valleys are lofty table-lands, between the ranges themselves not less than six thousand feet above the sea level. The many trails become one, and that one rises more and more steeply. The nopal and cactus give place, as we climb, to oaks, pines, and firs. We meet the wood-carriers with their donkeys—the latter struggling down the narrow, precipitous trail, each with a long stick of timber lashed on either side, which he must steer as well as drag. The view of the valley, looking back from the highest point of the trail, is very beautiful,—the white cities, the long-walled *haciendas*, the lake of Cuitzeo, green young crops, plains, woodland, and water,—a view to turn one's back on with regret.

The Colonel expressed our common thought as he turned in his saddle for the last look, and said, "*Adios! Morelia y Morelianos, y Morelianas!*"

Whoever has taken long journeys on horseback or by rail must know the effect of the rhythmic movement on one's thoughts—how a phrase or a word or a scrap of melody will repeat itself in time to the jar of the car-wheels or the tread of the horses' feet, until the senses become dulled as by an opiate. For hours of our six days' ride we tramped, and shuffled, and jingled together along the lengthening roads—horses, and saddles, and rifles, and spurs, mules and mule-packs, each contributing its characteristic sound to the dactylic measure of our march. *Quieréndero! Quieréndero!* had repeated itself in my lulled brain all the sunny leagues of our morning's ride, and now "*Adios Morelia!*" took up the burden and carried it all the rest of the way, in the silences of the ride, to Maravatio.

From the mountain-trail we came out on a noble breadth of table-land, with stalwart oaks and pines journeying across it—pausing on a descent as if in silent amazement at the view, or gathered in the hollows as for consultation, like a band of explorers penetrating an unknown country.



A CHARCOAL CARRIER.

Here we found water and a few moment's rest at a poor Indian's hut, on the shadowless hill. The offered silver piece was declined with a gentle apathy of manner, the soft "*Nada, nada!*" sounding like a reproach in which pride had no part.

Under the stimulus of the brief rest and refreshment we made a burst of speed across the windy slope. There was something inspiring in the way it shouldered up against the sky, like a headland from which one might behold the sea-line rising to meet the eye. Out from that headland one looks down only on the hazy inland sea of valley and plain.

At noon, we rested at Urequio. This place will always be associated with the pretty young Indian girl who made me welcome to the best the poor place could offer in the way of repose and comfort—a cool, dark bed-chamber, windowless, lighted only by the door, the floor clean and sprinkled with sand,

a palm-mat by the bed. The bed itself spotlessly neat, its coarse linen ornamented with the drawn-work in which the Mexican women are so skillful, and above the bed, on the wall, a collection of child-like offerings and a rosary, hung against a square of bright-colored silk, beneath a rude picture of the Virgin.

After Urequio there were leagues of hot sunlight and dogged progress. The Scotch engineer from time to time repeated a line from "Cicely":

"Sun in the east in the morning,
Sun in the west at night."

The Colonel derisively apostrophized his black broncho, whom he called "*Napoleon Ter-cero!*" We revived from the "Uncle Remus" lore the tale of the race between "Brer Tarrypin" and "Brer Rabbit," and found that "Brer Tarrypin's" warning cry, "Yere I come

a-bulgin'." "Vere I come a-bilin'," aptly described our descent, in single and almost perpendicular file, of a precipitous hill, where the loose stones that composed the trail came clattering after us, dislodged by our horses' feet. A—— would have had me dismount and walk down, but the little Rosillo perfectly understood his work; with a firm girth, a loose rein, and his wary feet picking their way with *staccato* precision, I would have trusted him to carry me down a staircase.

While the sun was still high, the shadow of the range sheltered us, stretching before us across the rolling table-land which descends, wave after wave, to the valley of Maravatio. We traveled fast, for the white town was still many leagues away. I recall nothing on our journey more delightful than our gallop across this glorious plain in the broad shadow of the mountain. We crossed the valley, not by the *camino real*, but keeping the trail between the rich *hacienda* lands. Once we came to a stone fence barring our progress, and without a word, all our *mozos* rode forward and attacked it at once, making a breach for me to ride through. I was dismayed at this depredation, but they did not even stop to repair the fence, because of a slight alarm which sent them all clattering to the front again. Three men, well mounted, had ridden down into the gulch just before us, and had not ridden out again; it might be well to investigate their movements. They turned out to be "good men," as the Colonel assured us; and, indeed, the rich valley, dotted with *haciendas*, not three leagues from Maravatio, was hardly a place to expect *ladrones*. It was a good opportunity, however, to test the efficiency of our escort. We rode into Maravatio just on the edge of twilight. José Maria had found rooms for us at the Hotel de la Diligencia—our old quarters. The weariness which had become almost a stupor woke with the aching protest of every muscle as we crawled from our saddles, along the corridor, to our rooms. The men of the party were obliged to keep up a show of cheerfulness, but I, having no dignity of a superior sex to maintain, could repose myself upon my prerogative, and lie down in my dusty habit without a struggle—refusing to stir for supper or any other consideration. At the outset of our journey, when the whole distance had been divided into the number of leagues it would be necessary to make each day, the Colonel had protested that it was "*Muchas leguas para la señora*" (many leagues for the lady); but at this period of the ride the Colonel's favorite witticism was, "*Muchas leguas para los señores, para la señora nada, nada!*" The

engineers gayly took up the phrase, and at all the crucial moments of our ride they sympathized with themselves, as "*Pobres señores! Muchas leguas para los señores!*" It would have ill-become the *señora* to have exalted herself over *los pobres*, considering the odds in her favor. Had she been mounted on one of the leaden-paced, stony-hearted brutes from which the poor gentlemen suffered, she would have rolled out of her saddle in despair, like "the Duchess," at the end of the first day's journey, and meekly resigned herself to be bumped about in the hot, dusty diligence the rest of the way to Mexico. No better horses could be procured for a journey of this kind. "Regular" is the philosophic adjective the Mexicans apply to them. They will make between four and five miles an hour, for many successive days, at a monotonous, dislocating trot, which a Mexican accommodates himself to, as he does to so many other insupportable discomforts, by letting himself "go limber," as the children say.

We were all very stiff the next morning, and I heard the engineers muttering to each other something that sounded very much like "—— same old place!" as they exchanged grimaces from their saddles. It was impossible to say, as to our first canter, whether it was "the pain that is all but a pleasure," or "the pleasure that's all but pain." With the second we began to revive, and, before the sun had dried the dews in the valley, we were lounging along gayly to the familiar tramp and jingle of the road chorus. It is very much to my discredit that I have so few valuable facts to offer about the unique country through which we passed. Perhaps it is to my companions' discredit that they did not tell me facts, or insist on my seeing them; but, on the whole, I cannot but be thankful to them for permitting me to jog on the foot-pathway, protected by feminine in-curiosiveness from the stings of awakening knowledge. The fatigue of the journey was really very great, and I believe the mind instinctively sympathizes with bodily weariness, and closes its outward avenues in a kind of stupor, as the eyelids instinctively shelter the eyes from the too intense glare of the sun. This is my poor excuse for seeing so little of importance on the journey. I remember the shadows that were long in the valleys and short on the ridges we climbed between, the dark faces of our escort, the laughing and talking of the morning hours, the dogged silence at noon, the bursts of speed and gayety as the sun sank low, the lethargic weariness of the "home stretch." We always slept in a valley, at some town or *hacienda*, which looked very near from the summit, and re-

ceded as we approached, it seemed, like a mirage, holding out from the distance a delusive promise of rest. José Maria had ridden ahead with our letters of introduction to the *administrador* of the *hacienda* of Tepitongo, and at two o'clock we rode into its gates.

Tepitongo, with its mansion and *castillo*, or fortress, for refuge and defense in unsettled times, its *corridles*, out-buildings, and dependencies, great and small, forms in itself a village in the solitude of the pastoral plain which surrounds it. At sunset, as we sat in the long colonnade which crosses the end of the mansion facing the road, we saw the arrival of a strange procession of travelers. A troop of about twenty Indians, loaded with *camote* in osier crates, halted in a row, with their faces toward us, their backs to the wall of the *corrido*, rested their packs on the wall, and sank on the ground beneath, each man below his own pack, like trained beasts of burden. Here they lay in motionless attitudes of rest. Only once did they stir. When the *administrador* rode past, with his four-year-old son,—a miniature *caballero* mounted on a pony, with a servant walking at his side,—each silent figure lifted itself from the ground, took off its wide straw hat, and then sank down again. At the hour of *oración*, we heard the voices of the Indian children chanting the vesper service in the chapel. Again there was a stir among the dark figures below the wall, as every one made the sign of the cross, and muttered

a brief prayer. Beyond the *hacienda* walls, the bare plain rose into low hills, and these into a mountain range, above which, in a cloudless sky, the glow of sunset was fading. The wayfarers now rose, and, each resuming his burden and long stick, they trotted off again along the single track that crosses the plain. They were loaded with about seventy-five pounds of *camote* apiece, and we were told they would travel nine miles farther that night.

The *administrador* took us the rounds of the out-buildings before supper, which is served very late in the Mexican household. We were shown the threshing-floor, a stone-paved amphitheater over one hundred feet in diameter, very slightly concave, sinking toward a large circular flat stone in the center. It was surrounded by a circle of low stone buildings, tile-roofed and supported on stone pillars. Here in this peaceful arena, for twenty decades, the crops of the *hacienda* have been flung, to be trampled by the beasts of burden—a bloodless immolation, as grand in its pastoral dignity as the fierce dramas of the gladiators. From the threshing-floor we climbed a stone-paved gang-way, broad enough for ten men to walk up abreast, to the *aventadero*, or winnowing-chamber. The threshed grain is carried in baskets up this incline and emptied on the winnowing-floor—another vast, circular pavement, not of stone, but of large tiles set in mortar. All around this pavement runs a low, broad parapet of stone, pierced with loop-holes for defense (in case



INDIAN CART AND POTTERY OVENS.

the harvesters of Tepitongo should be called to lay aside the sickle for the musket). On the parapet rest the short, heavy stone pillars which support the massive timbers of the tent-shaped roof. Between the roof and the parapet this great circular chamber is open to all the winds of the table-lands. We looked out over the low parapet across the darkening plain. Not even the diligence was in sight on the road, which seemed the only slender clew leading out into the world. Our host of Tepitongo will never know what an entertainment he gave us that night. Before we could call it ended, the moon added the last charm of distinct shadows as she brightened above the low circle of corrugated roofs surrounding the threshing-floor. Now, if a troop of the dark harvesters could come out and perform a slow, symbolic dance in the empty arena, or the white-robed maskers of the Cerealia, wandering with their lighted torches in search of the lost Proserpine!

At supper we sat down to a mediæval board like that of Quieréndero, "with vassals and serfs" around us. We were invited to consider the house and everything in it as our own. Our *mosos* had the freedom of the kitchens and the stables, our host gave up his place at the head of the table, and, in effect, the entire establishment was placed at our disposal, with a courtesy as graceful as it was irresistible.

After supper we walked in the cloistered court—a lovely, secluded precinct, with formal trees planted in open spaces left in the pavement. We were very grateful for this our last moon of Mexico. We left it, when we returned to our winter evenings, and fire, and lamp-light, hanging large and low over the Gulf.

From the *patio* we entered the *sala*—a long, tile-paved room, with a sofa at one end, the place of honor for the lady guest, the members of the family occupying the arm-chairs which are ranged on either side, at right angles with the sofa. It is considered a discourtesy for a guest to sit down in any of the chairs, instead of walking through the room to the sofa. As there were no ladies at Tepitongo, I was obliged to sit alone on the long sofa. The engineers, the Colonel, our host, and another unbidden guest like ourselves, who had found shelter for the night, occupied the arm-chairs.

After awhile, I ventured to ask the *administrador* to take the seat beside me. It may have been an enormity on my part, but at all events our host was too well-bred to exhibit any horror at the situation. The little four-year-old boy whom we had seen on his pony came shyly into the room, and stood by his

father's knee. He was a charming little man, dressed in a suit of leather, with a tiny pair of spurs strapped to his baby shoes; but in spite of his spurs and his horsemanship, he was not unwilling to sit in my lap and be coaxed into friendliness. The lisping Spanish vowels of this little motherless child were exquisite. But there was other "music of the country" in store for us. At the lower end of the room a company of musicians gathered by the light of candles clustered on a table: a striking group, with violins, a violoncello, guitars, a harp—I cannot recall all the instruments, but the music and the scene it would not be easy to forget.

Our day's ride had been much shorter than usual, and we were not too tired to enjoy the picturesque hospitality of Tepitongo. Our host did us the great favor to recommend us by letter to his cousin, the *administrador* of Tepetitlan, another estate about forty miles distant from Tepitongo, where we were sure of much better entertainment than at the town of Istlahuaca, where we had expected to stop.

We made a good start from Tepitongo in the early morning. There were long canters across the valley, and climbing of hills as we neared the boundary line between the State of Michoacan and the State of Mexico. Here we passed the troop of Indians with *camote*, resting by the way-side. We left the *camino real*, and crossed, by a trail, the "bad lands" before reaching the *hacienda* of La Jordana. I am not quite certain as to the name of this *hacienda*, but La Jordana is singularly appropriate to its wild cheer.

The sun was still high when we passed through San Felipe, a distractingly picturesque old Indian town, with wonderful stone barns, and churches, and narrow streets. Tepetitlan is not to be reached by the main road, and the trail which we followed "up and down, by valley and hill," seemed endless. Ten leagues! Surely it was not less than sixteen! We rode, and we rode, and we rode,—as in the stories we tell to the children,—and we kept on riding, across windy valleys, rich in young crops and blossoming peach-trees, up narrow, winding trails, skirted by Spanish bayonet, past little groups of Indian huts—a woman in the door-way of one weaving, on a hand-loom, a strip of woolen cloth for her petticoat.

The Colonel mourned over *los pobres señores*, and the *señora* tried to "brace up" triumphantly, but could only lop about in her saddle, and wonder if those long, low, reddish roofs miles and miles away could be Tepetitlan, because, if they were!— Happily, they weren't! Tepetitlan was not far distant, and presently, at a turn of the trail, we beheld its sheer gray

walls, sweeping around the crest of a steep hill, bristling with nopal. Tepititlan is a little castle, overlooking the broad valley. We rode below its walls to the gate-way of the outer court, where the brother of the *administrador* met us; the *administrador* himself welcomed us at the gate of the second court.

A timely cup of coffee and an hour or two

autumn in the long, rolling plain over which the low fortress of Tepitongo looks out; and in winter to seek the shelter of the rich valley and the commodious comfort of Quieréndero. Tepititlan has a beautiful church inclosed in her outer court, where we saw an image carved and painted by the Indians, representing the patron saint of the estate as a laborer plowing



A SPANISH CREOLE.

of blissful rest in a dark, cool room prepared us to enjoy, under our host's guidance, the mediæval stateliness of Tepititlan. Of the three beautiful and historic estates, one might say that Quieréndero was the most peaceful and lovely, Tepitongo the most typical and picturesque, and Tepititlan the grandest! And yet each could lay claim to all of these characteristics.

One would like to spend the summer in the windy fastness of Tepititlan, queen of the crops and herds of the valley; the spring and

with a team of oxen, with a long, lance-like goad in his hand, and a nimbus around his head. This image is carried about the fields at the planting season, to bless the coming crop. During the year, offerings of fresh flowers and little sheaves of each new crop are laid before it.

We were shown some very interesting carvings by the Indians of saints' heads, which bore a curiously intimate relation to the Aztec-idol period of their religious art. We visited the milk and cheese rooms, the

granaries and threshing-floor, and the lovely old garden, where pansies were blossoming under the shade of a great pear-tree near the wall. As we returned to the *patio* through the *corral*, a troop of fine young horses were driven in for the night. One of them was admired by the Scotch engineer, and our host assured him that it was *á la disposición de Vd.* (at your disposal). The engineer very naturally left him, with "a thousand thanks," at the disposition of his owner.

I did not feel mediaevally inclined that night with regard to supper, and was served by Bonifacio in my room. Bonifacio could be relied upon in any capacity. He could cook and serve a meal, he could saddle our horses and pack our traveling-bags, or make the beds in the great stone bed-chamber assigned us; his hat came off if you looked at him, his comfortable, guttural "*Si, niña*," was always ready. He slept on the stone floor of the corridor outside of our door, with his *sarape* for a bed, his arm and his great straw hat for a pillow. At a word he was ready to spring up, *cap-à-pie*, in his leather suit, as man-at-arms or lady's maid. In short, he was a *mozo de camino*!

The mistress of Tepetitlan came out in the corridor next morning to bid us good-bye. She had been too ill to see us the night before. We had seen the children of the family, all handsome, well-grown, and almost all fair, with bright color.

The hospitality of Tepetitlan did not leave us at its gates. The two brothers rode with us across the valley by a trail to the neighboring *hacienda* of Enejeje. As we left the outer gate the *administrador* pointed out to us the *calsada*—a long walk shaded by willows, the promenade, in pleasant weather, for the ladies of the *hacienda*. The next object of interest was a matched herd of magnificent black oxen—a bronzed black which took a rich luster in the sun. The *administrador* pointed them out with pardonable pride.—Our horses had evidently been well cared for at Tepetitlan. They were particularly fresh and lively. Even our afternoon gallop before Maravatio was less delightful than that morning ride to Enejeje, across the pastures, along the ditches, between the young, green crops, in the fresh, soft air of a spring morning. The *administrador* showed us the "monuments"—massive gray stone posts—marking the boundaries of the *haciendas*. At Enejeje we rested a short time, walked in the shaded garden, and took a cup of coffee with the lady of the *hacienda*—a pretty little dark-eyed mamma, with a group of dark-eyed little children clinging about her, and looking shyly at the *Americanos*. We left Enejeje, our numbers strengthened by two

more gentlemen—the *administrador* and his nephew, and a servant from the estate. Our horses, fortified by the good cheer of Tepetitlan, did their best in the long canters we took across the level stretches beyond Enejeje. During the first three days of our ride, the Rosillo had constantly fretted at the pace, and my arms became very tired from the steady pressure on his bit; but on this, our fourth day, he was perfect. He was ready, but not impatient; he never lost his elasticity of step, and when the moment came to lift the relaxed rein from his neck and let him go, he became an embodied joy, a joy in flight. But these little flights of joy were very hard on the other horses, with heavier saddles, heavier riders, and a Winchester to carry, and we had hard work before us still. The gentlemen bade us good-bye about fifteen miles from Tepetitlan, leaving the servant from Enejeje to guide us across the hills, where the trail was blind. We lunched at a very poor wild *hacienda* in another valley, surrounded by dry pasture-lands. The church-bells of Toluca were ringing for vespers as we trailed wearily along the level road, which is so long in reaching it. Twilight was brightening into moonlight. Three mounted men passed us, with a wary exchange of salutations. Something in the Colonel's manner as he looked at these men induced one of the engineers to ask if they were *buenos hombres*. "*Si*," the Colonel replied; "*buenos hombres, con Winchester*." He patted his rifle with a smile. "*Sin Winchester—quien sabe?*" (They were good fellows, with Winchester. Without them—who knows?) It was bright moonlight when we rode through the streets of Toluca, and into the court of the Hotel de la Diligencia. A— had been suffering all the afternoon from an acute attack of illness, which made it impossible for us to continue our journey the next day; but early on the following morning we took the road again. From Toluca to Mexico we followed the *camino real*, through the deep dust, during the hot, sunny hours, thankful that we were not imprisoned in the diligence. A traveler had been robbed the day before on the Las Cruces Pass, but, with such an outfit as ours, a whole gang of *ladrones* would have given us "*Buenos dias!*" and passed us amicably by. The view of the valley was again a magnificent surprise. We had it before us all the way down the mountain. The Colonel recalled the glories of ancient Tenochtitlan, and the barbarous murder of the Aztec nobles by Alvarado on the night they were all gathered together at a religious feast. "*Todos, todos, martirizados en una noche!*" The Colonel spoke no English, and our Spanish

was composed chiefly of adjectives, substantives, and exclamation points.

Our little company disbanded at Tacubaya, the suburban city four miles from Mexico. The horses of the gentlemen were suffering, and we were all quite ready to step out of the middle ages into a comfortable nineteenth-century hack. The servants led the horses into the city, and we rejoiced in the prospect of our carriage. But none was to be found—not one. So we ignominiously jingled into the city in the horse-cars!

Don Pepe had been requested to bring our faithful *mozos* to the hotel the next evening, to receive the usual *pourboire*, and to say goodbye. They were all there except Rafael. When inquiries were made for him, a smile went around, and Bonifacio mildly suggested that Rafael was "*con las mulas*." Bonifacio had broken my pitcher of Charo, to his sorrow and mine, and now produced another as a substitute,—a very good substitute, indeed, which was always to be called Bonifacio's pitcher. After all had gone there came a soft, uncertain tap at the door, and Rafael entered—his placidity exalted into a trance-like blissfulness. His eyes saw nothing; he stretched out his

arms vaguely to embrace those "noble gentlemen," the engineers, who gently evaded him, slipping some money into his hand; then with an unexpected impulse he turned toward me, huskily murmuring, "*Adios, niña!*" Whereupon A— plucked him between the shoulders by his jacket, and shunted him out of the door. And so the dusky *dramatis personæ* of our ride made their exit, and went their way back into the middle ages. We had ridden about two hundred and fifty miles in six days. This same ride has since been repeatedly made by an English gentleman, traveling with but one servant, in three days!

Our elaborate outfit represented not so much the necessities of the journey, as the magnificent courtesy of our friends in Morelia.

To them also we owed our entertainment at the *haciendas*—those unique feudal communities set in the solitude of a vast country, traversed at present by but one high-road. In another year the railroad will thunder past the gray stone defenses of Tepitongo, and startle the herds grazing in the green levels of Quieréndero. Tepititlan will keep its seclusion on the height, withdrawn above the valley.

A RAMBLE IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA is, perhaps, of all American cities the most unpromising at first sight to the artist. The narrow, straight streets and the rows after rows of uniform brick houses give a monotonous effect. Except that some streets are lined with shops, while others are monopolized by dwelling-houses, one is very like another. A casual observer might walk along Second street in this city and think that it was now given over entirely to small tradesmen, and that nothing could be more hopelessly commonplace than the cheap shops which extend almost from one end of it to the other. The inquiring pedestrian, however, will discover in it inns which perhaps, like old dowagers, have put on false fronts to conceal the ravages of time; he will dive into courtyards and inn-yards, which one might think had been brought spinning through the air, like the house of Loretto, from an English, Dutch, or Italian town; he will pick out narrow lanes and alleys rich in Revolutionary tradition; in short, he will, if you follow him in his wanderings, make it seem to you as if you had entered into a world of the past, and had lost a century.

It is instinctive in the artist, be he of pencil

or pen, to describe old inns,—possibly for the reason that, as it is the association with humanity which makes ancient houses interesting, inns, as having been more crowded, must be proportionally more attractive. "Do you object to talk about inns?" asks Thackeray in one of his "Roundabout Papers"; "it always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn-talk. Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett constantly speak about them." This "inn-talk" is especially dear to English authors; for, from Chaucer down to Dickens, there is scarcely a popular writer who has not drawn for us at least one inn, with which we are as familiar as with our own houses.

This thought originated in a visit I paid, one cool November morning, to the Plow Tavern of Second street, Philadelphia. On this street, between Pine and Lombard, there is an old market-place which, like many Philadelphia markets, occupies the center of the street. On Wednesdays and Saturdays it is the scene of great confusion and bustle. Hucksters, and butchers, and fish-merchants carry on an active trade. The street is filled with market-wagons, and the air is alive



YARD OF THE PLOW HOTEL.

with the high-pitched cries of women and the gruff voices of men, all—as in Corinth of old—bent on driving a hard bargain. This busy spot is necessarily the home of much traffic, and suggests at once to the practical mind an excellent locality for a tavern or lodging-house. Therefore, I was not surprised to find to the east of the market a respectable, comfortable-looking tavern. At first sight, there is nothing very remarkable about this establishment, unless it be its sign, on which is painted a house, with a glimpse beyond of green trees and blue sky, and further ornamented with the name "Plow Hotel" drawn in very large letters, forming altogether a charming little piece of naïve or unconventional art. The tavern window is like all other windows of the kind. In one corner, "Fritz" Emmet smiled at us roguishly; in the other, a tragic melodramatic actress clutched her hair in a transport of rage; while in

the center, a modern tragedy queen leaned on the spear of her subdued barbarian. But above the window I saw a wall like a checker-board of red-and-black bricks, in the real old Philadelphia fashion—a fashion which may possibly have suggested the regular, checker-board-like plan of the city. Truly, the early Quakers did all things on the square. People no longer build houses in this style, nor do we often see queer little rounded arch-ways like that which separates the lower part of the Plow Hotel from the house next to it.

Passing through this arch-way, I at once left modern Philadelphia and the nineteenth century, and went back into good old colony days, when we were under the King. I looked at the rambling porches and at the stable at the foot of the court-yard; I examined the thin, whitewashed pillars which run in a line by house and stable alike, supporting

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IN A SIDE STREET.

the first floor of the latter and the porch of the former. There was a noise on the street, and I was almost sure I heard the coachman's horn. The stage-coach would arrive directly, and then —

Just at this moment a man came out of the stable. His costume was very modern. He called to some one within, but his language was not at all like that I have heard when journeying with Dr. Smollett or the Rev. Mr. Sterne. A vehicle came rolling through the arch-way. It was a Jersey wagon, which will be a curiosity some day, but which was not the expected coach, and then I knew that I had been dreaming dreams. Thus awakened to reality, I looked around me more coolly and critically. The stable was quite empty. It was evidently not market-day. In one corner was a high pile of dust and ashes, which looked like the accumulation of years. Lying in the only spot where the sun's rays had, as yet, reached the inn-yard, was a cat lazily eating the head of a fish. An empty bird-cage hung above her on the outer wall. Could there be any chain of events, I wondered, linking the emptiness of the one with the appetite of the other? The landlady opened the door and looked out. She was not accustomed to see people, plainly not beggars,

loitering around her premises, and eagerly examining every stone and brick, from her garret to her basement. She may have taken us for well-dressed burglars. We said "Good-morning" to her, politely, and she showed willingness to enter into conversation.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Only since last March," was her answer.

With some confused recollections of clever peasants and humble householders, in various parts of the world, who have had the legends of their country or their own particular neighborhood at their fingers' ends, I attempted to draw her out.

"This is a very old house," I remarked, blandly and insinuatingly.

"So folks tell us," assented the landlady.

"Such an old house must have many stories told about it," I said, coming to the point, but she gave no answer. I looked longingly through the half-open door, and asked her if the house was as queer inside as out. She invited us at once to enter. We saw a long, narrow room in dim light. A long table, probably that at which the farmers sit at dinner, was pushed to one side, and on it all the chairs of which the room could boast were piled. From this I concluded it was cleaning-day in the Plow Hotel. Mine host-

ess showed us, with awakening pride, the only staircase there is in the house. It was steep, narrow, dark, and antique. At the sight of this stair-way, hope for the marvelous revived within me. What a superb scene for a ghost-story!

"You must have some ghosts in your house," I said to the landlady, in imploring tones.

"No ghosts, but when we first came there were plenty of rats, which are quite as bad," broke in mine host, who had joined our party.

Rats! Notwithstanding this last disappointment, we said good-bye amiably, for though our landlady could not give us what we wanted, it was not her fault, and she had entertained us to the best of her abilities.

We left the Plow Hotel and the marketplace in which, as early as the year 1745, Edward Shippen and Joseph Wharton erected stalls, and started to walk northward. The morning was cool and bright, and business seemed brisk. Less than a hundred years ago this was the fashionable part of the town. Despite the modern shops, there still lingers here and there a touch of antiquity. Men hardly old can remember when all of Second street was thus quaintly old-time-like. In those days the one low step of the front door was almost level with the ground, and the parlor fire-place was set with blue tiles of Liverpool make. My uncle, Mr. Charles G. Leland, who went with me to see the old buildings, tells me that the chimney-piece of the room in which he was born, in Chestnut street, below Third, was such a curiosity of this kind as to be visited in a small way by strangers, as one of the ancient marvels of the city. Then the swallow flitted across the streets at noonday, and people talked for years about Lafayette's visit as the last great event. In colonial days, and during the Revolutionary period, matrons and maidens in neat, fresh costumes used, toward twilight, to sit in front of their houses. With skirts well spread out by the enormous hoops then worn, and feet daintily shod in high-heeled slippers and clocked silk stockings, the belles calmly waited for their admirers, who at this hour walked leisurely along Second street. Neighbors exchanged greetings, and discussed the latest news from the mother country or the daring deeds of the Indians. The cares of business were set aside, and social enjoyment became, for the time, the only duty. It was a cheerful, old-fashioned custom, which still survives in some Southern towns and country villages, but has long since disappeared from Philadelphia.

We passed the corner where Mr. McCall,

the India merchant, lived and had his private zoological garden. We passed the spots where the houses of General Cadwalader, Edward Shippen, and Charles Wharton once stood, and which were then the headquarters of a growing aristocracy. When the British were in possession of the city, General Howe stationed himself in this neighborhood, and later, when England sent her minister, he also had his residence here. As we walked through these old haunts of fashion, we contrasted the glory that had been with the degeneracy of the present. Not far from where beaux and belles and brave officers used to congregate, now stand what seemed at first sight to be rows of smartly dressed chained and manacled convicts. On nearer view, this phenomenon was explained. The goods of cheap-clothing shops were placed on the pavement, in tempting array. A wire stand wearing an overcoat, the sleeves of which are joined together by an iron chain, while its breast is ticketed with its price, has at a distance the effect of a prisoner, jauntily dressed, wearing the convict's badge.

A favorite witticism of an earlier generation was associated with Christ Church. Judging from this specimen of a *bon mot*, we can understand why Washington Irving was so painfully bored by the puns and jokes of Philadelphia wits. The witticism was this: One young man meeting another would exclaim: "Did you hear that there was a brilliant ball in Second street last night?" The second youth, hurt and mortified to think that he had been neglected by the gay world, would ask, angrily, "Where?" Then the other, with a laugh, would retort, "Why, on Christ Church steeple." One of the first rectors of this church was a Rev. Mr. Coombe. He was a loyalist, and during the early days of the rebellion returned to England, where he finally became chaplain to George III. It was probably after him or one of his family that an alley a short distance above Christ Church, and running eastward, was named. Coombe's Alley was at first known as Garden Alley. This name would be very inappropriate now, for the alley is dreary and dirty, though it bears traces of better days. Here it was that William Penn, Jr., who had cut away from all restraints of his Quaker training, once got into a brawl. He was spending an evening in Enoch Story's inn, when he fell to quarreling with some of his fellow-citizens who were acting as the watch, as was then the custom, and received a severe beating.

A gutter runs down the center of the street. A horse and wagon occupied the sidewalk. We wondered which of the houses

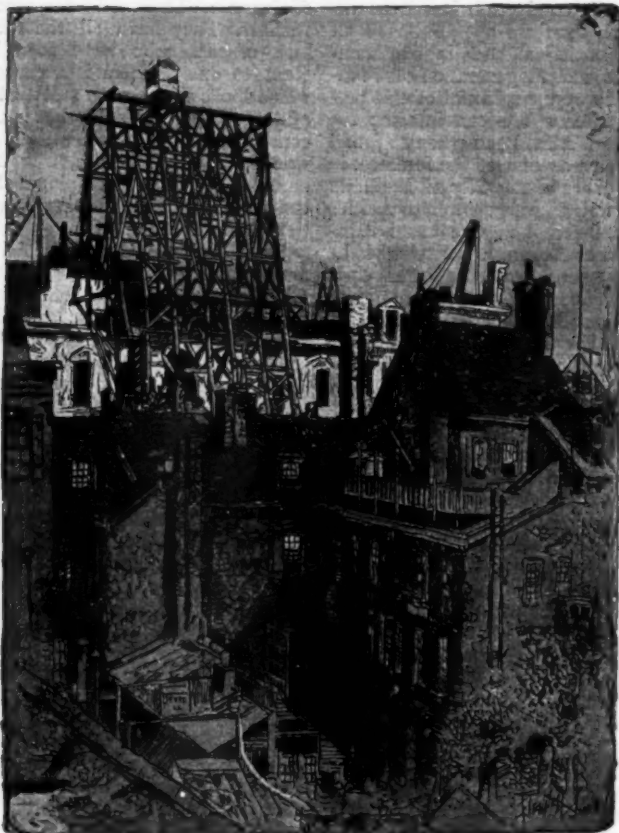
which looked as if they had been unearthed for our benefit was the scene of young Penn's un-Friendly conduct. It is well known that clergymen's sons are apt to be of all men the most unclerical, and in like manner many of the second generation of Pennsylvania Quakers were neglectful of the precepts of their fathers. We can imagine the grief of the elder William Penn when he found that his own son was one of the foremost in disturbing the peace of the City of Brotherly Love. A fine trait in this reprobate was his honesty. Even before he came to Philadelphia he told James Logan in a letter that he knew an ill reputation had preceded his coming, but that he was firmly resolved not to become a prey to the Church party. In his day, Coombe's Alley was a prosperous quarter. In 1795, it had a very large population for such narrow limits. It had its half a dozen boarding-houses, its merchants and laborers, its soldiers and mariners, its bakers and hucksters. Nor was it entirely without its cares and troubles; for during the famous epidemic of 1793, thirty-two people died in the course of a year in this one small street. The old houses still standing in it are built of red and black bricks. Though fine glazed black bricks are now often made, the cheap ones which were so plentiful in Penn's days have disappeared. These began to be used in Philadelphia as early as 1700, when the Old Swedes Church was built in the checkered style, but the fashion went out about 1785. The last building in which they were used is the Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Spruce and Sixth streets. It has been supposed that the bricks were imported by the colonists from England or Holland. But the truth seems to be that they were made in New Jersey before Penn settled in Philadelphia, and soon after this city was founded they were manufactured in its immediate neighborhood. Odd wooden projections, like unfinished roofs, divide the first story of the houses in Coombe's Alley from the second, making the latter look as if it had been an afterthought. These have entirely gone from two houses, but marks in the bricks show where they were once fastened to the walls.

Besides the horse, which was apparently its own master, and a small, ragged child who examined us curiously, there were no signs of life in the alley the morning we visited it. Yet the houses, with the exception of two, were occupied. The door of one was open; the stairs leading to it were so rickety that we decided there must be some private mode of egress and ingress known to the people who live there. I glanced carelessly through the door and saw by the wainscoting, now

fast moldering away, that the house in its prime was one of great respectability, if not of elegance. These old houses make one melancholy. They have all the shabby-genteel look of men who have seen better days. Next to one of them is a carpenter's shop, which looks very spruce and neat by the side of decayed gentility. Its sign is charming. It consists of a young man, of the painted wooden toy-soldier type, who is claspng a beam of wood and stepping boldly out into the air, as if he were veritably starting forth to seek his fortunes.

Running from Coombe's Alley to Arch street, and parallel with Second street, is Chancery Lane. Its original name was Chancellor Lane, and it was so called, Watson says, because a certain Captain Chancellor, a sail-maker, once lived there. In London there is a lane of the same name, and this, some would-be authorities declare, is derived from the fact that the street is always full of chance sellers or peddlers. As the Artful Dodger would say, this is explanatory, but not satisfactory. My first impression of Chancery Lane was that its human population had retired before an invasion of cats, for there were cats in the gutter, cats on the sidewalk, cats on the door-steps. The people of some countries believe that unless cats are well treated by the laundresses, they bring rain on wash-day. This superstition must be current here, for all the cats I saw had a fat, prosperous look, as if they were well cared for. On the east side of the street stands a house which is fresh and clean, and nicely painted. On the door is a brightly polished brass knocker. Inside the windows are white shades. Opposite to it is a real old-fashioned blacksmith's shop, next to which are two more black-and-red checkered houses. In one, two women were washing. When they saw us they paused, leaning on their elbows, and stared at us as if visitors were seldom seen in their neighborhood, and as though they had determined to enjoy the novelty to the utmost. One of them, an old Irish woman, wearing a white frilled cap, opened the door, and I then saw what I had not noticed before, that it was made in two pieces, the upper part of which can be opened while the lower half remains shut. In the summer months, the houses in Chancery Lane are decorated with flowers and plants. Poverty cannot always crush beauty, and a few simple flowers during the warm weather are to the poor what a trip to the mountains or the seashore is to the richer class. Cold as it was in November, one or two hardy shrubs still remained on the window-sills.

If we go from Chancery Lane to Arch

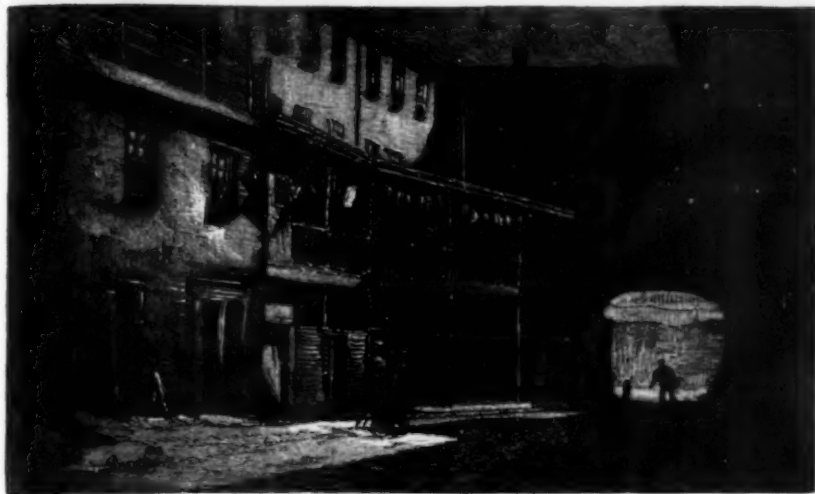


NEAR THE NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

street and walk eastward, we must, to reach Water street, descend the rather steep hill which slopes down to the Delaware. On the top of this hill a party of gay young men met one night, during colonial days, and sent rolling into the river grindstones, which they had carried off from an iron-monger's shop on Second street. Their noisy prank could not escape unnoticed, and the next day their pleasure was lessened when they found their parents were obliged to pay costs and damages to the defrauded tradesman. Water street, or King street, as it was at first called, is as narrow as an alley. On either side are tall brick buildings, five and six stories high, with "not a single front awry," which breathe an atmosphere of merchandise. Ancient legend states that through this very street Captain Kidd was wont "to strut and

stride," followed by his troop of rollicking pirates. Now it is blocked by horses and wagons. Bales and boxes of goods obstruct the sidewalk, so that the passer-by is often forced to cross the muddy cobble-stones. Indeed, our walk for two or three squares was almost as intricate as the twistings and turnings of an old-fashioned country dance.

It is in this street that some of the most interesting relics of the earliest colonial times are to be found. The steepness of the river bank, which could not be done away with, was provided for by stair-ways, which were regulated by laws. The plans for laying Water street were made in 1690, and it was then resolved that stone stair-ways leading up to Front street should be built for public use, and should be placed at intermediate distances between the streets running from the river. They were



RED HORSE INN YARD.

to be kept in order by the property-owners in their immediate vicinity. These stair-ways still stand, and make a curious picture, breaking in like dream-views of the past upon the busy modern street. From the foot of the stairs, one can look up into the street above and see the gas-lamps, the signs of shops, and the heads of people, and the tops of wagons going to and fro, until it seems like watching the scenes of a well-managed panorama. Funny little wooden balconies project from the houses on either side over the steps, and on these, sometimes, hangs the week's wash of one of the families living in the upper stories. The white clothes, blowing backward and forward in the wind, give a pleasant touch of white to the otherwise somber picture. Opposite the stairs, a narrow, dark alley leads to the river. Through it we caught a glimpse of the water. The view was somewhat broken by thick, detached rafters which stretch from one house to the other, and which are probably intended to give them additional support. However, we could see the gulls flying across the water, and as we watched them a boat came sailing by.

Not many years ago there was in Water street, not far from the stairs, a rum-cellar with the sign of "The Boy and the Barrel." The boy had been Bacchus—Bacchus riding a barrel as Silenus rode the ass, not an uncommon sign in olden time. But the word Bacchus would have been a puzzle to seamen, so it was changed to The Boy. Near "The Boy and the Barrel" was the tavern known as "The Battle of the Kegs," so that one

could then say very literally that Bacchus led the way to Battle. Sailors about 1785 must have been hard-drinkers, for we have a long list of the taverns that stood in Water street in that year. In one square alone, besides the two above mentioned, there were the "Green Tree," the "Jolly Tar," the "Three Jolly Irishmen," and the "Red Cow." In this neighborhood there is a very old and very picturesque house, one of the few survivals of old Philadelphia. It is low and wide, and is like a dwarf "between the houses high." The lower part is at present used as a broom warehouse. The proprietor, a Mr. Snellbaker, greeted us with great kindness, and we stopped for a minute to speak to him. The room we entered was on the ground floor, and the ceiling was so low that our heads almost touched it. Brooms and brushes hung all around us, and we stood on the only vacant space visible. There was not much to be seen, and there was still less to be heard. The upper part of the house, Mr. Snellbaker told us, was occupied by a Dutchman. We could only examine the exterior of the premises, but this in itself was sufficiently attractive. The first floor, like that of the old Loxley House, projects far out beyond the second, and its roof makes a very pretty porch, which is partly sheltered by the roof above. A strange effect is given by the fact that every story is on a different angle. On wires which run from the bottom to the top of the porch a few leaves of a trailing vine still clung. In summer this vine makes the second story of the house look like a beautiful bower, but the



MAMMY SAURKRAUT'S ROW.

space thus hidden was open when I saw it, and gave full view of the windows, which are rambling, and irregular in size.

All along the lower part of Race street are wholesale stores and warehouses of every description. Some carts belonging to one of them had just been unloaded. The stevedores who do this—all negroes—were resting while they waited for the next load. They were tall, powerful-looking men, selected, probably, for their strength, and were coal-black. They wore blue overalls, and on their heads they had thrown old coffee-bags, which, resting on their foreheads, passed behind their ears and hung loosely down their backs. This made a wonderfully effective Arab costume. One of them was half-leaning, half-sitting on a pile of bags, his Herculean arms were folded, and he had unconsciously assumed an air of dignity and defiance. He might have passed for an African chief. If we were in Cairo and saw such men, we would be eloquent in their praise. The mixture of races in our cities is rapidly increasing, and we hardly notice it, because we have gradually grown accustomed to it. Yet it is a strange and interesting fact: that a large part of our population is Dutch and Irish, that our streets are full of Italian fruit-dealers and organ-grinders, that Jews from Jerusalem peddle goods on our sidewalks, that Chinamen are monopolizing the washing and ironing trade, and that many of the laboring class are Norwegians, Bohemians, and blacks.

The prim provincial element which still predominated in my younger years has not been able to resist the influx of foreigners, and Quaker monotony and strong conservatism are vanishing, while Philadelphia becomes more and more cosmopolite.

As we left the handsome negroes and continued our walk on Water street, an Italian passed us. He was very dirty and dilapidated, his clothes were of the poorest, and he carried a rag-picker's bag over his shoulder; but his face, as he turned it toward us, was really beautiful.

"*Siete Italiano?*" (Are you an Italian?) asked Mr. Leland.

"*Sì, signore*" (Yes, sir), he answered, showing all his white teeth, and opening his big brown eyes very wide.

"*E come lei piace questo paese?*" (And how do you like this country?) said Mr. Leland.

"Not at all. It is too cold," was his honest, straightforward answer, and, laughing good-humoredly, he continued his search through the gutters. He would have made a perfect model for an artist, for he had, what we do not always see in Italian immigrants, the real Southern beauty of face and expression. Next we met a woman, decently enough dressed, with black eyes and hair, and looking not unlike a gypsy. "A Romany!" I cried with delight. Her red shawl made me think of gypsies, and when I caught a glimpse of her eye I saw the indescribable flash of the *kalerat*, or black

blood. It is very curious that Hindus, Persians, and gypsies have, in common, an expression of the eye which distinguishes them from all the other oriental races, and this characteristic is especially noticeable in the Romany. Captain Newbold, who first studied the gypsies of Egypt, declares that, however disguised, he could always detect them by their glance, which is unlike that of any other human being, though something very much like it is often seen in the ruder type of the rural American. I believe myself that there is something in the gypsy eye which is inexplicable, and which enables its possessor to see further through that strange millstone, the human soul, than I can explain. Any one who has ever seen an old fortune-teller of "the people" keeping some simple-minded maiden by the hand, while she holds her by her glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner, with a basilisk stare, will agree with me. As Schele De Vere writes: "It must not be forgotten that the human eye has, beyond question, often a power which far transcends the ordinary purposes of sight and approaches the boundaries of magic."

My companion whispered:

"Answer me in Romany when I speak, and don't seem to notice her."

And then in a loud tone he remarked, while staring across the street:

"*Adovo's a kushto puro rinkeno kër adoi!*" (That is a pretty nice old house there!)

"*Avali rya*" (Yes, sir), I replied.

There was a perceptible movement on the part of the party in the red shawl to keep within earshot of us. Meister Karl resumed:

"*Sa kushto coova se ta rakkerav a jib te kek Gorgio jinella.*" (It's nice to talk a language that no Gentile knows.)

The Red Shawl was on the trail.

"*Je crois que ça mord,*" remarked my companion.

We allowed our artist guide to pass on,

when, as I expected, I felt a twitch at my outer garment. I turned, and the witch-eyes, distended with awe and amazement, were glaring into mine, while she said in a hurried whisper:

"Wasn't it Romanes?"

"*Avali,*" I replied, calmly. "*Mendui rakker sarja adovo jib. Butikumi ryeskro lis se denna Gorgines.*" (Yes, we always talk that language. Much more genteel it is than English.)

"*Te adovo waverro rye?*" (And that other gentleman?) with a glance of suspicion at our artist friend.

"*Sar tãcho*" (He's all right), remarked Meister Karl. Which I greatly fear meant, when correctly translated in a Christian sense, "He's all wrong."

But there is a natural sympathy and intelligence between Bohemians of every grade all the world over, and I never knew a gypsy who did not understand an artist. One glance satisfied her that he was quite worthy of our society.

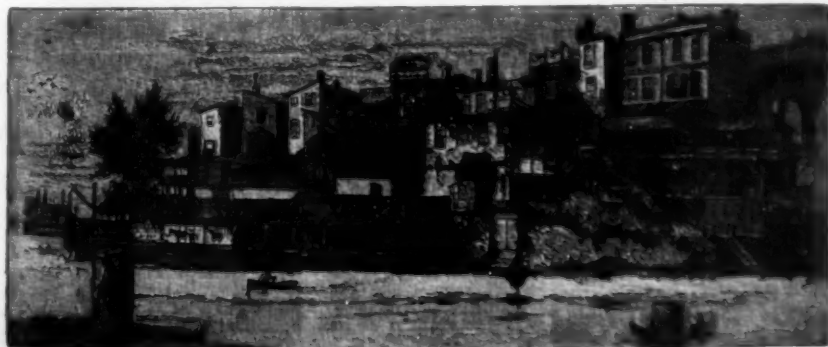
"And where are you *tannin kennã?*" (tenting now) I inquired.

"We are not tenting at this time of year: we're *kairin*"—i. e., house-ing or home-ing. It is a good verb, and might be introduced into English.

"And where is your house?"

"There. Right by Mammy Saurkraut's Row. Come in and sit down."

I need not give the Romany which was spoken, but will simply translate. The house was like all the others; we passed through a close, dark passage in which lay canvas and poles, a kettle, and a *sarshka*, or the iron which is stuck into the ground, and by which a kettle hangs. The old-fashioned tripod, popularly supposed to be used by gypsies, in all probability never existed, since the Roms of India to-day use the *sarshka*, as Mr. Leland



NEAR THE CALLOWHILL-STREET BRIDGE.



STONE-YARD ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

tells me he learned from a *ci-devant* Indian gypsy Dacoit, or nomad thief, who was one of his intimates in London.

We entered an inner room, and I was at once struck by its general indescribable unlikeness to ordinary rooms. Architects declare that the type of the tent is to be distinctly found in all Chinese and Arab or Turkish architecture; it is also as marked in a gypsy's house—when he gets one. This room, which was evidently the common home of a large family, suggested, in its arrangement of furniture and the manner in which its occupants sat around, the tent and the wagon. There was a bed, and also a roll of sail-cloth which evidently did duty for sleeping on at night, but which now, rolled up, acted the part described by Cowper:

"A thing contrived a double part to play,
A bed by night, a sofa during day."

There was one chair and a saddle, a stove and a chest of drawers. I observed an en-

graving hanging up, which I have several times seen in gypsy wagons. It represents a very dark Neapolitan boy. It is a favorite, also, with some Roman Catholics, because the boy wears a consecrated medal. The gypsies, however, believe that the boy stole the medal. The Catholics think the picture represents a Roman, and the gypsies call it a Romany, so that all are satisfied. There were some eight or nine children in the room, and among them more than one whose resemblance to the dark-skinned saint might have given color enough to the theory that he was

"— one whose blood
Had rolled through gypsies ever since the flood."

There was also a girl of the pantherine type, and one damsel of about ten, who had light hair and fair complexion, but whose air was gypsy, and whose youthful countenance suggested not the golden but the brazenest age of life. Scarcely was I seated in the only chair when this little maiden, after

keenly scrutinizing my appearance and apparently taking in the situation, came up to me and said:

"Yer come here to have yer fortune told. I'll tell it to yer for five cents."

"*Can tute pen dukkerin aja?*" (Can you tell fortunes already?) I inquired.

If that damsel had been lifted at that instant by the hair into the infinite glory of the seventh sphere, her countenance could not have manifested more amazement. She stood stock-still, staring with wide-opened mouth.

"This 'ere rye," remarked Meister Karl, affably in Middle English, "is a hartist. He puts 'is heart into all he does. That's why. He aint Romanes, but he may be trusted. He is come here—that's wot he has—to draw this 'ere Mammy Saurkraut's Row, because it's interestin'. He aint a tax-gatherer. We don't approve o' payin' taxes, or wastin' money. Who was Mammy Saurkraut?"

"I know," cried the youthful would-be fortune-teller. "She was a witch."

"*Tool yer chiv!*" (Hold your tongue) cried the parent, "Don't bother the lady with stories about *chovahanis*" (witches).

"But that's just what I want to hear," I cried. "Go on, my little dear, about Mammy Saurkraut and you will get your five cents, if you only tell me enough."

"Well, then, Mammy Saurkraut was a witch, and a little black girl who lives next door told me so. And Mammy Saurkraut used to change herself into a pig of nights, and that's why they called her Saurkraut. This was because they had pig-ketchers going about in them old times, and once they ketched a pig that belonged to her, and to be revenged on them she used to look like a pig, and they would follow her clear out of town, way up the river, and she'd run, and they'd run after her, till, by and by, fire would begin to fly out of her bristles, and she jumped into the river and sizzed."

This I thought worth the five cents. Then Meister Karl began to put questions in Romany.

"Where is Anselo W.—he that was *staruben* for a *gry*?" (imprisoned for a horse).

"*Staruben apopli*" (imprisoned again).

"I am sorry for it, Sister Nell. He used to play the fiddle well. I wot he was a canty chiel'. And dearly lo'ed the whusky, oh!"

"Yes, he was too fond of that. How well he could play!"

"Yes," said Meister Karl, "he could. And I have sung to his fiddling when the *tatto-pani* [hot-water, i. e., spirits] boiled within us and made us gay, O my golden sister! That's the way we Hungarian gypsies always call the ladies of our people. I sang in Romany."

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"I'd like to hear you sing now," remarked a dark, handsome young man, who had just made a mysterious appearance out of the surrounding shadows.

"It's a *kamaben-gilli*—a love song," said the Rye, "and it is beautiful, deep Romanes, enough to make you cry."

There was the long sound of a violin, clear as the note of a horn. I had not observed that the dark young man had found one to his hand, and, as he accompanied, the Rye sang, and I give the lyric as he afterward gave it to me, both in Romany and English:

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANY BALLAD.

"KE TRINALI.

"Tu shan miri pireni
Me kamava tute,
Kamlidiri, rinkeni
Kames mandy buti?"

"Sa o miro kushto gry
Taders miri wardi,—
Sa o boro buno rye
Rikkers lesto stardi,—

"Sa o bokro dré o char
Hawala adovo,—
Sa i choramengeri
Lels o ryas lovoo,—

"Sa o sasto levínor
Kairs amandy matto,—
Sa o yag adro o tan
Kairs o geero tatto,—

"Sa i puri Romni chi
Pens o kushto dukk'rin,—
Sa i gorgi dinneli
Patsers lakis pakk'rin,—

"Tute taders tiro rom
Sims o gry, o wardi,
Tute chores o ze adrom
Rikkers sa i stardi.

"Tute haws te chores m'ri ze.
Tute kairs me matto,
Tiri rink'ni, kali yakk
Kairen mande tatto.

"Tu shan tachi choo'hani
Tute's dukkered buti,
Tu shan miro jivabén
Me t'vel paller tute.

"Paller tute sarasa
Pardel pav te pani,
Trinali—o krallisa!
Miri Chovihani!"

"TO TRINALI.

"Now thou art my darling girl,
And I love thee dearly;
Oh, beloved, and my fair,
Lov'st thou me sincerely?"

"As my good old trusty horse
Draws his load or bears it,—
As a gallant cavalier
Cocks his hat and wears it,—

"As a sheep devours the grass
When the day is sunny,—
As a thief who has the chance
Takes away our money,—

"As strong ale when taken in
Makes the strongest tipsy,—
As a fire within a tent
Warms a shivering gypsy,—

"As a gypsy grandmother
Tells a fortune neatly,—
As the Gentile trusts in her
And is done completely,—

"So you draw me there and here,
Where you like you take me;
Or you sport me like a hat—
What you will you make me.

"So you steal and gnaw my heart,
For to that I'm fated!
And by you, my gypsy Kate,
I'm intoxicated.

"And I own you are a witch,
I am beaten hollow;
Where thou goest in this world
I am bound to follow,—

"Follow thee where'er it be,
Over land and water,
Trinali, my gypsy queen!
Witch and witch's daughter!"

"Well, that is deep Romanes," said the woman, admiringly. "It's beautiful."

"I should think it was," remarked the violinist. "Why, I didn't understand more than one-half of it. But what I caught I understood."

"My children," said Meister Karl, "I could go on all day with Romany songs. And I can count up to a hundred in the Black Language. And I know three words for a mouse, three for a monkey, and three for the shadow which falleth at noonday. And I know how to *pen dukkerin, lel dudikabin te chiv o man-sin apré latti*." *

"*So kushlo bak!*" (Good luck!) I cried, rising to go. "We will come again."

"Yes, we will come again," said Meister Karl. "Look for me with the roses at the races, and tell me the horse to bet on. You'll find my *patteran*" (a mark or sign to show which way a gypsy has traveled) "at the next church-door, or may be on the public-house step. Child of the old Egyptians! Mother of all the witches! Sister of the stars,—farewell!"

This bewildering speech was received with

* A brief resumé of the most characteristic gypsy mode of obtaining property.

admiring awe, and we departed. I should like to have heard the comments on us which passed that evening among the gypsy denizens of Mammy Saukraut's Row.

We finished our walk by visiting another inn on Second street, between Callowhill and Vine. This last was the Black Horse, many squares north of the Plow Hotel, and probably the older of the two, as it is mentioned in the Directory for 1785. It is immediately distinguished from the surrounding houses by the black steed, with forehoof gracefully uplifted, that decorates its sign. To one side is the customary arch-way. The inn-yard is long and tolerably wide. At the end is the stable, on one side is a meat-market, and on the other the inn itself. A covered porch runs along the second story of the back building, and windows open out upon it. The place is very clean, and must have been well renovated within the last few years. Notwithstanding the butchers and the butchers' wagons, one immediately thinks of it as the head-quarters for a line of coaches. With the invention of the steam-engine and rapid means of transit coach after coach disappeared, and the decay of staging brought with it the decline of inns, and lessened their importance as social and commercial centers. They have deteriorated into lager-beer saloons and farmers' lodging-houses, and are interesting only as relics of a former age and a different mode of life. They are among the few remaining links which bind us to the pre-steam age.

Long after the new settlement on the banks of the Delaware had begun to look quite city-like, the country around the Schuylkill remained wild and uncleared. Colonists often made up large parties to penetrate through the thick forest of oaks and sycamores that lay so near their houses, and that was full of grape-vines, berries, and all the loveliest of American wild-flowers. Foxes and raccoons made excellent sport for huntsmen, while the sky was often blackened by the large flocks of wild ducks and geese. As the colony grew larger and richer, the wealthy built their country-houses out by this river, and several of these are still to be seen in Fairmount Park. But in the city proper there are no old haunts near the Schuylkill like those which are to be found near the Delaware, since that part of the town has been comparatively but lately built. But the river is rich in picturesque scenery. The boats and bridges on the water, and the stone and lumber yards on the banks, make up a picture to attract the artist. From the bridge just without Fairmount, as one looks down the river, the view is especially fine. On one side the houses are close to the water's edge. By the shore lie long, flat canal-

boats. The west side of the river is more broken and varied. Meadows, russet-green in hue, run back for many feet; at high-tide they are often completely immersed. Covered coal-yards stretch far into the water,

and in the background is a bridge. It is a view such as Turner would have loved to paint. The majority of men, unfortunately, are not so quick in discovering the picturesque as artists.

THE COPYRIGHT NEGOTIATIONS.

NEGOTIATIONS between Great Britain and the United States for an international copyright treaty have now been pending for a considerable time, and through the various publications put forward on both sides of the Atlantic the public has obtained already a pretty accurate general knowledge of their character. The present movement originated with American publishers, who discovered, as it was long ago predicted they would ultimately discover to their cost, that the manufacturers of books have quite as much at stake in the protection of copyright as the writers of them. There was a species of poetical justice in the rude manner in which their eyes were opened to the real facts of the case. The stock argument which the great piratical houses had always employed on the subject of copyright had been that, if international copyright was protected, cheap literature in this country would be at an end. It was piracy, they said, and piracy alone, that enabled persons of moderate means to get good books, and the general advancement of learning was thus made to appear bound up in the perpetuation of the primitive right of private theft. But with a curious and instructive inconsistency, the very publishers who advanced this argument soon began to insist that, while as against the foreign author the right was inalienable as well as necessary for the protection of the public against dear books, as between themselves it had no existence, but that there must be a right of first discovery and appropriation somewhat analogous to that recognized by maritime nations with regard to new territory—*i. e.*, that the American publisher who first announced his intention to take the work of a foreign author was entitled to the profits of his piratical venture as against all domestic comers. This was known as the "courtesy of the trade," and under it a sort of volunteer copyright system grew up, the large publishers paying a royalty to the foreign author for the right of "authorization," and securing this right as against competitors in this country by means of the courtesy of the trade. It was always difficult to understand how the growth of this

practice was reconcilable with a zeal for cheap books, because of course the payment of royalties increased the price of books just as so much copyright would have done. The new generation of piratical publishers who have come into existence since the war understand all this perfectly. They have broken up the courtesy of the trade, through an ingenious system of piracy within piracy, and their piratical editions of foreign books constitute the cheapest literature that the country has ever seen. If the old arguments on the subject were to be relied upon, the United States would now be an intellectual paradise; anybody can pirate, and the price of books has been fabulously reduced. But the publishers who used to insist that piracy was necessary for just this purpose, now that their ideal is attained, strongly object to it, and insist that the foreign author must be protected against the causes which have produced it.

But if the road has been long, and its course tortuous, the result is none the less satisfactory. To authors who have watched as curious, but not indifferent, spectators the various ingenious arguments by which the appropriation of their property was excused, justified, or extolled, the end of the long discussion in a general agreement among the publishers of both countries that literary property must in some way be protected, cannot but be very gratifying. Hitherto the supposed conflict between the interests of publishers and authors has been the main obstacle in the way of arriving at any understanding on the subject. That publishers now generally see that there is a real identity of interest, and that, to protect themselves, authors must be protected too, is a proof that we have arrived at a stage of the copyright discussion which must ultimately lead to international copyright.

But whether the present negotiations are destined to result in anything is a very different question. The general scheme of the treaty which is proposed is that of giving the English author the right to an American copyright on the condition of his publishing

his book here within a certain limited time from the date of publication in England, and *vice versa*. This period was originally fixed at three months, but the shortness of the time allowed for securing a foreign publisher has excited so much hostile criticism that it is thought that the publishers most active in the matter may be willing that it should be extended considerably. But the feature which seems to be considered essential is that the enjoyment of copyright shall be absolutely dependent upon an arrangement, in the case of an English book, for the manufacture and publication by an American publisher. There are a good many practical objections to such a treaty, which the movers in it have not as yet suggested any way to meet. For authors of established reputation it will be very easy under it to make an arrangement for publication in both countries simultaneously; that is, the author would not part with his copyright at all until he had made an arrangement for both countries, so that to him the limitation of time would be of no consequence. But with an author whose reputation is still to make (and this is the case with the majority of authors), the result would be very different. He must get a publisher where he can, and of course he does not go abroad for one. There was, for instance, a generation or so ago in England, an obscure young author of whom no one had ever heard, named George Eliot, who wrote some sketches called "Scenes of Clerical Life." The book attracted little or no attention, but years afterward the copyright became valuable, through the success of subsequent books. At the time it first appeared it would have been an impossibility to find a publisher for it in this country; and consequently, under a treaty with a limit of time, the copyright would have been lost. This is a very common case. On the other hand, if there is such a limit, and the book is of a character likely to suit the American market,—for instance, a new novel by Trollope, or a popular scientific book by Huxley,—what is to prevent the English publishers who secure the copyright first from making a cheap edition (there is no law of nature which makes it necessary that novels in England should be printed in three volumes at an extravagant price: the reason of the practice is merely that it suits English fancy and custom to have it so), and from sending it over here in a sufficient quantity to flood the market and make an American reprint impossible? Of course there would be duties to pay, but with a very low price would this be an insurmountable obstacle?

In considering the probable effects of such a treaty, one consideration will force itself

upon the mind, which suggests, at least to any one who is not a publisher, a good many puzzling questions. Under any system of domestic copyright, or such as that in England or the United States, the publication of the same book by two rival houses is something entirely unknown. No publisher will take the risk of any such competition, and therefore he always purchases from the author, in advance, the entire right for the whole country. But the proposed copyright treaty contemplates both an English and an American publisher for any book copyrighted on both sides of the Atlantic—at least, in all cases where the publishing firm on one side is not merely a branch of the concern on the other. In such a case each publisher would have to take the risk of his market being interfered with by importations, were it not that the treaty contemplates a reciprocal prohibition of imports from either country into the other. Prohibition of piratical imprints is one thing; such prohibition is provided for by any domestic system of copyright. But the reciprocal prohibition of the importation of books copyrighted internationally seems a novelty. Does not this bring us face to face with the fact that the primary design of the treaty, which seems to be protection to publishers, can only be effectively and permanently secured by forcing the books manufactured in either country to be sold "on the premises"? But why should we force protection against American manufactures of any kind on England? Even those who believe protection to be a panacea for American industry are not anxious to have foreign countries retaliate on us by keeping our products out of their markets.

Such suggestions as these are not advanced in any spirit of hostility to the treaty, if that is the best thing that can at present be got; but the negotiations have been dragging on for a long while, and the one thing patent about them is that there is no general agreement as to how the treaty is going to work. Its more prominent advocates, to judge from some of their publications on the subject, are irritated by the gross ignorance displayed by every one else who writes about it. But the fact is that we are ignorant about it. We find it a complicated subject, and a scheme the remote effects of which are hard to foresee in all their details. What the public have a right to demand in so important a matter is that its innocent ignorance shall not be treated as a sign of prejudice, but shall be dispelled, if possible, by those who have the means of enlightening them. There are, after all, public interests involved.

Thus far, however, it must be confessed private interests have seemed much more prominent in the discussion which the scheme

has received. The negotiations were set on foot by an American publishing house, and the details of the proposals made by it have been sharply criticised in the interests of English publishers, and now it appears that the Canadian publishers are going to be represented in Washington by a colonial diplomat, who will insist that no treaty be adopted which does not protect the "interests of Canada." These interests are entirely those of Canadian publishers. Canada is a flourishing industrial and agricultural community, which has produced no body of literature and probably will not for a long time. But it has publishers of its own, some of whom are believed to have connections, involved in much mystery, with houses in the United States. Canada, like all new and flourishing branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race, has its own copyright law, which has "absolutely no connection" with any other concern of the kind. The Canadians have just the same passion for cheap books that we used to have, and have resorted to substantially the same means to get them. The report of the English Copyright Commission of 1878 contains a very valuable account of the history of Canadian copyright, which is altogether too long to be reproduced here; but one or two facts are worth mentioning in connection with the appearance of a demand for the protection of "Canadian interests" in the treaty. The Canadians, having always been mainly rather consumers than producers of literature, perceived, as soon as the practice of pirating English books in the United States sprang up, that the strictness of the mother-country on the subject of literary property was so much clear loss to them, for they were compelled to buy expensive copyrighted English publications, when on the other side of the border there were literary factories turning out the same books for a mere song, and they were all the time denied access to them. If the Canadians had really been as great moralists with regard to copyright as their nationality ought to have made them, they would not have longed or asked for permission to buy the cheap American reprints; but their desire for cheap literature overcame them, and they insisted that they ought to be allowed to benefit by American piracy. Accordingly they promised that, if they should be permitted this, they would pass an act themselves for the protection of the British author. In consideration of this, the English Government granted permission for the importation of American reprints into Canada, while the Canadian legislature imposed a duty of twelve and a half per cent. upon these, which was to go to the British author in compensation for the infringement

of his rights. The reader will bear in mind that the theory on which the legislation was based was, first, that the English author would be completely protected by the English copyright legislation; then that he would be robbed in the United States, and finally, that the Canadians would import the stolen goods through the custom-house, and levy upon themselves a tax sufficient to compensate the author for the original robbery. Robbery and restitution were to go hand in hand, and the author was to be left just where he would have been if there had been no legislation at all. The robbery was in the end to profit not only the American and Canadian reading public, but even the author who was robbed. The actual result of the scheme cannot be better stated than in the words of the commissioners:

"So far as British authors and owners of copyright are concerned, the act has proved a complete failure. Foreign reprints of copyright works have been largely introduced into the colonies (the act applied to all the colonies), and notably American reprints into the Dominion of Canada, but no returns, or returns of an absurdly small amount, have been made to the authors and owners. It appears from official reports that, during the ten years ending in 1876, the amount received from the whole of the colonies which have taken advantage of the act was only £1155 13s. 2½d., of which £1084 13s. 3½d. was received from Canada; and that of these colonies seven paid nothing whatever to the authors, while six now and then paid small sums amounting to a few shillings."

The Canadian copyright question has been still further complicated by the passage of a local copyright law, so that there are now an English copyright statute and a Canadian act, the workings of which are both affected by the reprints act, but to what extent, or precisely how, does not appear to be known. Enough, however, has been said to show that the work of making an international treaty will not be simplified for the appearance on the scene of the Canadian publishers. In fact, it will chiefly tend to strengthen the impression that the negotiations are rather between rival publishers and importers, each one of whom is endeavoring to get what protection he can for his own business, than between two countries endeavoring to establish a right of property on a secure footing.

Is it too late, even now, to suggest that there is nothing to prevent this country acting independently, and giving to English authors the rights which the English Government is perfectly ready to accord to all foreign authors? One effect of the present negotiations has been to confuse people's minds as to their object, and to introduce questions of expediency into a matter in which

they have no proper place. It is not the rights or interests of publishers which are primarily involved, but those of authors, and this is the first time in the history of literary property that the positions of the two classes have been reversed, and authors' rights brought up as a ground for legislation to protect the manufacturer of books. From one point of view this is an advantage; from another, a positive detriment. If the manufacturer of books is to be protected against foreign competition, let him be protected; but let it be after we have redressed the injustice which we have so long inflicted upon authors. The one thing that the discussion about the proposed treaty makes clear is that no one can predict how it will work. The example of Canada just cited shows how little can be told in advance about the actual operation of the most ingenious scheme for reconciling conflicting interests. When several countries, and different tariffs and business customs and local laws are involved, the elements which enter into the determination of the result are too numerous to permit their remote results to be estimated in advance. There is one thing, however, which we do know, and that is that if the author is put upon precisely the same footing in England and America, if the citizen of either country is given full protection to his rights in both, he will no longer be exposed to pillage and spoliation as he is now, and that the question of his rights will no longer be confused as they are now with the business interests of the manufacturer. Whether this is done by an act of Congress or by a treaty makes very little difference; it must be confessed that the long delay in the negotiations for the proposed treaty is beginning to make people who have hoped for its success from the first skeptical as to the result.

It is understood that the old objection to any recognition of copyright—that it tends to make books dear, and so throw an obstacle in the way of the education of the masses—will be raised in the Senate when the pending treaty, or any treaty, comes before it. This is really a difficult objection to meet, because with any one whose mind is in that curiously primitive condition in which he thinks that it is argument against acquiring property by purchase that pillage is less expensive, it is hard to find any common premises to start from. It is, of course, for the interest of the masses that they should have cheap clothes and cheap food, but nobody advises them to plunder their neighbors to secure these desirable objects. In early times it used to be done in the case of clothes and food, just as it is now in the case of books. In fact, there is no

article of necessity or luxury that at some period of the history of the world has not been regarded alternately as property at home and spoil abroad. But the progress of civilization has convinced the world, as to all other kinds of property, that the universal recognition of ownership is the only guarantee, in the long run, of continuous and cheap production.

But to those whose historical associations and sentiments are so strong as to blind them to the economic facts of the case, it may be suggested that the noble old system under which we have lived so long has already produced a cheap literature such as the world has never seen. No copyright treaty can be made retroactive, and the great body of English books have been already stolen. They are now and will always be accessible to the student at a ridiculously low price, and as this is an age of compromise, the wonderfully successful "steal" that has been accomplished might fairly be offset by conservative senators as so much clear profit against the measure of justice for the future which authors, and publishers for them now demand.

The benefit to the United States from the establishment of some just system of international copyright is not limited to the pecuniary advantages to be derived from it by the publishers. The statutes of this Government, which secure to authors the ownership of their copyright for a limited time, were passed for the object of encouraging the literary production of this country—that the United States might, as time went on, take its place among the most advanced nations of the earth in letters and science. In doing this, we formally renounced all belief in the stale fallacy that, because literature will be produced whether we protect it or not, therefore it should not be protected. Like other modern civilized nations, we recognize the fact that the first step in the promotion of any human industry is to guarantee the enjoyment of the results of their toil to those who carry it on. If we compare the scanty literature of the ancient world with that of modern times, we see that what was once the luxury of the wealthy has become a common necessity. This is necessarily attributed to the printing-press. But does any one suppose that the wonderful activity of the printing-press would be one of the phenomena of our civilization if the advancing protection of literary property had not made it possible for men to devote their lives to literary production with the same certainty of remuneration and profit that the merchant, or the manufacturer, or the cotton-picker, or the hod-carrier enjoys? Our domestic laws for the protection of copyright have played

their part in fostering the literature which has been developed in this country within the past generation; and we have reached the point at which American authors look abroad as well as at home for a public, and the time is rapidly approaching when the whole English-speaking race will be the natural constituency of the American no less than the English author. To promote the cause of American letters now requires that we should take such means as will insure the fruits of our literary labor in foreign countries. The continuance of the present system would merely mean that our Government, for the sake of permitting the robbery of the 'citizens of other countries here, is glad to have its own citizens robbed abroad.

American authors have, besides this, another direct stake in the matter, which is sometimes strangely overlooked. The facility of indiscriminate pillage afforded by the present condition of the law between the two countries diminishes the interest of the domes-

tic publisher in the literature of his own country. As long as he can republish the latest novel or the latest history or book of travels without paying anything for it, why should he be at the trouble and expense of finding a market for American books, for the copyright of which he has to pay? If this does not have the effect of diminishing his interest in American literature, there must be something in the business of publishing books which makes the love of country a more powerful motive than it usually shows itself to be in other branches of trade. The publisher is governed, after all, by ordinary human motives, and if his love of gain does not lead to the absolute rejection of American books for the sake of the greater profit to be made by piratical editions of foreign works, it must at least tend to reduce the royalty which he is willing to pay to the home author, and in this way the general value of American copyrights must remain below their natural value until international protection is assured

THE FLEMISH BELLS.

[The bells cast by the famous molder Van den Gheyn, of Louvain, are said to have lost all the sweetness they had a hundred years ago.]

SADLY he shook his frosted head,

Listening and leaning on his cane;

"Nay—I am like the bells," he said,

"Cast by the molder of Louvain.

"Often you've read of their mystic powers,

Floating o'er Flanders' dull lagoons;

How they would hold the lazy hours

Meshed in a net of golden tunes.

"Never such bells as those were heard,

Echoing over the sluggish tide;

Now like a storm-crash,—now like a bird,

Flinging their carillons far and wide.

"There in Louvain they swing to-day,

Up in the turrets where long they've swung;

But the rare cunning of yore, they say,

Somehow has dropped from the brazen
tongue.

"Over them shines the same pale sky,

Under them stretch the same lagoons;

Out from the belfries, bird-like fly,

As from a nest, the same sweet tunes;

"Ever the same,—and yet we know

None are entranced these later times,

Just as the listeners long ago

Were, with the wonder of their chimes.

"Something elusive as viewless air,

Something we cannot understand,

Strangely has vanished of the rare

Skill of the molder's master hand.

"So—when you plead that life is still

Full, as of old, with tingling joy,—

That I may hear its music thrill,

Just as I heard it when a boy;—

"All I can say, is—Youth has passed,—

Master of magic falls and swells,—

Bearing away the cunning cast

Into the molding of the bells!"

BISMILLAH.

FORTH from his tent the patriarch Abraham stept,
And lengthening shadows slowly past him crept.

For many days he scarce had broke his fast,
Lest some poor wanderer should come at last,

And, scanty comfort finding, go his way,
In doubt of God's great mercy day by day.

But deep contentment in his calm eyes shone
When he beheld, afar, a pilgrim lone,

Fare slowly toward him from the flaming west,
With weary steps betokening need of rest.

When that he came anear, straightway was seen
An aged man of grave and reverend mien.

"Guest of mine eyes, here let thy footsteps halt,"
The patriarch said, "and share my bread and salt."

Then calling to his kinsfolk, soon the board
Was laden richly with the patriarch's hoard.

And when around the fair repast they drew,
"Bismillah!" said they all with reverence due;

Save only he for whom the feast was spread:
He bowed him gravely, but no word he said.

Then Abraham thus: "O guest, is it not meet
To utter God's great name ere thou dost eat?"

The pilgrim answered, courteous but calm,
"Good friend, of those who worship fire I am."

Then Abraham rose, his brow with anger bent,
And drove the aged Gheber from his tent.

That instant, swifter than a flashing sword,
Appeared and spake an angel of the Lord.

In shining splendor wrapt, the bright one said:
"An hundred years upon this aged head

God's mercy hath been lavished from on high,
In life and sun and rain. Dost thou deny

What God withholds not from the meanest clod?"
The patriarch bowed in meekness. Great is God.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

As HE was saying it, Bertha had gone back to her sofa, and sat there with the faint, troubled smile still on her face.

"He was angry," she said, "and so was I. It made him look very large, but I was not at all afraid of him—no, positively, I was not afraid of him, and I am glad of that. It is bad enough to remember that I was emotional, and said things I did not mean to say. It is not like me to say things I don't mean to say. I must be more tired out than I knew. Ah, there is no denying that he was in the right! I will go away and stay some time. It will be better in every way."

For some minutes she sat motionless, her hands clasped lightly upon her knee, her eyes fixed on a patch of sunlight on the carpet. She did not move, indeed, until she heard the sound of her husband's foot upon the steps and his latch-key in the door. He entered the room immediately afterward, looking rather warm and a trifle exhilarated, and all the handsomer in consequence.

"Ah, Bertha, you are here!" he said. "I am glad you were not out! How warm it is! Fancy having such weather early in May! And three days ago we had fires. What a climate! There is something appropriate in it. It is purely Washingtonian, and as uncertain as—as senators. There's a scientific problem for the Signal Service Bureau to settle,—Does the unreliability of the climate affect the senatorial mind, or does the unreliability of the senatorial mind affect the climate?"

"It sounds like a conundrum," said Bertha, "and the Signal Service Bureau would give it up. You have been walking too fast, you foolish boy, and have overheated yourself. Come and lie down on the sofa and rest."

She picked up the cushion, which had fallen, and put it in place for him. There was always a pretty touch of maternal care for him in her manner. He accepted her invitation with delighted readiness, and, when he had thrown himself at luxurious full length upon the sofa, she took a seat upon its edge near him, having

first brought from the mantel a large Japanese fan, with which she stirred the air gently.

"Why were you glad that I had not gone out?" she said. "Did you want me?"

"Oh!" he answered, "I always want you. You are the kind of little person one naturally wants—and it is a sort of relief to find you on the spot. How nice this Grand Pasha business is—lying on cushions and being fanned—and how pretty and cool you look in your white frills! White is very becoming to you, Bertha."

Bertha glanced down at the frills.

"Is it?" she said. "Yes, I think it is, and this is a pretty gown. Richard!"

"Well?"

"You said it was a sort of relief to find me on the spot. Did you say it because I am not always here when you want me? Do you think I go out too much? Does it ever seem to you that I neglect you a little, and am not quite as domesticated as I should be? Should you be—happier—if I lived a quieter life and cared less for society?"

There was a touch of unusual earnestness in her voice, and her eyes were almost childishly eager as she turned them upon him.

"Happier!" he exclaimed, gayly. "My dear child! I could not easily be happier than I am. How could I accuse you of neglecting me? You satisfy me exactly in everything. Whose home is more charming, and whose children are better cared for than mine? It is not necessary for you to cook my dinner, but you are the most delightful sauce to it in the world when you sit at the head of the table. What more could a man want?"

"I—I don't know," she said, slowly, "but I could not bear to think that I was not what I should be in my own home. It has always seemed to me that there could be no bad taste and bad breeding so inexcusable as the bad taste and bad breeding of a woman who is disagreeable and negligent in her own house. One has no need to put it on moral grounds even—the bad taste of it is enough. I don't think I could ever be disagreeable—or that you could think me so—but it struck me——"

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"Don't let it strike you again," he interrupted, amiably. "It has struck me that there were never two people so well suited to each other as our married life has proved us to be. I don't mind admitting now that once or twice during the first year I thought that you were a little restless or unhappy, but it was when you were not well, and it was quite natural, and it all passed away, and I don't think it would occur to any one in these days to ask whether you are happy or not."

Bertha was playing with his watch-chain, and she separated one charm upon it from another carefully as she answered him in a soft, natural voice:

"There is a legend, you know," she said, "that the first year of one's marriage is always uncomfortable."

"Oh, mine was not uncomfortable," he returned,—“it was delightful, as all the other years have been; but—just occasionally, you know—there was a—well, a vague something—which never troubles me now.”

"I must have behaved badly in some way," said Bertha, smiling, "or it would not have troubled you then."

And she stooped and kissed him on the forehead.

"I have a horrible conviction," she said after it, "that I was a vixen. Was I a vixen? Perhaps I was a vixen, and never suspected it—and no one suspected it but you. Poor boy! Why didn't you return me to papa with thanks? Well, as you have kept me so long, you must make the best of me. And it is very nice and polite in you to pretend that I am satisfactory, and don't make you wretched and your hearth a wilderness by being a hollow worldling."

"You are exactly what I want," he responded. "I am a hollow worldling myself. If I were a brick-layer, my idea of domestic bliss might be to spend my evenings at home and watch you mending stockings or knitting, or doing something of that sort, but even then I am afraid I should tire of it, and secretly long for something more frivolous."

"For something as frivolous as I am?" she said, with a nervous little laugh. "Quite as frivolous, Richard—really? But I know you will say so. You are always good to me and spoil me."

"No, I am not," he answered. "It is simply true that you always please me. It is true I am a rather easy-natured fellow, but I know plenty of good-natured fellows whose wives are terribly unsatisfactory. You are clever and pretty, and don't make mistakes, and you are never exacting, nor really out of humor, and it is impossible for me to tire of you——"

"Really?" she said, quickly. "Is that last true?"

"Entirely true."

"Well," she commented, the color rising in her cheek, "that is a good deal for one's husband to say! That is a triumph. It amounts to a certificate of character."

"Well," he admitted, after a second's reflection, "upon the whole it is! I know more husbands than one—but no matter. I was going to add that long ago—before I met you, you know—my vague visions of matrimonial venture were always clouded by a secret conviction that when I had really passed the Rubicon and had time for reflection, things might begin to assume a rather serious aspect."

"And I," said Bertha, a little thoughtfully, "have never assumed a serious aspect."

"Never," he replied, exultantly. "You have been a perfect success. There is but one Bertha——"

"And her husband is her prophet!" she added. "You are very good to me, Richard, and it is entirely useless for you to deny it, because I shall insist upon it with—wild horses, if necessary—which figure of speech I hope strikes you as being strong enough."

She was herself again—neither eager nor in earnest, ready to amuse him and to be amused, waving her fan for his benefit, touching up his cushions to make him more comfortable, and seeming to enjoy her seat on the edge of his sofa very much indeed.

"Do you know," she said, at length, "what I have thought of doing? I have thought quite seriously of going in a day or so to Fortress Monroe, with the children."

She felt that he started slightly, and wondered why.

"Are you surprised?" she asked. "Would you rather I would not go?"

"No," he answered, "if you think it would be better for you. You are tired, and the weather is very warm. But—have you set any particular day?"

"No," she said, "I should not do that without speaking to you first."

"Well," he returned, "then suppose you do not go this week. I have half-invited Senator Plainfield, and Macpherson and Ashley to dinner for Thursday."

"Is it because you want them to talk about the bill?" she said. "How interested you are in it, Richard! Why is it? Railroads never struck me as being particularly fascinating material. It seems to me that amateur enthusiasm would be more readily awakened by something more romantic and a little intangible—a tremendous claim, for instance, which would make some poor,

struggling creatures fabulously rich. I am always interested in claims—the wilder they are the better, and it invariably delights me when the people get them 'through,' to the utter consternation of the Government. It has faintly dawned upon me on two or three such occasions that I have no political morality, and I am afraid it is a feminine failing. It is not a masculine one, of course, so it must be feminine. I wish you had chosen a claim, Richard, instead of a railroad. I am sure it would have been far more absorbing."

"The railroad is quite absorbing enough," he answered, "and there is money enough involved in it. Just think of those Westoria lands, and what they will be worth if the road is carried through them—and as to romance, what could be more romantic than the story attached to them?"

"But I don't know the story," said Bertha. "What is it?"

"It is a very effective story," he replied, "and it was the story which first called my attention to the subject. There was a poor, visionary fellow whose name was Westor, to whom a large tract of this land came suddenly as an inheritance from a distant relative. He was not practical enough to make much use of it, and he lived in the house upon it in a desolate, shiftless way for several years, when he had the ill-fortune to discover coal on the place. I say it was ill-fortune, because the discovery drove him wild. He worked, and starved, and planned, and scraped together all the money he could to buy more land, keeping his secret closely for some time. When he could do no more he came to Washington, and began to work for a railroad which would make his wealth available. His energy was a kind of frenzy, they say. He neither ate, slept, nor rested, and really managed to get the matter into active movement. He managed to awaken a kind of enthusiasm, and, for a short time, was a good deal talked of and noticed. He was a big, raw-boned young Westerner, and created a sensation by his very uncouthness in its connection with the wildly fabulous stories told about his wealth. He had among his acquaintances a man of immense influence, and at this man's house he met the inevitable young woman. She amused herself, and he fell madly in love, and became more frenzied than ever. It was said that she intended to marry him if he was successful, and that she made his poor, helpless life such an anguish to him that he lost his balance entirely. There came a time when he was entirely penniless, and his prospects were so unpromising, and his despair so great, that he went to his boarding-house one day with the intention of kill-

ing himself, and just as he finished loading his pistol a letter was handed in to him, and when he opened it he found it contained the information that another distant relative, affected by the rumors concerning him, had left him twenty thousand dollars. He laid his pistol in a drawer, and left the house to begin again. He had an interview with his lady-love, and one with his man of influence, and at the end of a few weeks had bought more land, and parted in some mysterious way with the rest of his money, and was on the very eve of success. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" said Bertha. "Oh! don't say that anything went wrong!"

"It would not be half so dramatic a story if everything had gone right," said Richard, with fine artistic appreciation. "You could never guess what happened. Everything he did seemed to work to a miracle; every train was laid and every match applied. On the day that was to decide his fate he did not go near the Capitol, but wandered out and took his place on one of the seats in the park which faced the house at which the young woman was visiting, and sat there, a lank, unshorn, haggard figure, either staring at her window or leaning forward with his head upon his hands. People actually heard of his being there and went to look at him, and came away without having dared to address him. The young woman looked out from behind her blind and was furious, and even sent word to him to go away. But he would not go, and only glared at the man who was sent to him with the message. He sat there until night, and then staggered across and rang at the bell, and inquired for the man of influence, and was told—what do you suppose he was told?"

"Oh!" cried Bertha, desperately. "I don't know."

"He was told that he was occupied."

"Occupied!" echoed Bertha.

Richard clasped his hands comfortably and gracefully behind his head.

"That's the climax of the story," he said.

"He was occupied—in being married to the young woman, of whom he had been greatly enamored for some time, and who had discreetly decided to marry him because he had proved to her that the other man's bill could not possibly pass. It could not pass because he had the energy and influence to prevent its doing so, and he prevented its passing because he knew he would lose the young woman otherwise. At least that is the story, and I like the version."

"I don't like it!" said Bertha. "It makes me feel desperate."

"What it made the poor fellow feel," Rich-

ard went on, "nobody ever found out, as he said nothing at all about it. On hearing the truth he sat down on the steps for a few minutes, and then got up and went away. He went to his boarding-house and had an interview with his landlady, who was a kind-hearted creature, and when she saw him began to cry because his bill had not passed. But when she spoke of it she found he knew nothing of it—he had never asked about it, and he said to her, 'Oh! that doesn't matter—it isn't any consequence particularly; I'm only troubled about *your* bill. I haven't money enough to pay it. I've only enough to take me home, and you'll have to let me give you the things I have in my room for pay. I only want one thing out of there—if you'll let me go and get it, I won't take anything else.' So she let him go, and stood outside his door and cried, while he went in and took something out of a drawer."

"Richard!" cried Bertha.

"Yes," said Richard. "He actually found a use for it after all—but not in Washington. He went as far as he could by rail, and then he tramped the rest of the way to Westoria—they say it must have taken him several days, and that his shoes were worn to shreds, and his feet cut and bruised by the walk. When he reached the house, it had been shut up so long that the honeysuckle which climbed about it had grown across the door, and he could not have got in without breaking or pushing it aside. People fancied that at first he thought of going in, but that when he saw the vine it stopped him—slight barrier as it was. They thought he had intended to go in because he had evidently gone to the door, and before he turned away had broken off a spray of the flowers which was just beginning to bloom—he held it crushed in his hand when they found him, two or three days later. He had carried it back to the edge of the porch, and had sat down—and finished everything—with the only thing he had brought back from Washington—the pistol. How does that strike you as the romance of a railroad?"

Bertha clenched her hand, and struck her knee a fierce little blow.

"Richard," she said, "if that had happened in my day, I should have turned lobbyist, and every thought and power and gift I had would have been brought to bear to secure the passage of that bill."

Richard laughed—a pleased but slightly nervous laugh.

"Suppose you bring them to bear now," he suggested.

"There would not be any reason for my doing it now," she answered, "but I shall certainly be interested."

Richard laughed again.

"By Jove!" he said, "the poor devils who own it would think there was reason enough!"

"Who owns it?"

"Several people, who speculated in it because the railroad was talked of again, and on a more substantial footing. It fell to Westor's only living relation, who was an ignorant old woman, and sold it without having any idea of its real value. Her impression was that, if she kept it, it would bring her ill-luck. There is no denying that it looks just now like a magnificent speculation."

"And that poor fellow," said Bertha,—
"that *poor* fellow —"

"That poor fellow?" Richard interposed.

"Yes—but his little drama is over, you know, and perhaps there are others going on quite as interesting, if we only knew them. It is very like you, Bertha—and it is very adorable," touching her shoulder caressingly with his hand, "to lose sight entirely of the speculation and care only for the poor fellow. You insist upon having your little drama under all circumstances."

"Yes," she admitted. "I confess that I like my little drama, and I have not a doubt that—as I said before—I could not have lived in the midst of that without turning lobbyist—which is certainly not my vocation."

"Not your vocation?" said Richard. "You would make the most successful little lobbyist in the world!"

Bertha turned upon him an incredulous and rather bewildered smile.

"I!" she exclaimed. "I?"

"Yes, you!"

"Well," she replied, after a second's pause given to inspection of him, "this is open derision!"

"It is perfectly true," was his response, "and it is true for good reasons. Your strength would lie in the very fact that you would be entirely unlike your co-laborers in the field. You have a finished little air of ingenuousness which would be your fortune."

She shook her head with a pretty gesture.

"No," she said. "I am very clever, and of course you cannot help observing it, but I am not clever enough for that."

He gave her a glance at once curious and admiring.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it is my belief you are clever enough for anything."

"Richard," she said, "shall I tell you a secret?"

"Yes."

"And you will bury it in the innermost recesses of your soul, and *never* divulge it?"

"Certainly."

"And brace yourself for a shock when I reveal it to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, here it is! My cleverness is like what you—and two or three other most charming people—are good enough to call my prettiness. It is a delusion and a snare!"

"Come!" he said. "You are attempting to deceive me."

"No," she answered. "I am attempting to undeceive you. I am not really pretty or clever at all, and it has been the object of my life to prevent its being detected."

She opened her eyes in the most charmingly ingenuous manner and nodded her head.

"I discovered it myself," she said, "long ago—comparatively early in life—and resolved to conceal it. And nothing but the confidence I repose in you would have induced me to mention it."

"Well," he replied, "you have concealed it pretty well under the circumstances."

"Ah!" she said, "but you don't know what a burden it is to carry about, and what subterfuges I have to resort to when I seem on the very verge of being found out. There is Larry, for instance—I am almost sure that Larry suspects me, especially when I am tired, or chance to wear an unbecoming gown. You know how particular I am about my gowns? Well, that is my secret. I haven't an attraction, really, but my gowns and my spirits and my speciousness. The solitary thing I do feel I have reason to pride myself on is that I am bold enough to adapt my gowns in such a way as to persuade you that I am physically responsible for the color and shape of them. You fancy you are pleased with me when you are simply pleased with some color of which I exist on the reflection or glow. In nine cases out of ten, it is merely a matter of pale blue or pink, and silk or crêpe or cashmere; and in the tenth it is nothing but spirits and speciousness."

"Oh," he said, "there is no denying that you would make a wonderful lobbyist."

"Well," she answered, rising and going to the table to lay her fan down, "when you invest largely in Westoria lands and require my services in that capacity, I will try to distinguish myself. I think I should like to begin with the Westoria lands if I begin at all. But in the meantime I must go upstairs and talk to the seamstress about Janey's new white dresses. You are cool enough now to enjoy your lunch when the bell rings, and you shall have some iced tea if you would like it."

"I would like it very well, and—by the bye, did Tredennis bring the 'Clarion,' as he said he would?"

"Yes—it is here," and she handed it to him from the table. "You can read it while I am upstairs."

"Have you read it?" he said, opening it and turning to the editorial.

"Not yet. I shall read it this afternoon."

"Yes, do. The facts are put very forcibly. And—you will decide not to go to Fortress Monroe just yet?"

She hesitated a moment, but he did not observe it.

"I must be here when your friends dine with you, of course," she said. "And a week or even a little more does not make so much difference, after all. It may be quite cool again to-morrow."

And she went out of the room and left him to his paper.

CHAPTER XI.

It was two weeks after this that Arbuthnot, sauntering down the avenue in a leisurely manner, on his way from his office, and having a fancy to stroll through Lafayette Park, which was looking its best in its spring bravery and bloom, on entering the iron gateway found his attention attracted by the large figure of Colonel Tredennis, who was approaching him from the opposite direction, walking slowly and appearing deeply abstracted. It cannot be said that Mr. Arbuthnot felt any special delight in the prospective encounter. He had not felt that he had advanced greatly in Colonel Tredennis's good opinion, and had, it must be confessed, resigned himself to that unfortunate condition of affairs without making any particular effort to remedy it—his private impression being that the result would scarcely be likely to pay for the exertion, taking into consideration the fact that he was constitutionally averse to exertion.

"Why," he had said to Bertha, "should I waste my vital energies in endeavoring to persuade a man that I am what he wants, when perhaps I am not? There are scores of people who will naturally please him better than I do, and there are people enough who please me better than he does. Let him take his choice—and it is easy enough to see that I am not his choice."

"What is he thinking of now, I wonder?" he said, a vague plan for turning into another walk flitting through his mind. "Are his friends, the Piutes, on the war-path and actively engaged in dissecting agents, or is he simply out of humor? He is not thinking of where he is going. He will walk over that nursemaid and obliterate the twins—yes, I thought so."

The Colonel had verified his prophecy, and aroused from his reverie by the devastation he had caused, he came to a stand-still with a perplexed and distressed countenance.

"I beg your pardon," Arbuthnot heard him say, in his great, deep voice. "I hope I did not hurt you. I had forgotten where I was." And he stooped and set the nearest twin on its feet on the grass and then did the same thing for the other, upon which both stood and stared at him, and not being hurt at all, having merely rolled over on the sod, were in sufficiently good spirits to regard with interest the fact that he was fumbling in his coat-pocket for something.

The article in question was a package of bonbons, which he produced and gave to the nearest toddler.

"Here!" he said. "I bought these for another little girl, but I can get some more. They are all right," he added, turning to the mulatto girl, whose admiration of his martial bearing revealed itself in a most lenient grin,—"they won't hurt them. They can eat them all without being harmed."

And then he turned away, and in doing so caught sight of Arbuthnot, and, somewhat to the surprise of the latter, advanced toward him at once with the evident intention of joining him.

"It is rather a curious thing that I should meet you here," he said. "I was thinking of you when I met with the catastrophe you saw just now. Do you often go home this way?"

"Not very often," Arbuthnot replied. "Sometimes, when things look as they do now," with a gesture indicating the brilliant verdure.

"Everything looks very fresh and luxuriant," said Tredennis. "The season is unusually far advanced, I suppose. It is sometimes a great deal too warm to be pleasant."

"It will be decidedly warmer every day," said Arbuthnot. "We shall have a trying summer. The President is going out to the Soldiers' Home next week—which is earlier than usual. There are only two or three of the senators' families left in the city. The exodus began weeks ago."

"Such weather as we have had the last few days," said the Colonel, with his slight frown, "must be very exhausting to those who are not strong, and who have gone through a gay winter."

"The best thing such people can do," responded Arbuthnot, drily, "is to make their way to the mountains or the sea as soon as possible. Most of them do."

Tredennis's reply was characteristically abrupt.

"Mrs. Amory does not," he said.

"No," answered Arbuthnot, and he looked at the end of his cigar as if he saw nothing else.

"Why doesn't she?" demanded Tredennis.

"She ought to," said Arbuthnot, with calm adroitness.

"Ought to!" Tredennis repeated. "She should have gone months ago. She—she is actually ill. Why in heaven's name does she stay? She told me two weeks since that she was going to Fortress Monroe, or some such place."

"She had better go to a New England farm-house, and wear a muslin gown and swing in a hammock," said Arbuthnot.

"You see that as well, do you?" said the Colonel. "Why don't you tell her so?" and having said it, seemed to pull himself up suddenly, as if he felt he had been unconsciously impetuous.

Arbuthnot laughed.

His smile had died completely away, however, when he gave his side glance at his companion's face a moment later.

"She was quite serious in her intention of going away two weeks ago," he said. "She told me so; nothing but Richard's dinner-party prevented her departure in the first place."

He spoke in an entirely non-committal tone, but there was a touch of interest in his quiet glance at Tredennis.

"You dined there with Plane-field and the rest, didn't you?" he added.

"Yes."

"I didn't. Richard was kind enough to invite me, but I should only have been in the way." He paused an instant, and then added, without any change of tone or manner, "I know nothing of the Westoria lands."

"Was it necessary that you should?" said Tredennis. "I did not."

"Oh," Arbuthnot answered, "I knew they would discuss them, and the bill, as it pleases Amory to be interested in them just now."

"I remember that the matter was referred to several times," said Tredennis; "even Mrs. Amory seemed to know a good deal of it."

"A good deal!" said Arbuthnot. "In favor of the bill?"

"Yes," Tredennis answered. "She had been reading up, it appeared. She said some very good things about it—in a laughing-way. Why does she waste her time and strength on such folly?" he added, hotly. "Why—why is she allowed to do it?"

"The New England farm would be better for her just now," said Arbuthnot—again adroitly.

"Why should Amory waste his time upon it?" the Colonel went on,—“though that is his affair, of course, and not mine!”

They had reached the gate by this time, but they did not pass through it. Finding themselves near it, they turned—as if by mutual consent, and yet without speaking of doing so—into the walk nearest them.

It was after taking a few steps in silence down this path, that Colonel Tredennis spoke again, abruptly:

"When I was thinking of you just before we met," he said, "I was thinking of you in connection with—with the Amorys."

He knew the statement had a blunt enough sound, and his recognition of it irritated him, but he was beginning to be accustomed to his own bluntness of statement, and, at any rate, this led him to the point he meant to reach.

Arbuthnot's reply was characteristic. It was not blunt at all, and had an air of simple directness, which was the result not only of a most creditable tact and far-sightedness, but of more private good feeling and sincerity than he was usually credited with.

"I am always glad to be thought of in connection with the Amorys," he said. "And I am glad that it is perfectly natural that I should be connected with them in the minds of their friends. There has been a very close connection between us for several years, and I hope they have found as much pleasure in it as I have."

Tredennis recognized the tact even if he was not aware of the good feeling and far-sightedness. The obstacles had been removed from his path, and the conversation had received an air of unconstrained naturalness, which would make it easier for him to go on.

"Then," he said, "there will be no need to explain what I mean by saying that I was thinking specially of your interest in Mrs. Amory herself—and your influence over her."

"I wish my influence over her was as strong as my interest in her," was his companion's reply. "My interest in her is a sincere enough feeling—and a deep one. There is every reason why it should be."

"I—," began the Colonel, "I ——" And then he stopped.

"Your interest in her," Arbuthnot went on, seeming to enjoy his cigar very much, "is even a more natural feeling than mine—

though I scarcely think it can be stronger. It is not a matter of relationship so much,—as a rule, relationship does not amount to a great deal,—but the fact that you knew her as a girl, and feel toward the Professor as you do, must give her a distinct place in your mind."

"It is a feeling," said Tredennis, "which disturbs me when I see that she is in actual danger through her own want of care for herself. Are women always so reckless? Is it a Washington fashion? Why should she forget that her children need her care, if she does not choose to think of herself? Is that a Washington fashion, too?"

"You were thinking," said Arbuthnot, "and flattering me in doing it, that what I might say to her on the necessity of leaving the city might have some little effect?"

"Yes," Tredennis answered. "And if not upon herself, upon Amory. He is always ready to listen to you."

Arbuthnot was silent for some moments. He was following a certain train of thought closely and rapidly, but his expression did not betray him at all.

"She would have gone two weeks ago," he said quietly next, "if it had not been for Richard's engagements with Planefield and the rest. He has had them at his house two or three times since then, and they have made little parties to Mount Vernon and Arlington and Great Falls. Planefield is a lady's man, and he finds Mrs. Amory very charming."

"What!" exclaimed Tredennis, with intolerant haughtiness,— "that coarse fellow?"

"He isn't a nice fellow," said Arbuthnot, "but he won't show his worst side to her—any more than he can help. He is a very powerful fellow, they say."

Here he stopped. They had reached their gate-way again.

"I'll do what I can," he said. "It won't be much, perhaps—but I will do what I can. I fully appreciate the confidence you showed in speaking to me."

"I fully appreciate the manner in which you listened to what I had to say," said Tredennis.

And, somewhat to Arbuthnot's surprise, he held out his hand to him.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

It is now a little more than twenty years since Mr. Howells made his first visit to Boston, bringing in his carpet-bag a number of poems, which were soon printed in "The Atlantic Monthly." He had already sent to the East some of his verses, which had appeared in the same magazine. Many of these, by their form, and still more by their deep, cheerless gloom, showed that their author had a great admiration for Heine, the wonderful master of epigrammatic sadness. With years and actual experience the sadness—which was of the willful sort that belongs to youth—wore away, but Mr. Howells's hand retained the neatness of touch which is apparent in even the slightest of these verses. At about the same time he published a few longer poems, in a narrative form, and it is curious to see in these some of the qualities that are familiar to us in his later novels. It was a novelist, for instance, who heard and told the "Pilot's Story" about the man

"Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious,
Slender of body and mind, fit neither for loving nor hating,"

who gambled away the quadroon girl, his mistress. In every one of his stories, too, we come across bits of humorous or pathetic insight which might have stood by themselves as the subjects of little poems; and in all his subsequent work we find the poetic flavor which was here asserting itself. It was some time, however, before Mr. Howells tried the more serious business of writing novels. This delay is only natural; views about life are common property, but knowledge of what life really is is a rarer thing and more difficult of attainment.

These poems had been written by Mr. Howells in the scant leisure moments of a busy youth. He was born in Ohio, in the year 1837; his father was editor and publisher of a country newspaper, and it was at a very early age that the subject of this article began to set type and learn the printer's trade. Throughout his boyhood, and in fact until 1859, he worked in his father's printing-office, although for two or three years before that date he had exercised his pen as a legislative reporter, and then as "news editor" of "The Ohio State Journal" at Columbus. What intervals his work granted him were taken for reading and, in time, for writing, and the early fruits of his pen appeared in a volume called "Poems of Two Friends," which was published at Columbus, in Decem-

ber, 1859. The other writer, who indeed was the author of the greater number of the poems, was Mr. J. J. Piatt, who has since written many pleasing verses. These two young poets had worked together in a printing-office, where they spent the years which so many young men waste in college. In the summer of 1861 Mr. Howells wrote a life of Lincoln, a book which had a large sale in the West, and in the autumn of that year he was appointed consul at Venice.

This appointment was one of the sort which, doubtless, the stern civil-service reformer will have to condemn, in public, at least; but in private he will only congratulate himself upon it, as an Englishman might have done for the unsound system which found a place in Parliament for men like Pitt and Burke. Moreover, if the duties of a consul in Venice were slight,—and the *Alabama* was at work beginning the warfare against American commerce which has since been carried on by legislators,—there was the more leisure for the study of this fascinating city. Indeed, the change from an Ohio city to Venice was the most complete that could be imagined. Even Havre or Bordeaux, with strictly commercial flavor, would have seemed like a glimpse of paradise to a young, untraveled, poetic consul, but to go to Italy, and of all Italian ports, to Venice! It must have seemed as if life had nothing more to grant to the imaginative young official.

It is with this new life that Mr. Howells's literary activity really begins, and the two volumes, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys," bear witness to the impulse he received from this transplanting. These books are made up of essays and letters which were saved from the swift oblivion of bound magazines and newspapers. They are delightful reading, and they bear the promise of the future novelist in them. When he traveled to Italian towns he was studying human nature, and, fortunately, there have been preserved in these two books a vast number of little studies, minute observations, such as in abundance go to make the outfit of a writer of fiction. Thus:

"I think some of the pleasantest people in Italy are the army gentlemen. There is the race's gentleness in their ways, in spite of their ferocious trade, and an American freedom of style. They brag in a manner that makes one feel at home immediately. * * * Three officers who dined with us at the *table d'hôte* of the Stella d'Oro, in Ferrara, were visibly anxious to address us, and began not uncivilly, but still in order that we should hear, to speculate on our nationality

among themselves. It appeared that we were Germans; for one of these officers, who had formerly been in the Austrian service at Vienna, recognized the word 'bitter' in our remarks on the *becafichi*. As I did not care to put these fine fellows to the trouble of hating us for others' faults, I made bold to say that we were not Germans, and to add that 'bitter' was also an English word.

"Ah! yes, to be sure," one of them admitted; 'when he was with the Sardinian army in the Crimea he had frequently heard the word used by English soldiers.'"

The officers found out that these foreigners were Americans:

"Did we think Signor Leencolen would be re-elected?"

"I supposed he had been elected that day," I said.

"Ah! this was election day, then. *Caspello!*"

"At this the Genoese frowned superior intelligence, and the Crimean, gazing admiringly upon him, said he had been nine months at Nuova York, and that he had a brother living there. The poor Crimean boastfully added that he himself had a cousin in America, and that the Americans generally spoke Spanish. The count from Piacenza wore an air of pathetic discomfiture, and tried to invent a transatlantic relative, as I think, but failed. I am persuaded that none of these warriors really had kinsmen in America, but that they all pretended to have them, out of politeness to us, and that they believed each other."

Or take this account of the "patriarch," the government guide who accompanied Mr. Howells to Capri, and induced him to see the "tarantella" danced for two francs, "whereas down at your inn, if you hire the dancers through your landlord, it will cost you five or six francs. But," Mr. Howells goes on,

"The poor patriarch was also a rascal in his small way, and he presently turned to me with a countenance full of cowardly trouble and base remorse: 'I pray you, little sir, not to tell the landlord below there that you have seen the tarantella danced here; for he has daughters and friends to dance it for strangers, and gets a deal of money by it. So, if he asks you to see it, do me the pleasure to say, lest he should take on (*pigliarsi*) with me about it: 'Thanks, but we saw the tarantella at Pompeii.' It was the last place in Italy where we were likely to have seen the tarantella; but these simple people are improvident in lying, as in everything else."

Imagine a touch like that in Addison's "Remarks on Italy!"

These two volumes were not all that Mr. Howells brought back with him to America, when he returned home in the autumn of 1865. They show, however, how rich was the experience he had acquired, and with what a keen eye he had observed this foreign life. If he who knows two languages is twice a man, how much more can this be said of one who knows two peoples!

After doing a little journalistic work on "The Nation" in New York, Mr. Howells was invited by the late Mr. J. T. Fields to take the place of assistant editor of "The Atlantic Monthly,"

and in 1871 he assumed the full charge of that magazine, a position which he held until the spring of 1881. Much of his time and attention went into the composition of book-notices, a sort of writing which the public often neglects, and which is apparently without influence on writers; but he wrote a number of essays, which he collected into a volume called "Suburban Sketches," published in 1870, and "The Wedding Journey," which appeared serially in the year 1871, showed that he was gradually feeling his way to becoming a novelist. There was all the setting of a novel without a conventional plot; there were plenty of incidents, but they existed solely for their own sake; it was a prolonged sketch, full of all those qualities which readers have learned to associate with Mr. Howells's books.

The first of these to strike the reader's attention is the delightful humor, which is not the derisive horse-play of some of those writers who in foreign parts have acquired a reputation for American humor. Although that term is applied without much discrimination to very diverse ways of arousing laughter, varying from wit to buffoonery, we find in him, rather, a subtle, evasive humor, without geographical limitation, because it is so rare that no country can lay claim to its exclusive possession. Here is one bit, a trifle, to be sure, but a characteristic trifle; while going up the Hudson River there had been a slight accident, and the passengers had gathered on the deck to recount all the horrors which they had ever seen, or just escaped seeing:

"Well," said one of the group, a man in a hard hat, 'I never lie down on a steam-boat or a railroad train. I want to be ready for whatever happens.'

"The others looked at this speaker with interest, as one who had invented a safe method of travel.

"I happened to be up to-night, but I almost always undress and go to bed, just as if I were in my own house," said the gentleman of the silk cap. "I don't say your way isn't the best, but that's my way."

"The champions of the rival systems debated their merits with suavity and mutual respect, but they met with scornful silence a compromising spirit who held that it was better to throw off your coat and boots, but keep your pantaloons on."

Mr. Howells's humor is more noticeable when he is writing about women and their ways. Thus, when the couple whose journey is the subject of the book get to the furthestmost of the little islands in the channel at Niagara, the heroine,

"—without the slightest warning, sank down at the root of a tree, and said, with serious composure, that she could never go back on those bridges; they were not safe. He stared at her cowering form in blank amaze, and put his hands in his pockets. Then it occurred to his dull masculine sense that it must be a joke; and he said, 'Well, I'll have you taken off in a boat!'

"O, do, Basil, do, have me taken off in a boat," implored Mabel; "you see yourself the bridges are not safe. Do get a boat."

He goes on with his ill-timed pleasantry, and she bursts into tears. He tries sarcasm, then kindness, proposing to carry her.

"No, that will bring double the weight on the bridge at once."

"Couldn't you shut your eyes, and let me lead you?"

"Why, it isn't the sight of the rapids," she said, looking up fiercely. "The bridges are not safe. I'm not a child, Basil. Oh, what shall we do?"

Then when he tells her some one is coming,—"Those people we saw in the parlor last night,"—she walks calmly back without a word. He asks her why she had so suddenly acted reasonably.

"Why, dearest! Don't you understand? That Mrs. Richard—whatever she is—is so much like me."

Or take that other instance, when "she rose with a smile from the ruins of her life, amidst which she had heart-brokenly sat down with all her things on."

If it is fair to make another quotation from this book, which, however, is wholly made up of these accessories, there is this:

"They were about to enter the village, and he could not make any open acknowledgment of her tenderness; but her silken mantel slipped from her shoulder, and he embracingly replaced it, flattering himself that he had delicately seized this chance of an unavowed caress, and not knowing (O such is the blindness of our sex!) that the opportunity had been yet more subtly afforded him, with the art which women never disuse in this world, and which, I hope, they will not forget in the next."

Laughter at the alleged inconsequence of women is nothing new in literature, but it has not always been accompanied with the kindness and reverence which Mr. Howells never fails to show. Occasionally, we come across a novelist who detects or fancies a resemblance between a woman and the domestic cat. With this slender stock in trade, he turns off numerous stories swarming with cat-like women, who purr, glide over carpets, and, at times, scratch. This amount of lore is commonly taken for profound knowledge of the female heart, and the wrath of women over the analogy is taken for the shame of detection. Women have no cause to be indignant with Mr. Howells's kind comprehension of them; what he feels for them is not the exultation of a man who has found them out, or the pity of a superior being for attractive inferiors, but the sympathy of a man who understands them, and what we are all hungry for is not so much that we may be loved, as that we may be understood. Possibly, at times, we are overhasty in assum-

ing that if we were understood we should be loved. There can be no dark doubt of this kind, however, in the case of Mr. Howells's girlish heroines. Take them in succession, and see their naturalness and consequent charm. The heroine of "A Chance Acquaintance" is not the same person as Lydia, the heroine of "The Lady of the Arvestock," or that of "Dr. Breen's Practice." Yet they are alike in their fearlessness before others and timidity before themselves, in their gracious innocence and generosity. No one has drawn such uncontaminated souls more delicately than Mr. Howells, because no one has drawn them more exactly. In the great whirl of life, they would have but little show by the side of intenser people, more practiced plotters, and the victims of fiercer emotions; their kingdom, so to speak, is just out of the busy world, in some quiet corner, whence fancy and poetry are not banished.

Fond as Mr. Howells is of these independent girls with their romance awaiting them, he has also written about another sort of heroine, the full-blown coquette, the mature flirt, and he has made a most thorough study of her antics. The coquettes whom we meet in novels have commonly but one trick, although, to be sure, this is generally irresistible, or said to be irresistible; he has shown us accomplished experts in the gay science, who are not simply arch, or mischievous, or appealing, but much more, for at times they are frank. The art with which he draws his coquettes is most admirable, because here, as everywhere, Mr. Howells describes what he sees, and his eyes are exceedingly sharp. They see not only the grim, decrepit New England village in the brief season when "boarders" assemble, but also the perturbing flirt, the unworthy cause of tragedies, who is not condemned or apologized for, but is simply put before us.

There can be but little doubt that, whenever we are fortunate enough to have a novelist writing for us, we are only too apt to insist that he is not an artist, writing for his own delectation as well as ours, but that he is a political economist, or a patriot, or certainly a moralist, in disguise. To be sure, we are led into this error by the fact that every story, exactly in proportion to its truth to life, carries with it some lesson, just as all experience does; but that, I take it, is as secondary, in all real novels, as instruction in perspective is foreign to a painter's intentions. Yet we go on imagining that a novelist has anything in his mind except a story which exists for its own sake, and we torment one another with wondering what moral we were meant to draw, when the real question before us is: What is the fable? Do the little fishes talk

like whales, or like little fishes? We may be sure of one thing: if the novelist will take care of his story, the moral will take care of itself.

Mr. Howells's novels have not wholly escaped discussion of this sort. Of late years, the American girl has become an object of great public interest, and the opinion seems to be held in some quarters that Mr. Howells has been retained, like a scientific expert, to support the views of one side of a controversy concerning the American young person, whereas it would be fairer to suppose that he chooses a certain sort of girl for his heroine, writes about her, and reads with wonder all the lessons that his critics find in the pages of his story.

And what charming girls they are! There is Florida Vervain in "A Foregone Conclusion," which is, perhaps, the most poetic of Mr. Howells's novels; we have here a distinctively American girl, with her keen moral sense, receiving a declaration of love from an Italian priest. That is the climax of the story, and the reader will recall how beautifully the whole tale is told, and how the girl's pity for the poor man is described. No other feeling would have served the author's purpose. Indignation would have been unnatural; any answer on her part to his affection would have repelled the reader, and her very pity makes his position the more hopeless. It is only the more cruel in its effect on the priest that the heroine, in absolute unconsciousness of what her words conveyed, had given the priest the very encouragement of which he stood most in need, that he should look upon himself as a man.

"Would you be my friend," he asked eagerly in lower tones, and with signs of an inward struggle, "if this way of escape were for me to be no longer a priest?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Why not?" cried the girl; and her face glowed with heroic sympathy and defiance. It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuperable difficulties of doing right that men take fire and accomplish the sublime impossibilities. Our sense of details, our fatal habits of reasoning, paralyze us; we need the impulse of the pure ideal which we can only get from them. These two were alike children as regarded the world, but he had a man's dark prevision of the means, and she had a heavenly scorn of everything but the end to be achieved.

"He drew a long breath. 'Then it does not seem terrible to you?'"

"Terrible? No! I don't see how you can rest till it is done! * * * Such a man as you ought to leave the priesthood at any risk or hazard. * * * With your genius once free, you can make country, and fame, and friends everywhere. Leave Venice! There are other places. Think how inventors succeed in America!'"

When he ventures to take her really at her word, and discloses his long pent-up love, he sees the whole truth. Her cry, "You? A priest!" shows him the hopeless-

ness of his passion; and her pity only seals his doom. Nothing could more completely sum up the book than the passage in which the heroine, as she bids farewell to the priest, throws her arms about his neck and kisses him, sealing, as it were, the impossibility of his love for her. With this, the story might well have ended; that the heroine should return to this country and marry an unromantic Yankee was, perhaps, inevitable, but was it not a sacrifice to conventionality?

In "The Lady of the *Arcootook*" we have the young girl, wholly without experience, triple-armed in her innocence, who is thrust fresh from South Bradfield, Mass., into semi-disreputable foreign society in Venice, after crossing the ocean with no other woman on the ship, and two young men—for the little sot need not be counted—for her fellow-passengers. Certainly it would be hard to find a more dramatic contrast, and Mr. Howells is very fond of this plot—of placing an unconventional figure before all the complications of modern society, and letting the new-comer settle everything by her native judgment.

In so many formless English novels we see the fratricidal acceptance of conventional rewards, the bride and the money-bags awaiting the young man who has artificially prolonged a tepid courtship, that the reader grows weary of the implied compliment to wealth and position. There is a truly national spirit in the way Mr. Howells shows the other side—the emptiness of convention and the dignity of native worth. Struggle as we may against it, it is one of the main conditions of American, if not of modern, society, that inborn merit has a chance to assert itself. The quality by which distinction is adjudged is, to be sure, too often unrelenting social ambition in combination with a long purse, but the destruction of old lines is going on, and even if movements of this kind could be stopped, society could not revert to its original condition of rigid divisions. As it is, however, these movements are irresistible—they move in any direction, save backward, and the democratic hero has done much in literature since Rousseau gave him citizenship in his "Nouvelle Héloïse."

After all, what can realism produce but the downfall of conventionality? Just as the scientific spirit digs the ground from beneath superstition, so does its fellow-worker, realism, tend to prick the bubble of abstract types. Realism is the tool of the democratic spirit, the modern spirit by means of which the truth is elicited, and Mr. Howells's realism is untiring. It is, too, unceasingly good-natured. Whether he is describing the Italian officers, or the

wife in "Their Wedding Journey," with her firm devotion to Boston, or country people in "Dr. Breen's Practice," we feel that Mr. Howells is scrutinizing the person he is writing about with undisturbed calmness, and that no name and no person can impose upon him by its conventional value. His country-people are simple, shrewd, unimpassioned rustics; they are neither pastoral shepherds nor boors—they are human beings. In his "Wedding Journey" Mr. Howells introduces a conversation which he overheard in a steam-boat, between a young man who traveled "in pursuit of trade for the dry-goods house he represented," and two girls, "conjecturally sisters going home from some visit, and not skilled in the world, but of a certain repute in their country neighborhood for beauty and wit." I will not quote the details of their romping flirtation, but these words of Mr. Howells deserve attention: "Ah! poor real life, which I love, can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face!"

This is his attitude throughout, and it is the one most fitting the writer who stands as interpreter between the world and his readers, who knows that it is his duty to tell us what he sees, not to pervert the truth according to his whims or prejudices. It would have been easy enough to sneer at these hoydenish girls and their bold admirer, but there is no ill-nature in the few lines devoted to them, and certainly no tendency to exaggerate their importance. This, it seems to me, is a saner way of looking at the world than that which we sometimes notice in "Punch," when "Arry" comes under public censure. So long as realism gives us what is seen by intelligent eyes, without telling us what the emotions are with which we should dilate, it will have at least the charm of novelty. Although the tendency of modern literature is toward truthfulness, only a few writers dare to be honest, or, even if they dare, know how to be so. We can all sit down and write a very passable essay on the merits of cheerfulness, of punctuality, of patriotism, but how many people have the gift of seeing what goes on about them, and of stating it concisely, impressively, and yet dispassionately? They are few, indeed, and most of them, if they were to write a novel, would be likely to manufacture a story after the accustomed model, which would at least be safe.

After all, the world is very unfair to novelists; we all know that life is made up of disappointments, that the fervor of youth gives way to a chilly content with compromise, that no one carries his ideals far, but exchanges them for maxims of worldly prudence. We know all this, I say, and we tell novelists,

above all things, to paint life as they see it; yet the moment one does so and gives us anything but the customary ending,—such as we see on the stage at about twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, when the actors form in a semi-circle, and the green curtain begins to show signs of animation,—we are enraged, and we denounce the novelist as a foe to his kind. We ask, too, for faithful studies of men, yet it is seldom that a novelist gives us these; for one season the heroes are all consumptive, in the next they are all muscular. We are great sticklers, too, for the social position of the people we may meet in our reading; we do not care to make strange acquaintances.

For all these prejudices Mr. Howells has no patience, and in his pages one finds a tolerably full collection of the amusing figures who go to make up the American public. We pass them in the street without knowing them, and when we get home we groan over the monotony of American civilization; but they have not escaped the eyes of this busy student of his kind. The vulgarest of them he has put before us in their relations to some romantic incident; they are not merely collected and, as it were, pinned on the wall—they are brought into subservience to some romantic story. Of course, the mere accumulation of incidents does not make a novel, any more than the accidental juxtaposition of colors makes a picture: the informing spirit must control the selection and arrangement which go to every work of art. For my own part, I fail to feel the same interest in "Dr. Breen's Practice" that I feel in "A Foregone Conclusion" or "A Chance Acquaintance," or, indeed, in most of the others. But Mr. Howells is himself responsible for making his readers hard to please.

May I say the same thing about his plays, or, as they might be more properly called, his dramatic scenes? A novelist may well be anxious to set his characters on the stage, to see them walking before him, endowed with flesh and blood for at least a few hours' life, for the play promises to be more vivid than the printed page; yet often it is not. The lighter the play, the greater is the demand upon the skill of the actors, and there are but few of them who are capable of giving in the theater those delicate shades and implications which form the setting in which Mr. Howells always lays his scene. Occasionally we see a delicate French piece, such as one of Alfred de Musset's *proverbes*, in an English rendering; but all the graceful ease and finish of the original are evaporated in the removal from Paris, as if they were delicate wines incapable of transport. Mr. Howells's plays suffer from this very lightness, and we miss what are so

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noticeable in his novels—his own comments and ingenious side-remarks, which have no weight as stage directions, especially when translated into the ordinary gestures and motions of the stage. What endears his books to us as much as anything is what we see of the author in them; he lets us see through his eyes. Thus, in "The Lady of the *Arcoostook*," Lydia is on the deck of the ship, talking with Staniford. He says:

"I wish I could be with you when you first see Venice!"

"Yes?" said Lydia.

"Even the interrogative comment, with the rising inflection, could not chill his enthusiasm.

"It is really the greatest sight in the world."

Lydia had apparently no comment to make on this fact. She waited tranquilly awhile before she said:

"My father used to talk about Italy to me when I was little. He wanted to go. My mother said afterward—after she had come home with me to South Bradfield—that she always believed he would have lived if he had gone there. He had consumption."

"Oh!" said Staniford, softly. Then he added, with the tact of his sex: "Miss Blood, you mustn't take cold, sitting here with me. This wind is chilly. Shall I go below and get you some more wraps?"

Or take this from the same book. Staniford says:

"But we shall not see the right sort of Sabbath till Mr. Dunham gets his Catholic Church fully going."

"They all started, and looked at Dunham, as good Protestants must when some one whom they would never have suspected of Catholicism turns out to be a Catholic. Dunham cast a reproachful glance at his friend, but said, simply:

"I am a Catholic—that is true; but I do not admit the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome."

It is in just such scenes as these that Mr. Howells's peculiar power of seeing and putting before us little shades is most clearly marked, and we may be sure that we find these subtle distinctions more clearly presented in the story, with the aid of his lines or half-lines of characterization, than they are likely to be on the stage, where we are accustomed to broader effects and cruder methods. The delicate half-tints in which he works are too

nearly indistinguishable in the dazzling, garish blaze of the theater. Such, at least, is one spectator's experience.

The traditions, too, of the stage are obstinate and would be slow in making themselves over, whereas Mr. Howells has made over the American novel, taught it gracefulness and compactness, and, with one predecessor and one or two contemporaries, given it a place in literature along with the best of modern work. That he has delighted us all, we all know. He has shown us how genuine, how full of romance, is the life about us which seems sordid and has a fine reputation for sordidness; and he has proved that realism does not mean groping in the mire. The main distinction, however, does not lie in the subject, but in the character of the man who writes about it. That is what gives the aroma of sincerity, sympathy, respect for what is honorable, or the contrary impression, to literary work. It is the tone of the author's mind that makes the mark upon that of the reader, and who that knows Mr. Howells's work does not feel that he learns new sympathies and gentler judgment from his generosity and careful study? The reader is not moved by eloquence to unknown feelings, which fade away when the book is closed, and give place to a critical reaction; no, he sees things in a new light: Mr. Howells touches his shoulder, and points out the beauty hidden in simple actions, the pathos lurking beneath seemingly indifferent words,—in short, the humanity of life.

Above all, he does this with reverence, with the sort of regard which science has for small things as well as great. That small things are unimportant is a matter of convention, and, as we have seen, Mr. Howells does not care for conventions. What he cares for is to see and describe things as they are, and he does this with such sympathetic comprehension that our admiration for his books is enriched by a feeling of affection for the writer.

COME, DEATH!

COME, Death, and stretch him on his bier!
He would not linger longer here.
He and the world were long at fight;
He was the weaker and he fell.
Come, Death, and ring his passing bell.

The hound is howling at his door;
Strange fires are dancing on the moor;
The light of the huge blood-red moon
Fills the cold chamber where he lies.
How sound he sleeps! When will he rise?

Hark! hark! the wind is moaning loud!
It drives the snow, the earth's cold shroud;
Hark! how it weeps around the walls!
But let it moan and let it weep,—
It cannot wake him from his sleep.

MY OWN.

BROWN heads and gold around my knee
 Dispute in eager play,
 Sweet, childish voices in my ear
 Are sounding all the day;
 Yet, sometimes, in a sudden hush,
 I seem to hear a tone
 Such as my little boy's had been
 If I had kept my own.

And when, oftentimes, they come to me,
 As evening hours grow long,
 And beg me winningly to give
 A story or a song,
 I see a pair of star-bright eyes
 Among the others shine,—
 The eyes of him who ne'er has heard
 Story or song of mine.

At night I go my rounds, and pause
 Each white-draped cot beside,
 And note how flushed is this one's cheek,
 How that one's curls lie wide;
 And to a corner tenantless
 My swift thoughts fly apace,—
 That would have been, if he had lived,
 My other darling's place.

The years go fast; my children soon
 Within the world of men
 Will find their work, and venture forth,
 Not to return again;
 But there is one who cannot go,—
 I shall not be alone:
 The little boy who never lived
 Will always be my own.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

I.

FIFTEEN miles is the limit of vision on the surface of the sea; so the temporal vision of the average denizen of New York, as he looks backward, seems to be bounded in like manner by a horizon about fifteen years off. And like the folk of the dark ages, he looks upon the limit of his knowledge as the end of his world:—*that* is the jumping-off-place. Nor is this narrowness in scope of knowledge, even in things material, confined to the heterogeneous mass of men drawn together by trade and chance in the great commercial town. Not long ago, one of the leading journals of New York remarked seriously that a certain poet, having made his reputation before the war, must be regarded, "in so young a country, as belonging to ancient history." It happened that the bard in question had ceased publishing before the war, and was therefore little known to the ephemeral public for which that newspaper was that day published; for which reason there was, to a large proportion of its readers, a semblance of truth in its assertion, which, so far as it had any effect, went to nourish and confirm the notion that in some queer way connects our first civil war with the beginning of our social culture, if not of our civilization, and looks upon the time "before the war" as a period of national hobbledohydom. Yet, not

to turn to our elder generation of living authors such as Bancroft, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, of whom Prescott, and Motley, and Hawthorne were contemporaries, we have, in the generation which succeeded them, Lowell, Curtis, Whipple, Baker, Stedman, Parton, Bret Harte, Aldrich, Stoddard, Leland, and we may add Howells, who are now in what should be the richest productive period of their lives, and all of whom had not only published but had made their reputations before the war. It need hardly be said that, among the writers who have come before the American public since that great event, there are a few whose names are already distinguished; but most of these have commanded attention rather by the nature and the novelty of their subjects than by their native force or their literary skill. What has been done here in literature and in art will doubtless be not only equaled hereafter but surpassed, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, both material and moral, of our society in that regard. It is only that the men who are to accomplish this have not yet appeared.

None the less because of the date of our best literary work, is fifteen years the boundary not only of the average New-Yorker's, but we may even assert of the "average American's," knowledge of the society in which he finds himself, and of which we can hardly say that he forms a part—he being rather one of a chance assemblage of isolated items. This

is true of him, unless he happens to be a native Bostonian or Philadelphian, who is likely to have roots that bring him social nourishment and knowledge from a deeper soil. As for the average New-Yorker, his very title to that designation is in much the greater number of cases merely the barren fact that he lives in New York, has lived there a few years, and hopes to live there always. Hence that superficial apprehension of things, and that looking from to-day, not beyond yesterday nor further forward than to-morrow, which has become a peculiarly New York trait. For it is not with the young alone that this short-sightedness prevails; nor is it a sign of ignorance greater than might be reasonably looked for, considering the elements of the population of New York, in all conditions of its society—considering how many of the inhabitants of the great trade-mart have come into it within fifteen years, and know nothing and care to know nothing of it beyond that limit. More than one-half the people who dwell upon Manhattan Island were born in Europe; and of the remainder, quite one-half have drifted upon it from other countries within the Union, which, more or less remote, are all so far away and so strange that these, too, although not political aliens, are socially foreigners.

This ignorance as to the recent past, which is generally accompanied by a complacent assumption as to the present, is upon no subject more complete and self-satisfied than upon music. Even the writers upon music in New York newspapers of the better class assume that musical taste is a recent development among the people whom they instruct. They look back to the building of the Academy of Music (if they can see so far) as the beginning of Italian opera in the United States, and regard Steinway Hall as the cradle of our orchestral music of the higher order. But, on the contrary, the truth is that the strangely named Academy of Music is merely the result of a series of long unsuccessful attempts to get from large and popular audiences that support for Italian opera which it had received in no country in the world in which there was not a large wealthy, leisurely class, who were disposed to pay lavishly for its support—doing this less from the pleasure taken in it by most of them, than because it was an expensive, fashionable, and socially exclusive pastime. Steinway Hall and Chickering Hall, useful appendages to the business of the eminent musical manufacturers whose names they bear, are mere make-shifts for the present; and in regard to the past, they are poor substitutes, which have very imperfectly and unsatisfactorily supplied the place of a concert-room

which New York lost "before the war," and which in size, in beauty, in convenience, and in its acoustic qualities was unsurpassed, if it were equaled, by any other in the world. Its entrance was in Broadway, opposite Bond street. It was approached, not by climbing narrow and dangerous stairs, but by a broad corridor on a level with the street, and the sight of its lofty and beautiful proportions and rich but chaste decorations was a never-tiring pleasure. Jenny Lind was the name of her who first awoke its echoes, which hardly died away when they were again aroused by Marietta Alboni. And this was years "before the war." Metropolitan Hall was burned in 1854. Before the building of the Academy of Music New York had, in Astor Place, an opera-house so admirable in design, so well adapted to its musical purpose, so beautiful, and so skillfully contrived for the exhibition of its audience, as well as its artists, that not only traveled Americans, but foreigners of extended acquaintance with the capitals and the elegant gayeties of Europe, pronounced it the most beautiful theater of its kind in the world. In form and in color it pleased the eye, and it was in one point singularly admirable: large enough for imposing display, both on the stage and off, it was not too large. Singers were not obliged to strain their voices to make themselves heard in it; beaux and belles were not obliged to strain their eyes to see each other's attractions, even without opera-glasses; nor did the elder ladies have any difficulty in criticising one another's dresses to the minutest particulars. At this time, too, the opera audience of New York was not so large nor so promiscuous but that most of those who composed it had more or less knowledge of one another. Hence, not only the visiting from box to box and sofa to sofa between the acts, but the mere presence together of friends and acquaintances, and of those who, although not acquainted, were yet familiar with one another's faces, for the common enjoyment of a great and refined pleasure, made the opera at Astor Place a very delightful form of society. But one of this beauty's chief charms was the cause of its ruin. It was too small. It would hold comfortably all the frequenters of the opera; but on special occasions, first rights, and the performance of very popular operas, it would not accommodate the unusual throng; wherefore, the treasury suffered sorely; for it is upon such occasional floods that places of public entertainment depend for that supply of money which makes the difference between failure and success.

But New York's greatest enjoyments of Italian opera have not been in houses specially built for the lyric drama. Before the building

of any opera-house between its two rivers, New York had known and appreciated operatic performances by artists of a higher grade than any of those who have appeared only on the boards of its opera-houses proper; and it is worthy of remark that, since the time when Italian opera made its first splendid entrance into the New World through the portals of New York, the most renowned singers, the grandest music, and the most delightful, if not the most complete, operatic performances have been presented to its public within profane, unconsecrated walls. This period of musical experience and culture extends so far back that it reaches the time of our grandfathers.

The annals of opera in New York are records of more than half a century. Before 1825 our stage knew only such musical performances—English operettas, they were called—as correspond to the French *vaudeville*. In these Mrs. Oldmixon, Mrs. Hilson, and Mrs. Holman—singing actresses from the London theaters—pleased the ears and the eyes of gentlemen in enormous white cravats and high shirt-collars, who wore their hair in a Brutus crop, and among whom there might be seen, at rare intervals, some old-fashioned fellows with queues tightly tied in black silk ribbons. In 1823, however, “*Der Freischütz*” was performed in English at the Park Theater, and was very successful. Two years afterward, the history of opera proper in New York begins, not in feebleness or uncertain obscurity, but in pomp and triumph, and a blaze of splendor.

The first Italian opera heard in America was Rossini's masterpiece “*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*,” which was produced at the Park Theater in 1825 by the famous Garcia Company. Angrisani appeared as *Basilio*, Garcia as *Almariva*, and Signorina Garcia as *Rosina*. Angrisani was one of the best Italian-singing basses of his day. Garcia had then hardly a rival among tenors; and his daughter, Signorina Garcia, soon became, as Madame Malibran, to Italian opera what Rachel was afterward to French tragedy; and she began her wonderful career in New York, where her talent was first recognized and was first appreciated at its real value, and where she soon became the idol of the public, tasting here first that intoxicating adulation which she was afterward to drink without measure.

Manuel Garcia was a Spanish Hebrew who had risen to operatic distinction in Paris as a tenor, both *di forza* and *di grazia*, and who, in such parts as *Otello*, *Almariva*, and even *Don Giovanni*, was without an acknowledged equal. His daughter, Maria Felicita, after some years of pupillage under her father, and some

little operatic experience in Italy as his supplement and support, went with him to London when she was sixteen years old, and was engaged at the Italian opera there, in 1824, as a chorus singer! Only a year afterward, when the prima-donna—the great prima-donna of the day—fell suddenly ill, Garcia, who never lost anything for lack of confidence, boldly offered the services of his girlish daughter in place of those of—Pasta! They were accepted, and, on the 25th of June, 1825, she appeared before a London audience as *Rosina*, and so pleased her audience that she was engaged for the rest of the season, six weeks, at a salary of £500. She afterward sang at the Manchester, York, and Liverpool festivals; but, notwithstanding some splendid manifestations of her talent, by one of which she provoked the jealous wrath of Velluti, the eminent *musico*, or male soprano, of his day (the last of his sexless sort who attained distinction), she had not yet reached a recognized position, and, indeed, her fortunes were so low that she was on the point of accepting an offer of marriage from a humble orchestral musician.

Fortunately, just at this time her visionary and eccentric father projected a scheme of Italian opera in America, and put it at once into execution. The rapidity of his movements are not less remarkable than his daring. On the 29th of November of the very year in which, in June, she had made at London her first appearance in “*Il Barbiere*,” she appeared in the same opera at the Park Theater, in New York. When we remember that, after the close of the London operatic season, about the 1st of August, the Garcias had made a concert tour through England, and that at that time the ocean was crossed only in sailing-vessels by a few people who had prayers put up in churches for their safety, and when we consider, too, the painful and protracted negotiations which are now necessary to secure the presence of a company of second-rate artists, the sudden appearance of the Garcia company in New York approaches the marvelous.



The success of the strange art and of the stranger artists, especially that of Signorina Garcia, was, like the performances, something quite unknown before in America. Nor was it the ephemeral consequence of novelty and surprise. The performances went on twice a week until the end of August, 1826, nearly a year. To “*Il Barbiere*” were added “*La Cenerentola*,” “*Otello*,” “*Semiramide*,” and “*Don Giovanni*,”—each of them a new experience, an unimagined delight, to the audience—each of them a new occasion of triumph to the young prima-donna, “the



MADAME MALIBRAN GARCIA. (FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN HAYTER. PUBLISHED BY J. DICKINSON, LONDON, 1829.)

Signorina" as she was fondly called by the musical people of the day.

Maria Garcia was the most accomplished vocalist, the most dramatic singer, in all respects the most gifted musical artist, of modern days; and she had such beauty of person and charm of manner that she became the most supreme of prima-donnas—a sort of women who from their first appearance have been accustomed to see the world at their feet. She was the idol of society in New York, and was hardly less admired and beloved by the general public. Such a creature had not been seen before for half a century, and was not to be seen again for quite as long. Her voice was a contralto, but it was a contralto which enabled her to sing with equal ease the music of "Semi-ramide" and of "Arsace." She had at ordinary command three full octaves, from this

note  to this ; and in pri-

note she could surpass even this wonderful compass. As an actress she was made by

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nature equally mistress of the grand, the pathetic, and the gay. Her face was, perhaps, not in all points regularly beautiful; but it was full of beauties each eminent in its kind, and had an ever-enduring, always-varying charm. Her dark, bright eyes fascinated all on whom their brilliant glances fell, and by her smile, which revealed brilliant and beautifully shaped teeth, not only all men, but even all women, seem to have been carried captive. Her figure was so exquisitely beautiful in all points that it was somewhat extravagantly said that she might be studied for an improvement upon the Venus de' Medici. The poise of her daintily shaped head upon her shoulders was an appeal to admiration, and her graceful carriage would have been dignified had she been a little taller. To the power of varied expression in her face there seems to have been no limit; but that most natural to it, and most commonly seen upon it, was a fascinating radiation of happiness from her own soul to all within her influence. Nor did her manner and her look belie her nature. According to all evidence, she was as good as she was beautiful and fas-



MARIA F. MALIBRAN. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CHALON, R. A.)

inating—"as good as an angel." There is no record of any other such supremacy, personal, vocal, and dramatic, except in the great Gabrielle, who turned the head and won the heart of all Europe three-quarters of a century before her; and Gabrielle was far below her morally, and in all that makes woman most admirable and lovable.

It is greatly noteworthy that the career of such a woman as this should have been really begun and shaped in New York, the New York of 1825. But so it was. In New York she received the first recognition of her talents; in New York she first felt the glow of triumph, and was conscious of the possession of sustained power. In New York, too, she passed from maidenhood to wifehood, and acquired the name by which, notwith-

standing a second marriage, she was afterward always known and will be known while the world reads the history of music. She had not been long upon the stage of the Park Theater when M. François Eugène Malibran, a French merchant of New York, proposed marriage to her. He was fifty years of age, she seventeen; but she was willing; and after a brief opposition on the part of her father she became Madame Malibran in March, 1826—only four months after her appearance here, and in the midst of her operatic and social success. Garcia's opposition to this marriage was purely selfish, as its sad event proved. His concern was not for his daughter's happiness, but for her salary—the gain which he expected to reap as her father and business manager from her brilliant future, to which he was looking. As to her, she may have sought an escape from his selfishness, tyranny, and brutality—for he was selfish, tyrannical, and brutal beyond measure and past suffering; but she also, as the experience of the world has shown, may have been fond of this man who was old enough to be her father. It is necessary to look for no other motive on his part than that of passionate love for a girl so beautiful, so gifted, so charming, and so good. But, sad to relate, it does seem as if he had a base and selfish motive in his proposal, and that, with a Frenchman's eye to the profit of marriage, he sought a wife whose income, so long as she had health, could not but be very large. For she had been a wife but a few months when her husband, who had overcome her father's opposition by promising him a present of a hundred thousand francs for the loss of his daughter's services, was bankrupt and (as the



PARK THEATER AND PART OF PARK ROW, 1831. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

old laws on such matters were then in force in New York) a prisoner for debt. It is hardly probable that a merchant of his sort was ignorant of the calamity that was impending over him; and his subsequent conduct confirms this natural conclusion. The young wife gave up for the benefit of his creditors all claims which she had upon his property—an act which added greatly to her popularity. Her father abandoned her in his disappointment and rage, and, going to Mexico with his family, left her alone and penniless, with an imprisoned and disgraced husband, among strangers. She, not losing courage, renewed the study of English, and of English song, which she had begun in England (for, with the departure of her father, performance of Italian

first half of the nineteenth century, as singing the soprano parts of psalm tunes and chants in a little church in a small town then less known to the people of London and Paris and Vienna than Jeddo is now. Grace Church may well be pardoned for pride in a musical service upon the early years of which fell such a crown of glory, and which has since then been guided by taste not always unworthy of such a beginning.

Malibran, however, soon wearied of this life; and breaking loose from her selfishly dependent husband, she went to Paris, where she arrived in 1827. Thus in a short time she had crossed the Atlantic twice,—then no trifling matter, of course,—had achieved the success of a great prima-donna, had become



NEW YORK THEATER, AFTERWARD BOWERY, ERECTED 1826. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

opera was of course at an end); and before long she appeared at the Bowery Theater, then newly built and called "The New York." Her first appearance there was in "The Devil's Bridge"; her next in "Love in a Village." Success again crowned her efforts; her performances were very profitable to the manager; and from every night's receipts a certain sum was regularly sent to M. Malibran. She also sang in the choir of Grace Church, then at the corner of Broadway and Rector street. It is rather startling to think of the greatest prima-donna, not only of her day but of modern times—the most fascinating woman upon the stage in the

a wife, had seen her husband ruined and imprisoned, had been deserted by her father and her family, and, left alone in a strange country, had mastered a new domain of her art and a new language, had won a new popularity, and had filled the humble position of a choir-singer;—and she was a girl not yet eighteen years old. Thenceforward her life belongs to the history of music in Europe; but her career and her success as an artist, and her joys and sorrows as a woman, began in New York. She awoke an enthusiasm and an admiration, mingled with high regard, which surpassed all the attainments in this respect of her predecessors, so far as we can

learn, and of all her successors, as we know. Before her first were wreaths of flowers and coronals cast upon the stage. It was at Paris when she performed "Tancredi" at the *Théâtre Favart*, for the benefit of Sontag, her rival; but when this first homage from Flora to Euterpe fell before her feet, we may be sure that it brought up to her never-forgetting and tenderly grateful soul the memory of the New York experience that first gave her assurance that she was a great dramatic singer.

The incidents of Malibran's later life are so well known to all who take an interest in musical affairs, that any particular recounting of them would be superfluous here, even irrespective of the limits and the purpose of these articles. There is one story of her, however, which does not appear in her memoirs, and I believe has never been in print. When she was singing at Covent Garden Theater, in London, the tenor was Templeton, a Scotchman with a beautiful voice and fair vocalization, but dull, without style or expression, and a mere split-stick upon the stage. All at once, Malibran declared she would not sing with Templeton. The manager, supposing that she objected to him as an artist, and knowing her kindness and good-nature, asked her the reason of her decision. After a little hesitation she replied, "Last evening Mr. Templeton was going to kiss me." The manager, who knew Mr. Templeton as well as he knew Malibran, sent for the tenor immediately, and in the presence of the haughtily shrinking prima-donna, told him of her accusation. "Modum Molly Brawn," was the stolid Scotchman's reply,—"Modum Molly Brawn, I wadna kuss ye on any account." "Molly Brawn," who was then pestered by a gilded throng made up of half the male butterflies in London, appreciated the situation instantly, broke into a peal of laughter, and matters were restored to their former condition.

Malibran worked all her wonders and achieved all her triumphs in the little space of ten years. Within three years from the time when she soared into happiness upon the applause of the Park Theater, she had conquered the whole musical world of Europe, where she queened it gently for a short, glorious reign of six years. Her only rival was Henrietta Sontag—Sontag, to whom we shall strangely have to give a place in these sketches at a very much later date. They had their partisans; they were both great singers; both were beautiful; they were jealous; they were publicly compared; their several successes were made thorns in each other's sides. Malibran fully acknowledged the talent of her rival. She would sometimes weep and say, "Why does she sing so divinely?" At last

the two were reconciled. It was at a concert at the house of the Countess Merlin. There was a little scheme among the musical amateurs to bring them together; and in the course of the evening it was proposed to them to sing the great duo from "Tancredi." There was in both a brief shrinking—natural and inevitable—from the struggle; but soon they consented, and approached the piano-forte, excited not only by their own emotions, but by the murmurs and applause of the whole company. The performance more than fulfilled all the high expectations it had awakened, and caused so profound a sensation of delight and admiration that, at the end of the duet, they looked a moment in each other's eyes, then silently clasped hands and kissed—a sight to see. Thereafter they were friendly rivals; but Malibran, because of her superior dramatic power and greater versatility (a trait of her genius which was most remarkable), attained an unquestioned superiority, which she maintained while she lived. When she was at the fullness of her power, and at the highest pinnacle of her art, she was thrown from her horse, and received injuries from which she never recovered, and she died in 1836, at the youthful age of twenty-nine—being, in the shortness of her life and the suddenness of her rise to undisputed eminence, as singular among prima-donnas as she was in the splendor of her vocal and mental gifts, and in the charm of her person and the beauty of her character.

The point in her history which is of peculiar interest to us at present is that she received the first recognition of her eminence in New York. As we have seen, when she came to this country she had no reputation in Europe, although she had been heard there in the principal parts of operas, and as a solo singer at the great festivals in England. But her audiences, bound up in their admiration of the great prima-donnas of the day, chiefly Pasta and Fodor, failed to appreciate her at her real value. They listened and looked, and were much pleased, and they mildly approved; but they did not perceive the exquisite quality of her art; they did not feel the magnetism of her gifts and graces. In New York, partly because of the novelty of this form of musical art, partly because of the absence of the overshadowing fame of prima-donnas of long-established eminence, but partly also, we must believe, because of a quick sensitiveness of apprehension which is one of the few distinctive traits of the English race in America, she was at once recognized as a great artist and a noteworthy personage. It need hardly be said that musical criticism in America was then less searching

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because less informed and less experienced than it is at present. It was not until a score of years had passed that the combination of musical organization, technical knowledge, and literary skill required for that criticism appears in the journalism or in the periodical literature of America. But if Malibran was not criticised here with the musical expert's knowledge of vocalization and of the art (or, as it is sometimes vainly called, the science) of music, her art as a whole was fully appreciated, and her personal power as an actress was acknowledged with a submissive delight. Nor was her vocal eminence without such a degree of intelligent and competent recognition as might be looked for at that time. It is interesting to see the impression which this enchanting artist and woman made upon a public in which there were comparatively very few who had ever heard a complete opera (for in "Der Freischütz," the only opera which had then been performed here, the dialogue was spoken); I therefore quote here extracts from the first brief article written in America on Italian opera. It is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825:

"An assemblage of ladies so fashionable, so numerous, and so elegantly dressed was probably never before witnessed in our theatre. † * * * In what language shall we speak of an entertainment so novel in this country, but which has so long ranked as the most elegant and refined among the amusements of the higher classes of the Old World! All have obtained a general idea of the opera from report. But report can give but a faint idea of it. Until it is seen, it will never be believed that a play can be conducted in recitative or singing, and yet be nearly as natural as the ordinary drama. We were last night surprised, delighted, enchanted; and such were the feelings of all who witnessed the performance * * *. The daughter, Signorina Garcia, seems to us a being of new creation, a cunning pattern of excellent nature, equally surprising us by the melody and tones of her voice, and by the propriety and grace of her acting."

But remark upon the new entertainment and upon the artists by whom it was presented was not confined to such brief phrases of glowing generality. The same journal carries from another publication an article on the third performance of "Il Barbiere" which fills one and a half of its ample columns, the purport and quality of which may be gathered from the following passages, which give the critic's impressions of the first Italian prima-donna heard in America:

"But how, or in what terms, shall we speak of Maria Garcia? How can our feeble pen portray the loveliness of this admirable creature's face and figure, and give to our distant readers any conception of the wondrous wonders of her almost unequalled voice!

Compass, sweetness, taste, truth, tenderness, flexibility, rapidity, and force do not make up half the sum of her vocal powers; and her voice is only one of the rare qualities with which nature has endowed her. She possesses in as high a degree as any actress we remember to have seen that exquisite perception of propriety in action, that delicate appreciation and graceful execution of the duties of her part, which constitute requisites so indispensable in the practice of her difficult profession. * * * Her embellishments are sparingly introduced, and never when they are not wanted. On such occasions, however, as call for the exhibition of her skill, she pours forth a rich stream of overflowing and almost overpowering melody, the more surprising as it is evidently the mere effect of a relaxation of the restraint which her good taste has imposed upon her powers of execution. Her shake is good; her *appoggiaturas* beautiful; and her roulades, whenever introduced, are thrown off with rapidity and ease."

This criticism, indeed, is not very exact nor very searching. We may not unjustly suspect that the writer's notion of the *appoggiaturas* which he pronounced so beautiful was rather vague; and his remark upon the "delicate appreciation and graceful execution of the duties of her part which constitute requisites so indispensable in the practice of her difficult profession," is of that confused, unmeaning sort which comes from feeble and confused thinking, and the groping effort to say something fine and critical without anything in mind that needs to be said. But praises not only less indiscriminate but equally meaningless have been recently lavished in high journalistic quarters upon the inferior successors of Malibran. Nor was this sort of comment upon musical performances peculiar then to New York. An examination of the London newspapers of that day discovers that the criticism there was much on the same level—little if any higher. It is only within the last thirty-five years that true æsthetic criticism of art has been known in the journalism even of England. And, moreover, it should be remarked that the high quality of Signorina Garcia's style,—its largeness, purity, and simplicity,—was recognized by all the New York writers on music of that day, and by the public, and was contrasted, to her great advantage, with the more florid and less chastened style of her father. And yet again, the writer quoted (who manifestly had heard opera in Europe) distinctly recognizes in another passage the supremacy of Maria Garcia's genius, and in plain terms pronounces her "the future rival of Pasta and Fodor." This she proved to be, not after years of effort and improvement, but immediately on her return to Europe, and not only their rival but their superior. During the few years that she lived and sang after her twelve-month's sojourn in America, the eulogies of her European critics and the

† There was then but one theater in New York.



MRS. AUSTIN. FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER THE PAINTING BY H. P. BRIGGS, R. A.
(FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

ecstasies of her European audiences were only magnified echoes and prolonged repetitions of the praises she received and the delight she gave during her year in New York.

Nor did New-Yorkers at this time fail to offer encouragement to other musical artists, or to enjoy other operatic music and Italian singing. Signora Bartolini, an artist of fair European repute, was engaged at the Chatham Garden Theater,—a place in Chatham street, not far from the City Hall, and something like the Niblo's Garden of after years,—where she sang operatic airs between the two or three plays which at that time almost always made up an evening's theatrical entertainment.

Italian opera, however, was soon followed by English opera, and the beautiful Spanish-Hebrew prima-donna by an English vocalist very unlike her in person and in style, and vastly her inferior as an artist, yet charming and almost as beautiful. This was Mrs. Austin, who, two years after the departure of

Malibran, came before the New York public, and also at the Park Theater. Mrs. Austin had a mezzo-soprano voice of delicious quality, and she sang in the best style of the Anglo-Italian school of her day. She was very beautiful, in what is regarded as the typical Anglo-Saxon style of beauty—"divinely fair," with blue eyes softly bright, golden brown hair, and a well-rounded figure. She was very much admired as *Ariel*. The operas in which she appeared were chiefly Arne's "Artaxerxes," Weber's "Oberon," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," "Tancredi," and "Dido," with Rossini's music adapted by Mr. Charles Horn, an English tenor and musician who was prominent in New York's music during the second quarter of the century. But it would be tedious and useless to undertake to recount all the operas in which Mrs. Austin appeared. She remained in New York several years, very much admired by all lovers of music and by all attendants at the theater, because of her beauty and her pleasing man-

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MASTER BURKE IN CHARACTER. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

ners. She appeared not only in opera but in singing parts in plays. It would seem that she had little dramatic ability, either as a singer or as an actress; but for five years she was the most prominent musical person in New York and the surrounding country. At first, however, she was neglected, she having come before the American public in a neighboring city. For already had the public of New York arrogated to themselves the exclusive right of deciding upon the merits of artists of any pretensions who visited the country professionally. And it is true that if they received the approbation of New York, it was a favorable introduction to the public of other towns. Not so, however, with those who chose Philadelphia or Boston as the scene of their *début*. The selection was in itself regarded by the Manhattanese as a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority, or as a slight

to their pretensions as arbiters; and in such cases they were slow at bestowing their approval, however well it might be deserved.

Mrs. Austin owed her success in New York hardly more to her voice and her beauty than to the efforts of Mr. Berkeley, a member of a noble English family, who accompanied her, and managed all her affairs with an ardent devotion far beyond that of an ordinary man of business. Mr. Berkeley wrote quite well, and was a musical critic of fair abilities for his day. The constant support which his beautiful charge received from his pen, in the New York papers, not only gained for her before long the recognition which she deserved, yet might otherwise have been without, but did much to educate the musical taste of the New York public, and to prepare the way for a higher kind of musical criticism in New York journals.



MONTessoro. (FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING IN COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

Notwithstanding her attractive person, her sweet voice, and the efforts of her champion, Mrs. Austin had a rival in popular favor, and one who, as an artist, was her superior. Madame Feron had attained a very considerable reputation in Europe. She was even said by Oxberry, a well-known London critic of the day, to be second to no English singer, and inferior to no Italian but Pasta—an opinion, by the way, strongly illustrative of Malibran's lack of European reputation at that time. Madame Feron made her first appearance at the Park Theater, in November, 1828, as *Floretta*. She produced a strong impression, and had an unqualified success. Her voice was a soprano, of fine quality and very considerable power. As a vocalist she stood, if not in the second rank (the first including only such rare artists as Pasta and Malibran), at least in the third. Her style united boldness, flexibility, and finish; and she was not without a very considerable dramatic power. Those who attended operatic performances for the sake of music, pure and simple, preferred her to Mrs. Austin, and with reason. But Mrs. Austin possessed rare beauty; Madame Feron escaped homeliness only by a certain intelligence and character in her face. She was dark, almost swarthy, and without the grace of person and charm of manner that won Mrs. Austin half her triumphs. Opera is not a mere musical entertainment; and before long Mrs.

Austin's popularity quite overtopped that of her more accomplished rival. Madame Feron appeared in 1829, at the Bowery ("New York") Theater, in "*Il Trionfo della Musica*," with Charles Horn, Angrisani, the bass of the former Garcia troupe, and a Madame Brichita, a contralto who was here for some years, and who attained a very considerable degree of popular favor. Madame Feron, after long absence and much wandering, returned to New York, and made her last appearance at the Park Theater, in 1833, as *Cinderella*; the *Baron Pompolino* of the occasion being the celebrated "Master Burke," who, as a boy, astonished the world by his histrionic and musical abilities, and who, in his maturer years, known as Mr. Joseph Burke, was a much admired violinist and an esteemed member of the musical profession.

Before this re-appearance of Madame Feron, however, a French opera company took brief possession of the boards of the Park Theater, in 1830. Their merit was not great, nor did the company contain any artist whose name deserves record here. It is worth while to remark that their performances were not left without severe and discreet criticism in the New York journals of the day. They, however, enabled New York people to hear operas like Boieldieu's "*Jean de Paris*" and Auber's "*Fiancée*" in their original form. After them, New York had Mrs. Austin and Madame Feron again, in English opera—"John of



ADELAIDE VARESE PEDROTTI. FROM A LITHOGRAPH FOR THE MUSICAL OPERA JOURNAL. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

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L. FORNASARI. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

Paris," "Artaxerxes," "The White Lady," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Cinderella"—the last of which had a long-run (forty-five nights), which was brought to an end by the illness of Mrs. Austin, who soon disappears with her ardent business manager and eulogizing critic, and is heard of no more.

And now there comes a great change over the fortunes of the lyric drama in New York. Suddenly brought forward as a surprise by Garcia, known afterward only in a kind of hybrid form (as it was most commonly in England), and taking its chance, hap-hazard, on the boards of the ordinary theater, it was now to be presented with due dignity and consideration in its individual and self-contained proportions. New York was to have "an Italian opera."

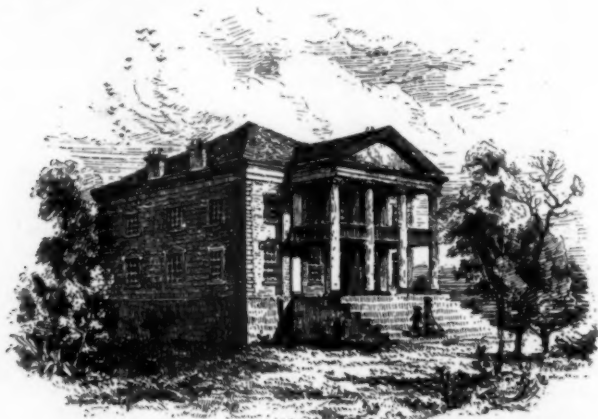
The uninformed New-Yorker of middle age who should visit the corner of Varick and Charlton streets, which is about half a mile below Fourteenth street and about a quarter of a mile from the Hudson River, would hardly suspect that at that spot his father, if he were a music-lover and a theater-

goer, made his first acquaintance with Italian opera in a complete and well-appointed form. But so it was. There stood what for some years was known as the Richmond Hill Theater. Richmond Hill was Aaron Burr's villa home. After his ruin it passed through many vicissitudes; but at last, during his life, it became a sort of suburban place of entertainment like Vauxhall, and was known as Richmond Hill Garden. One of its attractions was a small theater, which was not frequented by ladies who were fastidious as to their public associations. This little theater during Burr's lifetime became, in 1832, the stage of the first complete Italian opera company known in musical annals as pertaining peculiarly to New York.*

* Burr lived until 1836. I remember that as I was walking one day, in my early boyhood, with my father in Maiden Lane, he pointed out to me a little, shambling old man, with a rumpled white cravat, hair whiter than his cravat, and a rusty black coat—a very forlorn and doleful-looking creature. "When you are older," my father said, "the time will come when you will remember that you have seen that man: that is Aaron Burr."

It was on the 6th of October, 1832, that the Montessor company appeared there for the first time, in Rossini's opera, "La Cenerentola." Montessor, who was the first tenor as well as the manager of the company, had a voice of agreeable quality, without much power, a tolerably good style of vocalization, and an easy, gentleman-like carriage. He became a favorite. The prima-donna, Signorina Albina Stella, although she was a very good singer, failed to produce any impression. But, on the 17th of October, musical New York had its first sensation since the apparition of Maria Garcia. On that night Signorina Pedrotti came before it as *Elisa* in Mercadante's opera, "Elisa e Claudio." Not much had been said of her, for she had sung only in Lisbon and in Bologna, and had little reputation. But she took musical New York off its

eye upon him immediately. The street was almost deserted, and I saw him as if he were posing before me. He was very tall; his head looked like that of a youthful Jove;—dark hair in flaky curls; an open, blazing eye; a nose just heroically curved; lips strong, yet beautifully bowed, sweet and persuasive; and, withal, a large and easy grace of manner that belongs only to men from Mediterranean shores. He was dressed in a complete suit of light tawny pongee silk, and wore on his superb head an undressed Panama hat much of the same color. I had never seen such a man before; and when I got home I said to an old lady who had talked to me about musical matters, "I have seen Fornasari." "Nonsense, my boy," was the reply; "Fornasari went to Europe years ago." But I persisted in my belief that there could not be two



RICHMOND HILL HOUSE, OR THEATRE. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE F. ELDER, ESQ.)

feet again. She had a fine mezzo-soprano voice, of sympathetic quality; and, although she was far from being a perfectly finished vocalist, she had an impressive dramatic style, and a presence and a manner that enabled her to take possession of the stage. She was a handsome woman, tall, nobly formed, with brilliant eyes, and a face full of expression. She carried the town by storm.

Hardly less successful was the primo-basso of the company, Signor Fornasari, who was afterward to achieve European distinction. Fornasari had a noble voice, the most attractive Italian manner, and was long spoken of by New York women as one of the handsomest men that ever lived—not without reason, as I know. For, years afterward, as I was walking down Broadway one summer afternoon, I saw a man approaching me whose appearance was so striking that it fixed my

such men in the world at once; and it proved that I was right. The basso was passing through New York on his way from Cuba or Mexico.

With this company came some musicians of distinguished talent, whose after influence upon the musical taste and culture of New York was important. Chief among them were Baglioli, the musical director, Rapetti, first violin and leader of the orchestral band, and Casolani, contra-bassist. Baglioli became afterward a very successful singing-master in New York. Rapetti was a very accomplished violinist of the best Italian school, and for many years he ably led all the principal operatic performances in New York, and was a favorite instrumental performer at concerts of the best class. Casolani was much admired. Before his appearance no one in America ever thought of playing the double-bass except as

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a support and emphasis for the fundamental harmony, nor of handling its huge strings without a glove. He played it almost as if it were a violoncello, and with a small white hand, from the fine wrist of which he turned back his wrist-bands, with the double purpose of convenience and display. He was a notably handsome man; and for the first time the double-bass became a favorite instrument with ladies. His reign lasted many years. He and Fornasari had, doubtless, no small part in effecting the change which was recorded by a journalist of the day when he said that the Montessor company "has taught our belles the road to Richmond Hill."

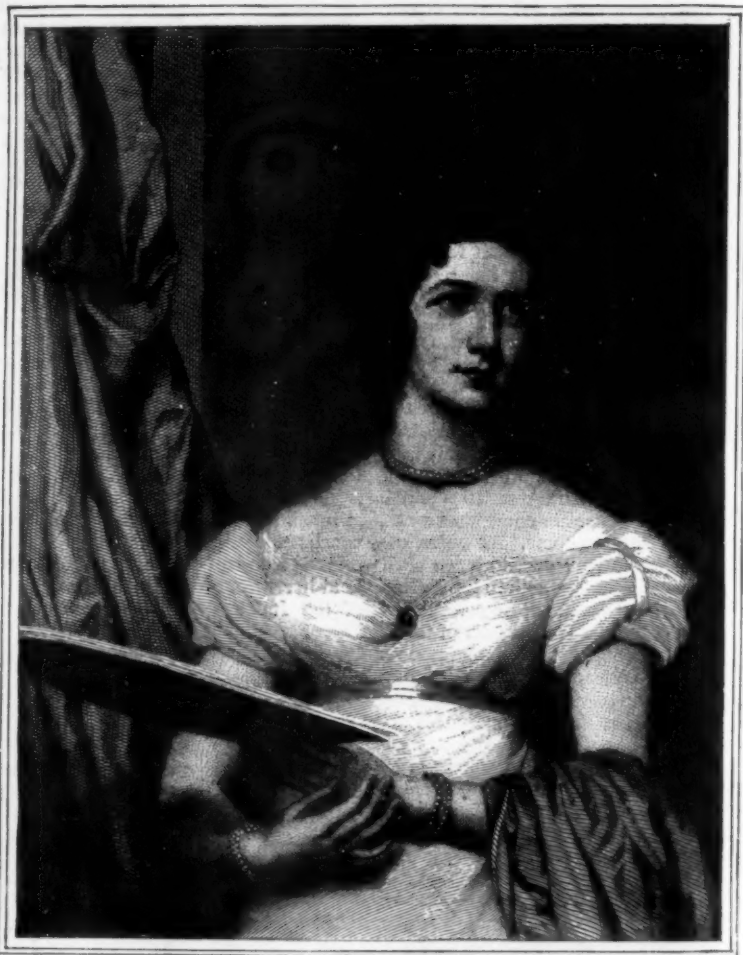
But, although society did astonish the remote purlieus of Richmond Hill by its unwonted presence, and although the Montessor company was in great favor with the New York public, its performances soon came to a ruinous end. Mismanagement and lack of adequate financial support brought it quickly to the same grand disastrous *finale* to which all Italian operatic enterprises were, and are, almost sure to come. As we follow the annals of music in New York we shall have to record failure after failure for Italian opera, and, on the other hand, frequent financial success for English. The reason of this is not any lack of liking for the performances of the Italian artists, nor the fact that their language is not understood. There has never been any difficulty in finding audiences for Italian opera in New York; the difficulty has been in finding money. Italian opera is by far the most expensive form of public entertainment. Italian singers and Italian instrumentalists must, notwithstanding the poverty of their country, receive much higher pay than English; and, besides, there must always be more of them for the same work. The expenses of a moderately well-appointed Italian opera company are quite twice as much as those of an English company of corresponding grade. The first operatic venture in New York, that of Garcia, was successful in every way. It was so profitable that, as we have seen, the "season" was prolonged to nearly a year without intermission; and it was brought to an end only by the imprisonment of the prima-donna's husband, and the wrathful disappearance of the manager and first tenor, her father. Not improbably, too, these first performances of Italian opera in New York were, in all the most important respects, the most admirable that have ever been heard there. For there can hardly be a doubt that three such artists as Malibran, Garcia, and Angrisani have never again been heard together on the American stage. But the performances of this company were deplora-

bly incomplete. The principal singers were of the very first quality; but the minor parts, the chorus, and the band were merely such as served the ordinary needs of a provincial theater, or as could be hastily procured for the occasion. They received little and they deserved less. Their performances were sometimes of so dreadful a nature that the irascible and sensitive Garcia was driven mad. One night the noble *finale* to the first act of "Don Giovanni" was so mangled by them that he, who was the *Don*, broke furiously away from his part, and rushing to the foot-lights, sword in hand, stopped the performance and made the band begin again.

The performances of the Montessor company were soon followed by those of an English, or rather Scotch, prima-donna of very considerable reputation—Mrs. Wood, who appeared at the Park Theater in September, 1833. Mrs. Wood had attained distinction in London as Miss Paton. Her voice was powerful, of uncommon compass, and agreeable in quality, although not sympathetic. Her vocalization was moderately good; her style brilliant; and as a *bravura* singer she could hold her own even with all but the greatest of the Italian prima-donnas of her day. It



MISS PATON (AFTERWARD MRS. WOOD) AS MANDANE.



MISS PATON, OF THE THEATER ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. AFTER THE ENGRAVING ON STEEL BY R. NEWTON FROM A MINIATURE BY W. J. NEWTON. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

was in finish of vocalization, in purity and simplicity of style in *cantabile* passages (supreme test of high vocal art), and in expression that she fell short of their excellence. She was a "fine woman," but not handsome—her mouth being so large that, when she opened it, it became cavernous, with stalactic teeth. But her eyes were bright, and her face when she was acting pleased her audiences. She had been married to Lord William Lenox, a squint-eyed scapegrace, who treated her so brutally that she obtained a divorce from him, and eagerly accepted as her second husband Joseph Wood, a tall, handsome pugilist, whose fine but quite uncultivated

tenor voice took him out of the prize-ring, and who won her heart by giving her noble husband a thrashing.

The Woods soon rose very high in popular favor, and their performances were profitable to themselves and the theaters of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. They sang English versions of "Cinderella," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Barber of Seville." To look forward a little, they were afterward joined by Mr. Brough, an Irish bass singer, who had a rich, heavy voice, but little style or skill; and with him they brought out "La Sonnambula" in an English version, which was one of the greatest operatic successes

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JOSEPH WOOD. (FROM AN ENHA-INK DRAWING IN POSSESSION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

ever attained in America. Bellini's feminine genius was just then winning the popular ear away from the brilliant melodies of Rossini. The prettiness and, at times, the pathos of his sweet but somewhat feeble strains took the general public captive; and the dramatic interest of the librettos which he was fortunate in obtaining gave a great and a new zest to the enjoyment of his operas. Of all this the Woods first had the advantage in America. "La Sonnambula" was the delight of all music-loving people, cultivated and uncultivated, from North to South, from East to—but then there was no West. Nothing but "Still so gently o'er me stealing," or "Hear me swear now," was heard from the throats of singers, the fingers of piano-forte thrummers, and even the lips of whistlers; for never before was there such a pathetic puckering. Mrs. Wood was worshiped almost as if she had been a beauty. I remember, being at boarding-school, in the lowest form, how a young gentleman in the highest, the cock and the swell of the school,—an awful being who had attained the mature age of perhaps seventeen years, and of whom it was said that he "could raise whiskers,"—returning from Philadelphia, after the long vacation, brought

with him a lithographic portrait of Mrs. Wood as *Amina*. This he had had framed and hung in the most conspicuous part of his room, with a crimson cushion before it, upon which he compelled all his visitors to kneel, at least once, on pain of exclusion from his apartment and his good graces. The Woods preserved their popularity here until, on occasion of a petty quarrel with a New York actress named Conduit, there was a cabal raised against them, the American eagle screamed defiance, and, amid a disgraceful disturbance, which attained almost the proportions of a riot, they were driven from the stage of the Park Theater in 1836.

Among the remarkable men in the New York to which the present corner of Varick and Charlton streets was an almost suburban spot, was Lorenzo Daponte, an Italian poet of the minor order, who had been exiled from Venice because of a satirical sonnet, had afterward been Latin secretary to the Emperor Joseph II., and a friend of Mozart, and who was the author of the libretto of "Don Giovanni." He had finally come to New York, where he taught Italian, and where his charming manners and his noble beauty won him great social favor. He was much interested in the



LORENZO DAFONTE. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

Montessor opera venture, and, after its failure, did all in his power to promote the establishment of an Italian opera in New York by subscription. He succeeded; an association was formed, land purchased, and an opera-house built, which was opened to the public in the autumn of 1833, only eight years after the first performance of Italian opera here by the Garcias. The company, known as the Rivaflinoli troupe, took its name from the Cavaliere di Rivaflinoli, who was its projector and mismanager. The Cavaliere's intentions were largely beneficent; his promises and announcements were very imposing. Indeed, the affair, from beginning to end, was of an exquisiteness and a splendor such as has not since been seen in New York. The house, on the corner of Church and Leonard streets, was decorated by some of the most skillful Italian artists of the day, who were brought from Europe for this special purpose. The scenery was painted by similar hands. It was crowned by a dome, and lighted by a splendid chandelier. In this house first there was a parterre (since queerly called *parquette*), entered from the first balcony, so that ladies might sit in this part of the auditorium, which was not to be thought of when it was the old "pit." The seats in the parterre were mahogany chairs, upholstered in blue damask. In the first balcony the seats were mahogany sofas, upholstered in the same manner. The whole of the second balcony was occupied with pri-

vate boxes, which ran from the front quite back to the vestibule, and which were upholstered alternately in crimson and in blue silk, the fronts being decorated with crimson silk curtains, caught up by gilt cords and tassels. The price of these boxes was six thousand dollars each. The house was carpeted throughout. The audience was composed of the most exquisite people in the city—"exceeding soft society." A writer in the "Mirror" of the day (very plainly, I think, Willis himself—who, by the way, was as innocent of any intelligent knowledge of music as if he had no ears), remarking upon the audience, said: "As we looked at the pit at the opera, we drew a comparison between it and the House of Representatives, as we recollected to have seen it, and the result was unfavorable to the latter. In orderly demeanor and true gentlemanly breeding, the pit of the opera might be a pattern to our hat-crowned locomotive guardians of the public weal." Into the sacred precincts of the second tier the general public was not admitted. That was reserved for subscribers, each of whom owned a box—it might be for one night, or it might be for ever. It was told of a man who had suddenly risen to what was then great wealth, that, having taken a lady to the opera, he was met by the disappointing assurance that there were no seats to be had.

"What! nowhere?"

"Nowhere, sir; every seat in the house is taken, except, indeed, one of the private boxes that was not subscribed for."

"I'll have that."

"Impossible, sir! The boxes can only be occupied by subscribers and owners."

"What is the price of your box?"

"Six thousand dollars, sir."

"I'll take it."

And, drawing out his pocket-book, he filled up a check for six thousand dollars and escorted his lady to her seat, to the surprise and, indeed, to the consternation of the elegant circle which saw itself completed in this unexpected manner.

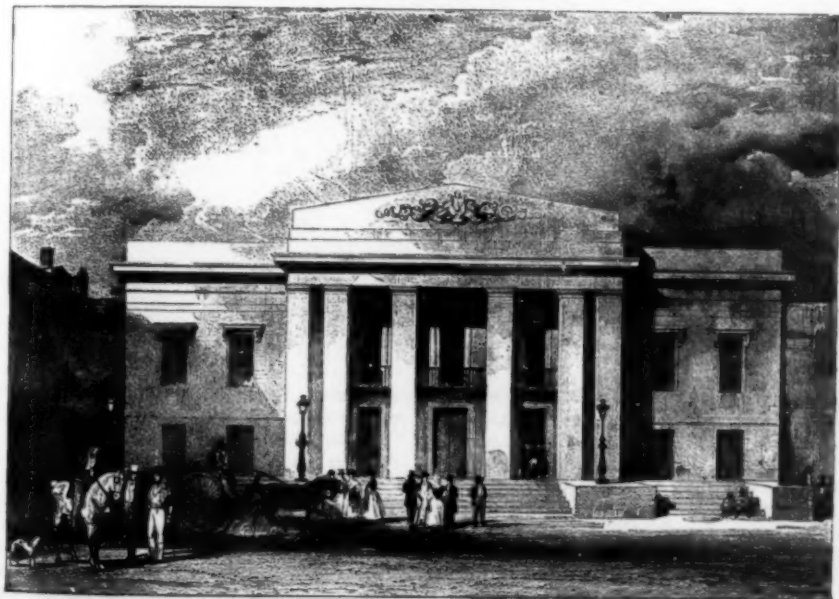
As to the singers who made their appearance under such splendid auspices, they were good, but not of a very high quality: Signora, or rather, as she was called, Madamigella, Fanti, soprano; Louisa Bordogni, mezzo-soprano; Madame Schneider-Maroncelli, contralto; Signor Fabj, tenor; De Rosa and Porto, basses. In the orchestra were Boucher, an admirable violoncellist, who remained in New York as the principal performer on his charming instrument until his death, about fifteen years ago; Gambati, the first of those imposing cor-net-a-piston players, who have since dominated our summer theaters and summer hotels; Caso-

lani, the handsome contra-bassist; and Cioffi, one of the greatest trombone-players that ever lived since the time when the sackbut and psaltery were heard on the plains of Dura.*

It was on Monday, the 18th of November, 1833, that the first performance of this company—the great social and musical event of the day—took place. The opera was "La Gazza Ladra":—Fanti as *Ninetta*, Schneider-Maroncelli as *Pippo*, the tenor and bass parts distributed among the male members of the company aforesaid. It was a success socially, brilliant—quite overpowering, indeed; musically, moderate, and not in any way overpowering. The contralto had the best of it. She was a very pretty woman, with a lovely figure and a delicious voice. She was known and much esteemed as a teacher of music for many years afterward in New York. She was the wife of Piero Maroncelli, the friend and fellow-prisoner of Silvio Pellico, and her husband taught Italian and music in many of the old New York families. But of public singing, operatic or other, this company did little after its season was, with difficulty, worried through. It produced no very strong impression upon the American public, and, indeed, left no mark, in our musical experience, but that of its appearance and its extinction. Fanti had

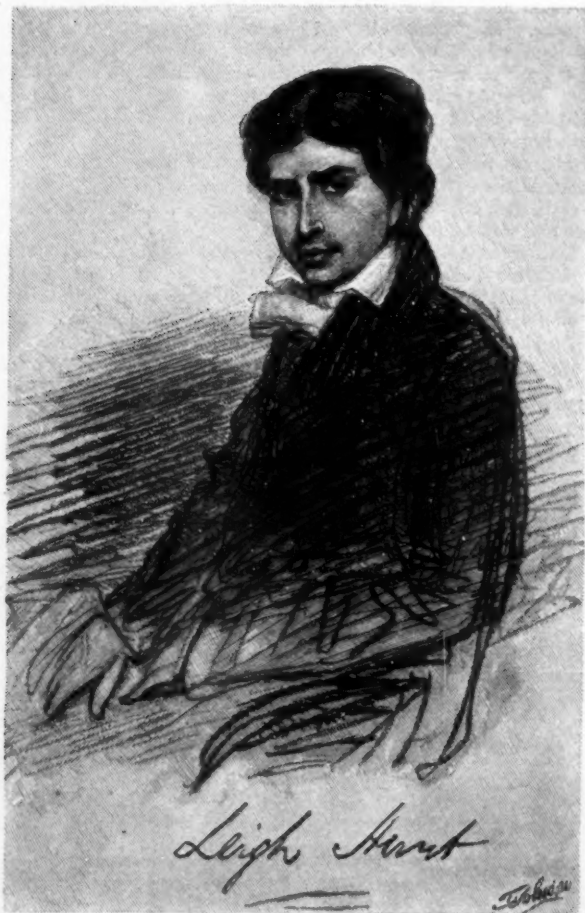
that success which is called of esteem, because those to whom it is awarded are esteemed very little; Bordogni pleased by girlish beauty (she was but seventeen years old), and—well, that was about all. There was no merit in the company to equal it to that in which Montessor, and Pedrotti, and Fornasari appeared, or even to surpass the Woods, to say nothing of the Garcias and Angrisani; and so the writers in the journals plainly told the Cavaliere de Rivafinoli. There were sixty performances of the operas of the day—Rossini operas, and Bellini operas, and the operas of all time, including the first and last performances in America of that charming composition, "Il Matrimoni Segreto," the greatest opera of the old Italian school. There were the usual benefit performances; and there was a benefit for Signor Daponte; and then the Rivafinoli opera troupe troops off, amid the wailing of disappointed prima-donnas, and the growling of bassos, and with an odor of explosion, and is no more heard of; and the splendid opera-house, with its dome and its chandelier, and its painted walls and carpeted floors, its damask-covered mahogany seats, and its exclusive row of private boxes awful in splendor—not to be invaded by common people except at the cost of six thousand dollars cash down, stands empty, gaping awhile, and is then put to base uses.

* The trombone is a modified form of the ancient sackbut.



ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, AFTERWARD NATIONAL THEATRE. FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER A DRAWING BY R. BENGOUGH. (FROM COLLECTION OF GEORGE F. ELDER, ESQ.)

LEIGH HUNT.



[Photographed by Giulio Rossi, Milan, from a pencil sketch made in 1815 by Wageman at the request of Vincent Novello, when Leigh Hunt left prison after the libel on the Prince Regent.]

It is a peculiar point, in the gratification I feel on being requested to give further reminiscences of the poet whose friendship so much honored and charmed me, that the request comes from America,—a country that gave birth to his ancestors, and a country of whose regard for himself and his writings he was so affectionately proud. In the very last letters he ever wrote to us (quoted in our "Recollections of Writers," pages 267, 269, and 270), he confides to my beloved hus-

band and myself the keen delight he takes in America's sympathetic admiration for his "Works."

In his "Autobiography," Leigh Hunt gives a lively portrait sketch of his father, which foreshadows to me something of his own personal fascination, where he says: "My father took the degree of Master of Arts, both at Philadelphia and New York. When he spoke the farewell oration, on leaving college, two young ladies fell in love with him, one of

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whom he afterward married. He was fair and handsome, with delicate features, a small aquiline nose, and blue eyes. To a graceful address he joined a remarkably fine voice, which he modulated with great effect. It was in reading the poets and other classics of England that he completed the conquest of my mother's heart. He used to spend the evenings in this manner with her and her family—a noble way of courtship; and my grandmother became so hearty in his cause that she succeeded in carrying it against her husband, who wished his daughter to marry a wealthy neighbor."

The only points in variance with the son's appearance are the "fair" complexion, the "aquiline" nose, and the "blue" eyes; for Leigh Hunt was dark-complexioned, with small, straight nose, and nearly black eyes. But the "handsome" face, the "delicate features," the "graceful address," and the "remarkably fine voice" were all there; together with the irresistible attraction that won him all women's hearts and most men's interest as soon as they had interchanged but a few words with him, and had seen him face to face. Even those who differed with him in professed opinions, and were strongly prejudiced against him on public and party grounds, had no sooner met him than they succumbed to the winning charm of the man himself. Then the force of Pope's couplet describing Belinda,

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all,"

was livingly exemplified. None could withstand the grace, the bewitching look, tone, and cordial bearing that held the eyes, the ears, the thoughts captivated and spell-bound as he spoke. A few—a very few—men I have seen possessed this peculiar fascination of aspect in their approach and address to women. Elliston, the famous actor of gay gallants, had it in look and manner—a kind of "breathing earnestness" (as Leigh Hunt himself once called it) at once respectful and eager, a mingling of deference and ardor; with eyes that were full of expressive eloquence, smiling yet serious. But Elliston's was mere "aspect," while Leigh Hunt's was aspect confirmed by spontaneous speech, impulsive, effusive, appealing. Elliston's words were those of others, uttered with exquisite meaning and inflection of voice; while Leigh Hunt's words were his own, genial, poetically conceived and poetically turned, flowing out of the emotion of the moment, and poured forth with the musical intonation of immediate feeling. Then his first accost, his very way of shaking hands, were the perfection

of ability in setting a stranger at ease with him. The delightful little paper "On Shaking Hands," which he himself wrote in the "Indicator" for the 12th of July, 1820, shows how accurately he understood the subject; and his own method of giving that truly English salutation afforded a complete specimen of how it could be best accomplished. How restfully, how confidently, how warmly one's hand found itself within his! How gently, yet how sufficiently, it was clasped! How contentedly it lay folded there! I think of the last time mine felt one of his round it, his other holding my husband's in friendly grasp, the while he looked at us both and then gave me his farewell kiss, taking leave on our going to settle abroad. In reply to a letter I sent him telling him how the thought of that moment would go with us in proud remembrance to the end of our lives,—and confessing some romantic purposes of my youth, among which figured a project of taking a pilgrimage to Italy on foot, that I might lay at his an imagined fortune, had one come to me,—Leigh Hunt wrote us a letter interpenetrated with his kindest delicacy of feeling: so interpenetrated, indeed, that I should hardly venture, even now, to give it to the world, were it not that the world has grown more and more to appreciate the true beauty of his nature, and were it not that the very feeling itself does honor to himself and to him of whom he so affectionately speaks therein:

"To C. and M. C. C.

"HAMMERSMITH, Oct. 9th, at night, 1856.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS:

"You will not suppose that I am going to expect any 'more last words' to such a letter as yours, and at such a moment. Most unreasonable would the expectation be during your hurry, and most unreasonable in itself at any time, precious as all and any such words must be to me ever. But you will as little wonder that I cannot help sending you a few more last words of my own, to thank you for such glorifications of my poor self with your loving hearts, and to add, that all which you could wish me, or ever could have wished me, to feel or think, relatively to yourselves, is with the exactest correspondence felt and thought, and has been so expressed or intimated, I think, as far as ever you warranted me in conceiving that I had a right to say it. It could not have been possible for either of you to admit me to any share of your confidence that would not have met with the like thorough understanding of sympathy. I recollect well, and ever gratefully, the 'pilgrimages' to Horsemonger Lane, but had no idea of the one that was

wished for to Italy; though the moment I hear of it, I recognize the future biographer of the girlhoods of Shakespeare's heroines. What an honor to me to have given occasion to such an impulse! and how worthy of one of the friends and gentlemen in Shakespeare not to have had it grudged me by him who knew the pilgrim afterward, and who gathered her fine idealizing heart into the realizing goodness of his own! Well may you both Shakespearianize as you do, and help in improving the community with the graces of his nature and of your own. Little, however, have I felt inclined to smile even 'my tenderest smiles' at such enthusiasm. I retain too much serious faith in it,—I will not say 'even now,'—for I can imagine no 'now' at which I have ever feared to lose, or can lose it. I still believe in it, in spite of vicissitudes, calamities, calumnies; still love it; still act upon it; should feel, if I did not, that I had no longer any right to be loved by friends living, or to rejoin those who are dead; and therefore I was moved to tears of mingled admiration for others and pity for myself, to think what a world of love there had been in me,—*is* in me,—of a twentieth part of which few persons have had the slightest conception, even of those who fancied they had. (Far am I from blaming; I only lament.) Most kind, and considerate, and affectionate was the reception given to the parting kiss which my old lips ventured upon; and enhancing it was the allowance conceded by one who seems to possess the veritable privilege of growing younger with time. Even I— But hold. The most grateful occasion, and the most Shakespearian good reasons, must not tempt me into words possibly misjudgeable by any chance eyes inferior to those of you two; and not knowing whether you may not have set off before this letter comes to Bayswater, I cannot be sure into whose hands it may fall. Think the kindest of me always, whatever it be.

"Your most obliged, grateful, and loving friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

"Mrs. Hunt is a great deal better, which puts me in good spirits."

Leigh Hunt's sensitive delicacy was one of his most marked characteristics, and one that peculiarly impressed itself on those who enjoyed personal communion with him. He was delicate as a woman in conduct, in words, in ways of thinking. I have heard him use paraphrase in speaking of things that the generality of men are accustomed to mention plainly, as a matter of course; and though he could—on occasion—use very

straightforward terms in treating a poetical subject warmly, or in reprobating a vice sternly, and employ very playful terms when treating a humorous subject wittily, I never heard him utter a coarse or a light word in the many times I have heard him converse with freedom among intimate friends. Airy elegance, sportive fancy, marked his lively talk; levity, never. But though Leigh Hunt was almost womanly in his scrupulous delicacy, he had not the very least touch of effeminacy in his composition. He was essentially manly,—of that fine type of manliness which includes the best gentleness and tenderness of womanly nature, blended with the highest moral fortitude of manhood. We know that the man who created *Imogen, Portia, Viola, Rosalind, Hamlet, Romeo, Troilus, Othello*, comprised this dual womanly and manly nature in his own; and we know that Nelson, who knew not what fear was, desired when dying to have a kiss from the lips of his faithful lieutenant, Hardy. So with Leigh Hunt: he was sensitive as a woman, yet in every fiber—moral, intellectual, and physical—thoroughly a man. A notable instance of his extreme sensitiveness recurs to me that I witnessed once, when he was writhing under the attacks of a brother-writer, made upon him at the time his book entitled "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries" first appeared. The attack was acrimonious, ungenerous; and Leigh Hunt had just seen it when he called upon my father, and was smarting under the peculiar pain it gave him, for various reasons. The surprise and indignation to find a fellow-author attack him, the necessity he felt to resent it openly, the prevision of the probable consequences to both when he should express his resentment, the hatred of animosity, the shrinking from contention—all agitated him extremely. But he asked there and then for pen, ink, and paper, and made his first sketch of a stinging retort he intended immediately to publish. It was in sharp, brief, rhyming stanzas; and I remember begging for the rough copy, when he had made a clear one, before leaving the house. Also, before he left, he gave vent to some of the emotions that filled him at the thought of a possibility suggested by friends then present. They thought it very likely that the publication of this "stinging retort"—bitterly contemptuous as it was—might provoke a challenge from the writer of the "attack," and the subject of dueling was animatedly canvassed. Leigh Hunt confessed to his feeling extreme dread—nay, terror—at the thought of having to fight a duel; and proceeded to explain the source of this fear in almost the exact words he has put into the mouth of Sir Philip

Herne, in his spirited (so-called) novel of "Sir Ralph Esher." Sir Philip, owing to his friend the fear he felt of having to meet his injurer in the field, says: "He is a human being; and the idea of encountering a human face in hostility, with all its mysteries of life, and death, and suffering, is very dreadful to me. I am courageous enough in principle, and can do anything for it; but I am all fear in imagination—I may add, all sympathy." This "imagination" and this "sympathy" were at the root of much that struck the world as inconsistent and incomprehensibly wavering in Leigh Hunt's conduct at times; in the alterations he made in the various editions of some of his poems, for instance, and in the changes of opinion that he avowed at different epochs with regard to public men. He was so sensitively conscientious, and so swayed by imagination and sympathy respecting motives, characteristics, and possible causes, that he occasionally doubted his own previous conclusions, and felt it incumbent upon him to render justice by avowal and retraction and frank redress. His own candor and generosity on such occasions did not always meet with equal candor and generosity on the part of those who judged him, and he was often misunderstood and maligned where he ought to have been comprehended and appreciated. Since his death, indeed, the greater breadth and liberality of opinion that has grown in the world—and which breadth and liberality he himself was greatly instrumental in promoting—has permitted truer estimation of Leigh Hunt's character and sentiments. Even during the latter part of his life, men had come to understand him better; but, in the earlier portion, he was misjudged to a degree acutely felt by himself, and which can scarcely now be believed by men of the present day, when freedom of opinion and latitude of thought are more generally tolerated and more leniently treated. Into the characters of Sir Philip Herne and of Sir Ralph Esher (in the work above alluded to) Leigh Hunt has put several of his own peculiar qualities, embodying, as it were, in these two men respectively, the two sets of characteristics which were singularly united in himself. Sir Ralph Esher, all sprightly ease, vivacity, good temper, high spirits, facile disposition, social grace and accomplishment, represents the mercurial temperament and lively portion of Leigh Hunt's self; while the grave sweetness, the constancy, the sensitive conscience, the high principle, the noble heart and mind of Sir Philip Herne, portray the graver side of the author's individuality. It is a delightful book—in itself and as an autographic sketch—to

those who know, as I do by experience, how remarkably and clearly it depicts its writer; and to those who are now told this fact, it will become doubly and trebly interesting henceforth.

Some of Leigh Hunt's briefest notes contain concentrated and characteristic tokens of his blendedly serious and cheerful nature. The following few lines, written to my father, who had just sustained the loss of a favorite child, Sydney, give evidence of this:

"July —, 1820.

"This comes from Leigh Hunt, merely to say that he often thinks of his friend Vincent Novello, and to hope that, when he has vented his first natural feelings on the death of one so dear to him, he will think of others to whom he himself is dear, and let them see him as soon again and as cheerful again as possible."

And in another letter, dated "Florence, 11th June, 1825," there is a passage affording similar evidence:

"Remember me to him [C. C. C.], and all friends. Is it really possible that I may see you all again before long, or has the question for the present been already settled against me? I shall exert myself to do my best, either way. Necessity, besides her striving daughter Invention, has a strong one, not quite so lively, yclept Patience. I know a little of the one, and am an old friend of the other."

In another, dated "3d January, 1831," with a parenthesis under the date ("many happy New Years to all"), and making pathetic allusion to pressure of work, as well as to pressure of other kind, he concludes thus, with mingled earnestness and playfulness:

"God bless you, my dear Clarke. I will come and see you all very shortly, and shall be highly gratified to know of the work you mention. What is it, pray? I long to be peeping, since you are so pleased yourself.

"Closing my note at this height in the page, seems as if I had gone to the top of the house to take leave of you, instead of the street door.

Ever cordially yours,

"L. H."

The "work" above alluded to was "Tales from Chaucer," first published in 1833. And here is a characteristic passage from yet another letter, dated "21st August, 1823, Albaro":

"How comfortable you are all going to be in your new house! Make room for me some

night among you, and imagine I am there, and drink to me. If you would do so, and send me, amongst you, the observations you all addressed to me, it would delight me to answer. That ox's foot! It is a horrible thing, and I hope you have had the last of it. I once had a real horse tread on my toes—a horrible, blind, deaf, and unfeeling tread; I seem to feel it now; but the metaphorical tread is worse than the literal."

It may be needful to explain that "trodden upon by the ox's foot" is an old English metaphorical phrase for depression of spirits, dejection, melancholy; and Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes from Camden: "The black ox hath not trod on his foot."

In the same year as the one dating the last-given excerpt, my father received a memorable letter from Leigh Hunt, which was written to be printed in "The Liberal," and which afforded a curious specimen of the conditions then to be observed in sending a letter by the post. It was written on an immense sheet of paper, as it was legally requisite that a letter should be all contained in one single sheet, and yet the matter of this one demanded considerable space. So cramped was the legitimate room allowed, and so little was left at the close, that Leigh Hunt had to scribble in minutest characters and almost outside, after filling the folds-down; and he thus concludes: "God bless you and all friends. If I write another word, my illegitimate signature will stare the postman in the face." Modern correspondents, rejoicing in the blessings inaugurated by Rowland Hill, and who now can send a letter across the globe for twopence-halfpenny, will learn with a smile of surprise that the postage of this letter amounted to three shillings and tenpence! There are two passages in this letter that I shall quote, because they discuss points concerning Genoa that are singularly borne out by my own experience in recent years. The first, upon music, has special interest, as being addressed to a musician; the second (upon the spirit of contempt for truth and upright dealing which, alas, is a marked blemish in Italian character) is now noted, in the sincere hope that it may strike with desire to effect a self-cure those Italians who may chance to read the extract in question:

"To Vincent Novello.

"March, 1823.

"MY DEAR N.:

"I write you, as you request, 'a very long letter, on the largest-sized paper and in the smallest handwriting.' You call the request a modest one, and I cannot but allow it has

some pretensions to bashfulness, not only inasmuch as it comes in the corner of another, but because it is—let me see—just twenty lines long. However, you see what I think your twenty lines worth; and you are so accustomed, in the matter of intercourse, to have the part of obliger to yourself that it would be indecent to haggle with you about the tare and tret of an epistle. If you send me forty lines, I suppose I must write you a quarto.

"You ask me to tell you a world of things about Italian composers, singers, etc. Alas! my dear N. I may truly say to you that, for music, you must 'look at home'—at least, as far as my own experience goes. Even the biographies which you speak of are, I fear, not to be found in any great quantity; but I will do my best to get them together. Both Pisa and Genoa have little pretensions either to music or books. We ought to be at Rome for one, and Milan for the other. Florence, perhaps, has a reasonable quantity of both, besides being rich in its galleries; but I will tell you one thing which, albeit you are of Italian origin, will mortify you to hear, namely, that Mozart is nothing in Italy, and Rossini everything. Nobody ever says anything of Mozart since 'Figaro' (tell it not in Gothland!) *was hissed at Florence*. His name appears to be suppressed by agreement, while Rossini is talked of, written of, copied, sung, hummed, whistled, and demi-semi-quavered from morning to night. If there is a portrait in a shop-window, it is Rossini's. If you hear a song in the street, it is Rossini's. If you go to a music-shop to have something copied,—'An air of Rossini's?' Meyer, I believe, is the only German who takes the turn with him at the Opera here; but Mozart, be assured, never. I believe they would shut their ears at a burst of his harmony, as your friends, the Chinese, did at Lord Macartney's band. I suspect, however, that there are more reasons than one for this extraordinary piece of intolerance, and not altogether so unhandsome as they appear at first sight. As to theatres, I need not tell you the dislike which singers have to compositions that afford them no excuse for running in their own quavers and cadences. They hate to be

'Married to immortal verse.'

They prefer a good, flimsy, dying sort of a 'do-me-no-harm, good man,' whom they can twist about and desert as they please; this is common to theatres everywhere. But in Italy, besides a natural prejudice in favor of their own composers, there has always been another, you know, against that richness of accompa-

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niment with which the Germans follow up their vocal music, turning every air, as it were, into a triumphal procession. They think that if a melody is full of nature and passion, it should be oftener suffered to make out its own merits, and triumph by its own sufficing beauty: like Adam in the poem, when he walked forth to meet the angel,

— without more train
Accompanied, than with his own complete
Perfections.*

Or Eve afterwards, when she received him,

Undecked, save with herself; more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove:
No veil
She needed virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Altered her cheek.

"(What poetry is there! What sentiment! What delicacy! What words full of meaning!) You know what I think on this subject, when the composer is a truly great one, like Paesello: and I know what you think, too, when the air is one of his divinest, like '*Il mio ben*' in the opera of 'Nina.' But Rossini is not Paesello? True. He gives us a delightful air now and then; but, in the hurry of his industry and his musical spirits, pours forth a torrent of commonplaces. His is not a flow of music.

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold.

It is for the most part common water, quick in its course, and bringing down only grains of gold, however worth sifting. Nevertheless, he has animal spirits; he runs merrily; his stream is for the most part native; and the Italians are as willing to be made merry with 'thin potations' as with old hock. I meant to show you how it was they were prepared to undervalue Mozart; and I think I can now explain to you, in one word, how it is that they contrive to render themselves deaf to the rest of his merits, and to the inspiration which he himself drank at an Italian source. Mozart was a German. I do not mean simply that he was a German in music, but he was a German by birth. The Germans in Italy, the lords over Italian freedom and the Italian soil, trumpet his superiority over Italian composers; and however right they may be,—at all events with regard to modern ones,—this is enough to make the Italians hate him. It mortifies them the more because they know he is an exception to the general dullness of their conquerors; and not even the nonchalance of his own conduct toward kings and emperors (which was truly edify-

ing*) could reconcile them to the misery of preferring anything German to the best thing Italian.

"The Genoese are not a musical specimen of the Italians; but the national talent seems lurking everywhere you go. The most beggarly minstrel gets another to make out a harmony with him, and some sort of an instrument, if only a gourd with a string or two. Such, at least, appeared to me a strange-looking 'wild-fowl' of a fiddle, which a man was strumming the other day,—or rather a gourd stuck upon a long fiddle of deal. Perhaps you know of such an instrument. I think I have seen something like it in pictures. They all sing out their words distinctly, some accompanying themselves all the while in the guitar style, others putting in a symphony now and then, even if it be nothing better than two notes always the same. There is one blind beggar who seems an enthusiast for Rossini. Imagine a sturdy-looking fellow in rags, laying his hot face against his fiddle, rolling his blind eyeballs against the sunshine, and vociferating, with all the true open mouth and syllabical particularity of the Italians, a part of one of the duets of that lively master. His companion, having his eyesight and being, therefore, not so vivacious, sings his part with sedate vigor; though even when the former is singing a solo, I have heard him throw in some unisons at intervals, as if his help were equally wanting to the blind man, vocal as well as corporeal."

* Leigh Hunt here subjoined the following note:

"Even when this great musician was a child he felt the superiority of genius over rank. If his flatterers, however high their station, exhibited no real feeling for the art, he played nothing but trifling pieces for their amusement, and was insensible even to their flattery. When called upon to display the astonishing prematurity of his powers before the Emperor Francis I., he said to His Majesty, with a simplicity that must have been somewhat frightful at court:

"Is not Mr. Wagenseil here? We must send for him; he understands the thing."

"The Emperor sent for Wagenseil, who took His Majesty's place by the side of the performer.

"Sir," said Mozart, "I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me."

"The Emperor Joseph II. said to him once, speaking of his opera '*L'enlèvement du Sérail*':

"My dear Mozart, this is too fine for my ears; there are too many notes."

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied Mozart: "there are just as many as are necessary."

"The example of Mozart might be instructive to certain German men of talent, who do not blush to fall in with all the nonsense of the allied sovereigns. How delightful would it be, for instance, if Mr. Gentz, when about to write some legislation under his master's eye, were to say, 'Is Mr. Bentham here? We must send for him; he understands the thing.' Or the Emperor should say to him, 'My dear Gentz, this is too fine for my notions; there are too many popular provisions,'—for Mr. Gentz to answer, 'I beg your Majesty's pardon: there are just as many as necessary.'"

With regard to the earlier portion of the above extract, I myself heard Mozart's operatic masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," performed at the Carlo Felice theater of Genoa in 1867, by first-rate artists; yet it was received with a coldness amounting to dislike, and was only tolerated for a very few nights.

The second extract is the following:

"From what I have seen myself (and I would not mention it if it had not been corroborated by others who have resided in Italy several years), there is a prevailing contempt of truth in this country that would astonish even an oppressed Irishman. I have heard instances of falsehood, not only among money-getters, but among 'ladies and gentlemen' in ordinary, so extreme, so childish, and apparently so unconscious of wrong, that the very excess of it, however shocking in one respect, relieved one's feelings in another, and showed how much might be done by proper institutions to exalt the character of a people naturally so ingenuous and so ductile. The great Italian virtues, under their present governments, are being catholic—not being 'taken in' by others and taking in everybody else. Persons employed to do the least or the greatest jobs will endeavor to cheat you through thick and thin. It is a perpetual warfare, in which you are at last obliged to fight in self-defence. If you pay anybody what he asks you, it never enters into his imagination that you do it from anything but folly. You are pronounced a *minchione* (a ninny), one of their greatest terms of reproach. On the other hand, if you battle well through your bargain, a perversion of the natural principle of self-defence leads to a feeling of real respect for you. A dispute may arise; the man may grin, stare, threaten, and pour out torrents of reasons and injured innocence, as they always do; but be firm, and he goes away equally angry and admiring. If you take them in, doubtless the admiration as well as the anger is still in proportion, like that of the gallant knights of old when they were beaten in single combat. An English lady told me an amusing story the other day, which will show you the spirit of this matter at once. A friend of hers, at Pisa, was in the habit of dealing with a man whose knaveries, as usual, compelled her to keep a reasonable eye to her side of the bargain. She said to this man one day, 'Ha, so-and-so, no doubt you think me a great *minchione*.' The man, at this speech, put on a look of the sincerest deference and respect; and in a tone of deprecation not at all intended, as you might suppose, for a grave joke, but for the most serious thing in the world, replied: '*Minchione! no! è gran furba lei*' (You a ninny! oh no, ma'am; you are a great thief)."

Perhaps "*gran furba*" might be translated more in consonance with what an Italian means when he uses these words as an idiomatic expression by the English phrases "a deep one," "a knowing customer," "a cunning hand," "a sly fox"; but Leigh Hunt, of course, preferred the stronger antithesis, and the more startling one, as an intended compliment.

The portrait appended to the present written sketch of Leigh Hunt gives an excellent idea of his personal appearance when I first knew him. It is taken from a pencil-drawing by Wageman, to whom Leigh Hunt sat in 1815 (at the request of my father, Vincent Novello), just after leaving Horse-monger Lane jail, where he had suffered two years' imprisonment for a libel on the Prince Regent in the "Examiner" newspaper. The slender proportions of the figure at that period, the mixture of thought, sweetness, and brightness in the countenance; the eyes penetrating yet kindly, the mouth grave yet glad ("grave with glad thoughts," to use his own expression in his "Hero and Leander"), are all traceable in that little picture; and I prefer it to any portrait of him that I have ever seen. The dress, too,—that simple frock-coat, with the loosely worn shirt-collar, then first allowed to pend easily downward,—is there truly represented. At the time when the Prince Regent (to hide a defect produced by disease) and his fashionable imitators (to ape him even in his least creditable modes) enveloped their throats with cravats of enormous size and voluminous folds, bolstered high around their necks and surmounted by stiff stuck-up collars, it became almost a party-badge and a sign of ultra liberalism with Hunt, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and their admirers to wear soft turn-down collars—easy, graceful, commodious.

When I first remember Leigh Hunt, he had a quaint way with children, of making the one he chanced to be noticing a theme for a kind of breathless running comment, or string of humorous fancies—clear enough to himself and his grown hearers, but strangely puzzling to his juvenile auditor. Once, after dinner, at my father's house, "the children" came in to dessert according to established wont when there was company; and one of my younger sisters was taken upon Leigh Hunt's knee. In the eagerness of conversation, he did not quite finish the almonds and raisins upon his plate; and the child, spying the last neglected plum, drew his attention by pointing to it, looking up in his face, and saying, "There's a raisin!" He, thinking the little girl probably had hopes for herself relative to the disregarded sweet, laughingly

replied, "You've a *reason* for showing me that *raison*"; and followed up his Dogberian pronunciation and pun with a volley of quips and quibbles on the word, ever after calling her "Little Reason." Those who have read Leigh Hunt's bright sparkle of fancies strung together in rhyming stanzas entitled "To J. H., four years old," beginning:

"Ah, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With his hat just throwa upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses,"

will understand the peculiar whimsicality of his ways at that time with other children, from this address to his own little son.

A habit of cultivating cheerful thoughts and surrounding himself by lovely objects conducive to inspire refined and beautiful ideas, was a main feature in Leigh Hunt's daily life, and one that, early cherished, never forsook him to the very last. He carried out, in his own small writing-room,—wherever it might chance to be,—the wisdom inculcated (at a time when such tastes were rarer than they have become now, thanks in great measure to the teachings of Leigh Hunt himself) in such essays as the one called "Casts from Sculpture and Gems," in "The Indicator" for 17th Nov., 1819, where he tells his readers of the plaster copies from classical statues in these persuasive words, with a touch of characteristic playfulness in them:

"There is the Venus de' Medici, the Gladiator, the Quoit-player, the Antinoia, the Piping Faun, the Apollo Belvedere, all after the antique; and there is a couching Venus, after John of Bologna, the original of which must have been like Venus re-appearing from the antique world. Few people are aware how cheaply these things are sold. The little statues are three or four shilling apiece, perhaps less; and a profit is got upon the head of Sappho at eighteen-pence. You may set a price upon Paris's head, and have the knave brought you at two shillings. * * * Thus for eighteen-pence a room may be adorned with a cast after the antique. And it must be a very fine picture, in our opinion, which can equal the effect even of a bust, much less of a large statue. There is a kind of presence in sculpture, which there is not in the flat surface and more obvious artifice of painting. It is more companion-like; or, rather, it is more god-like, intellectual, and predominant. The very beauty of its shape becomes meditative. There is a look in its calm, sightless eyes that seems to dispense with the common medium of vision,—a perceiving thought, an undisturbable depth of intuition."

The same graceful persuasion—similarly followed out by his own constant practice—runs through that enchanting essay in the

"London Journal" for 2d July, 1834, entitled "Breakfast in Summer." After picturing the least promising kind of room as the one to which poverty may possibly limit the reader, he suggests that "perhaps the morning sun comes into his room," adding: "The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it." Then he goes on to suppose a room where even the sun does not enter, and asks:

"What ornament is there, what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap, that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers. Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and buttercups from your last field-walk, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a branch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass,—one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honor. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table. * * * Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy waking of the creation; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves or those about us, some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

"Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb-market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay, always, beautiful, particularly in spring, when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty, and indeed

'Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.'

* * * For our part, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we would not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to show us that good-natured Nature was alive."

And well and nobly and truly did Leigh Hunt fulfill the pledge conveyed in that closing sentence! He bore adversity firmly,—nay, smilingly; and no less won admiration from those who had the privilege of knowing him when alive, than he secured lasting esteem and affection after he left earth.

HAS UTAH A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT?

It has been generally supposed that, aside from the custom of plural marriage prevailing among the Mormons, there was little to distinguish them from other religious communities. It is quite as generally believed that if means could be devised to suppress the practice of polygamy in Utah, no other evil of such magnitude as to require special attention from Congress or the people of the United States would remain to be corrected. A very cursory examination of the Mormon system will show that polygamy is only one of a series of evils, attracting attention by its prominence rather than its preëminence over its fellows. About thirty bills, more or less elaborate in character, have been introduced into the national Congress within the last six years, designed to cure the evils prevailing in Utah, and while most of them contained provisions intended to uproot polygamy, nearly all presented conclusive evidence that their authors had found other evils of the most vital character requiring treatment.

It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable, in view of this record in Congress, that any writer should fall into the error of supposing that the hostility of the Gentiles of Utah to the Mormon Church is chiefly on account of polygamy, and that with the extinction of this system, which it is declared will be brought about by natural causes, there would remain nothing serious to be remedied in the political or social organization of the Territory. The historical facts are that Mormonism grew, flourished, and acquired some of its most dangerous features, and brought itself into violent collision with settled principles of the American system of government, before polygamy was grafted on its creed. If the president of the Mormon Church should tomorrow decree by a special "revelation" that the practice of polygamy was no longer necessary to "celestial exaltation," and that all such marriages heretofore contracted (and recorded only in the secret archives of the Church) were null; if the President of the United States should issue his proclamation of amnesty for all past offenses in this regard; if Congress should legitimize the thousands of children born of polygamous parents, and if the territorial legislature should make suitable provision for each discarded plural wife and her offspring out of her husband's estate or the coffers of the Church—if

every part of this very improbable combination could be brought about, there would still remain grounds as strong as those removed for the hostility of the Gentiles of Utah to the Mormon Church, and reasons as powerful for Congressional legislation before Utah could safely be placed in the line of progress toward American statehood.

The facts are that the Territory of Utah has never been organized in accordance with the genius and spirit of American institutions. There exists there to-day a government within a government, an *imperium in imperio* almost as dangerous to the future of the West as the slave oligarchy of the South was to the peace of the nation thirty years ago; moreover, the peculiar institutions of Mormonism are defended, as was slavery, with an ominous similarity of phrase and logic, as being merely "domestic concerns," with which other States and Territories have no right to interfere, and which "only ask to be let alone." The gravity of the situation must not be underestimated, and it must not be supposed that Mormonism is confined to Utah alone. It holds the balance of power in Idaho, and wields an important influence in Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, and Nevada. Its organization rests upon principles hostile to those upon which the Government of the United States is founded and its teachings are everywhere subversive of freedom, morality, and progress.

The condition of affairs in Utah is this: Outside of the handful of Federal officials, whose authority is generally held in contempt by the Mormons, and whose reputations are invariably, and often successfully, traduced just in proportion as they prove unyielding to the demands of the Mormon leaders, all power is virtually lodged in the ecclesiastical organization commonly known as the Mormon Church, but self-styled "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." This body is primarily controlled by a president and twelve apostles, whose authority is recognized by their devotees as absolute and supreme. Unquestioning "obedience to counsel" is demanded from every member of the Church, and so complete is the surveillance established that it is seldom this obedience is refused, and never without serious consequences. If the control thus exercised were confined to religious matters there would be no just cause of complaint.

But it enters into trade, politics, and all the other secular business of life.

Prior to 1850, when Congress gave to Utah a territorial government similar to that of the other Territories, the handful of Mormons resident there framed a State government, calling it the government of the "State of Deseret," and this unauthorized organization, with Brigham Young (President of the Mormon Church) as governor, with its officers, legislative, executive, and judicial, was persistently maintained by the Mormons for many years after the establishment of the legal territorial government. Brigham Young took the oath of office as Governor of Utah Territory before the Chief-Justice of this "State of Deseret," and, as late as 1872, Albert Carrington, one of the twelve apostles, declared, in a sermon preached in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, in the presence of the three Federal judges of the Supreme Court and an audience of thousands of people, "that the territorial government of Utah was a gross usurpation, totally unconstitutional, null and void."

The legislative power of the Territory is vested by the organic act in the Governor and a legislative assembly supposed to be chosen by the people. As this last-named body was in harmony with the executive for the first eight years of its existence, the spirit of Mormonism will be fully shown by a brief reference to the legislation of those years. The first act, in date Oct. 4, 1851, is found in the compiled laws of 1870. It is a grant to Brigham Young of all the waters of City Creek and all the timber of the City Creek cañon, for a consideration of five hundred dollars. The grantee in this act was the Governor, whose approval was required to give it the semblance of validity. City Creek furnished the water-supply for Salt Lake City and vicinity, and the cañon was the resort of the inhabitants for building-timber and fuel. Under authority of this grant, for twenty years Brigham Young exacted one-third of all the timber taken out of the cañon, and distributed the water to whomsoever he pleased. During the same session of the legislature, all the timber in the cañons of the Big Cottonwood and Mill creeks, and the "next cañon north of Mill Creek," was granted to Brigham Young's first counselor, and to one of the twelve apostles, while the control of all the timber in the cañons on the east side of the "next mountain" was given to George A. Smith, another of the twelve. On the same day, the control of all the waters of Twin Springs, and all the timber in the cañons on the west side of the Oquirrh Mountains, was

granted to Ezra T. Benson, another apostle. By these half-dozen acts, all the water and all the timber in the two counties of Salt Lake and Tooele, now having a population of forty thousand people, were placed under the control of five persons. The same legislature granted to Brigham Young, in proprietorship, the two islands in Salt Lake, called Stansberry and Antelope islands, containing over thirty thousand acres of land. Suffice it to say that, up to 1870, the majority in number and bulk of the Utah statutes was composed of special acts making grants of land, timber, water privileges, charters for bridges, ferries, and roads to individuals; and charters for cities and towns to private societies and associations.

The laws of a general nature were equally objectionable. The Probate Court judges elected by the people of the different counties were declared to possess jurisdiction in all cases, civil and criminal, at common law and in chancery, and the spectacle of a Mormon bishop, who knew nothing about law, trying a defendant for a felony or on a capital charge was of common occurrence till the act of Congress known as the Poland Bill, passed June 23, 1874, put an end to these exhibitions. These probate courts even usurped the right to release, under writs of *habeas corpus*, persons charged with crimes and duly committed by the Federal judges.

With the double purpose of withdrawing large tracts of arable land from settlement by non-Mormons, and of placing all municipal legislation in the hands of Mormon city councils, and thus evading the veto of the Governor, large numbers of towns and cities were incorporated, and municipal courts were created, with wide powers, for the trial of both civil and criminal causes. Thirty-seven towns and cities were thus created, and though most of them were, and still are, mere hamlets, their corporate limits range all the way from fifteen to fifty square miles in extent each. A sample of this scheme for preventing settlements on the public lands is found in the charters granted to the towns and cities of Cache Valley. Beginning with a village situated in the southern end of the valley, a series of eight incorporated towns and cities was created, to include the entire valley, nearly forty miles in extent, while there are to this day wide intervals without a single habitation. One farm, called the "Church Farm," containing seven thousand acres of the finest lands in the Territory, lies in this valley, and was thus withheld from settlement until squatters, under the direction of Brigham Young, secured the title from the United States, which they immediately conveyed to the Mormon prophet.

When Gentile prospectors began the development of the vast mineral wealth of Utah, repeated efforts were made by the Mormon legislature to tax the mines out of existence—efforts which were only defeated by the absolute veto of the Governor. As recent instances of this attempted legislation, reference is made to Governor Emery's veto of the bill to suppress smelters in the Territory (*Journal of Legislature*, 1876, page 261), and also to the Governor's veto of the bill levying a tax on the mines and a double tax on their products (*Journal of Legislature*, 1878, page 321).

Jurors, even in criminal cases, were not required to be citizens of the United States but the officer was directed "to summon twelve judicious men" (chapter 30, January 21, 1853, section 9). The same act (section 24) provided "that the property of a person accused of an offense shall be held depending the execution of the judgment." The oppression of seizing the property of a person simply accused of an offense has probably not been felt anywhere else in modern times.

The election laws were such that the proceedings were a farce. The act prescribing the qualifications of voters was passed January 21, 1859, more than eight years after the organization of the Territory, and the reason for this is made apparent by the fifth section, which excluded soldiers and officers of the United States from the privilege of voting. The army of General Johnstone, after subduing the Mormon rebellion, was then in quarters at Camp Floyd, and, it was feared, might lighten its military duties by an attempt on the ballot-box. The act "regulating elections" was passed January 3, 1853, but contained not a syllable defining the qualifications of voters, and had not the advance of the army made it necessary to exclude non-Mormons, the subsequent law of 1859 would never have seen the light. Under the earlier statute, which was unchanged until 1878, every ballot was numbered and the name of the voter written on it, so that by no possibility could a vote be cast which the Mormon priesthood could not examine. After the passage of the act of February 12, 1870, giving every woman of the age of twenty-one years, "or who is the wife, widow, or the daughter of a native-born or naturalized citizen of the United States," the right "to vote at any election" in the Territory, the elections have been a most unseemly mockery. Polygamous wives, foreign-born, without the pretense of having been naturalized, minors who were the daughters of citizens, and many persons who claimed to have been naturalized by proceedings in the probate courts which were utterly

void, have assumed the right to deposit their votes in the ballot-box. Even the act of 1878, providing ostensibly for a secret ballot, only prohibits the marking of the envelope containing the ballot. The marking of the ballots is no more prohibited now than before. The restraints upon male voting under this law are such as virtually to disfranchise the anti-Mormon population, and this is conclusively shown by the diminished anti-Mormon vote. Out of a voting capacity of at least three thousand in the county of Salt Lake alone, the last election disclosed an aggregate of about one-tenth of that number.

The law of taxation is equally open to criticism and the charge of favoritism and discrimination. Under it, while the cooking-stoves and sewing-machines of the poor were being seized for the payment of taxes, the county courts were "remitting" the taxes of the president of the Church and of Mormon railroad corporations to large amounts.*

Nominally a school system was established, but in practice it is a scheme to compel the erection of Mormon "meeting-houses" at the expense of the public. All the abominable doctrines of the Mormon Church are taught in such schools, and the non-Mormon is thus forced to support by his purse the system he detests, and meanwhile to provide private schools for his children.

While this objectionable legislation has been the rule, and not the exception, the failure to provide wholesome laws has been conspicuous. Until 1874, there was no statute of frauds, or conveyances, or for the record of deeds, etc. The result is needless insecurity and difficulty where titles, coming directly from the Government, should be of the simplest kind. There is no statute on the subject of the relations of the sexes, except a divorce act so notoriously infamous that it was recently amended. There is no law on the subject of marriage; no one is authorized to celebrate it; no witnesses are required, and no record is made of it. By the act of February 15, 1872, the wife is deprived of right of dower and all property rights in her husband's estate, and by the act of March 4, 1852, in force until 1878, she was made liable to imprisonment for five years if she even trod upon the grass in her husband's door-yard against his command (secs. 44, 45, and 46). The brutal language of the statute is:

"The preceding sections severally extend to a married woman who commits either of the offenses herein described, though the property may belong wholly or in part to her husband."

* Act of Jan. 20, 1864, sec. 14.

Is it any wonder that women obey implicitly the masters who hold them by such chains in their hopeless bondage—that suffrage placed in such hands drives from the polls in utter disgust the free-born American citizen who looks upon this right as a sacred trust and the palladium of his liberty?

In 1878, the Mormon legislature repealed all statutes against seduction, lascivious cohabitation, and incest. A man may marry his own sister without coming within any statutory restraint, and adultery and fornication have no penalty under the law. Instances of the marriage of a man to his brother or sister's children are by no means uncommon, and when, a few years since, a Mormon bishop was removed from the position of postmaster because he had committed matrimony with two of his brother's daughters, the whole priesthood protested against it as a gross persecution on account of his religion.

Further instances of Mormon misrule might be multiplied indefinitely. Those presented sufficiently show that the body committing or permitting such outrages is unfitted to exercise legislative power. Of the thirty-six members of the legislative assembly now in session in Utah, thirty-two are officers of the Mormon Church, twenty-eight are living in polygamy, though it is a felony under the act of Congress, and all are Mormons. They meet simply to do the bidding of the Church, but their mileage and *per diem* compensation are paid by the United States.

On the 15th of February, 1873, Senator Frelinghuysen, now Secretary of State, reported before the Judiciary Committee Senate Bill 1540—"a bill in aid of the execution of the laws in the Territory of Utah, and for other purposes," which showed a thorough knowledge of affairs in Utah, and went far toward providing means of redress. It proposed to repeal and annul many obnoxious laws, provided remedies for many evils of the elective system, and afforded protection to a large class where it did not provide for redress. The bill was bitterly antagonized by Senator Sargent of California, and resulted in a measure which finally passed Congress June 23, 1874, which, while equipping the courts with jurors so drawn as to make a trial in which the Mormon Church or its leaders were interested result in inevitable disagreement, still gave to non-Mormons a chance for justice. Priestly cunning has, since its passage, been engaged in circumventing its operations, and its inadequacy is admitted. The impulse given by this legislation to the study of the difficulties of enforcing the law in Utah has resulted in wide discussion, and the late President Garfield, after giving the subject thorough con-

sideration, declared his views in his inaugural in the following forcible language:

"In my judgment, it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the uttermost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit within its jurisdiction all criminal practices, especially of that class which destroy the family relations and endanger social order. *Nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp, in the smallest degree, the functions and powers of the national Government.*"

In consultation with Mr. Willits, a leading member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives from the State of Michigan, during the past summer, President Garfield strongly advocated the adoption of a measure which has since been introduced into the present Congress by Mr. Willits. This bill is in principle the same as the act of Congress passed at its first session under the Constitution, providing for the government of the territory north-west of the Ohio. Instead of the legislative power being vested in the Governor and the judges, as in that act, a council of nine citizens of the Territory who are qualified voters is, upon the appointment of the President and confirmation by the Senate, authorized to exercise the law-making power over all rightful subjects of legislation, subject to the approval of the Governor, the power to annul and disapprove of its acts being reserved by Congress. The present government of the District of Columbia, with a population of one hundred and eighty thousand, is more arbitrary than the scheme provided in this bill. The abuses in the District of Columbia, which led Congress to abolish its territorial government, were trifles compared with the long series of wrongs which have disgraced the governmental history of Utah.

The Utah question is in no just sense a "problem." It involves the simple question of enforcing the laws of the United States in Utah as they are enforced elsewhere. The execution of the law against theft and murder is no longer regarded as a "problem" requiring very grave deliberation or extraordinary statesmanship. The execution of the laws in Utah involves only the adaptation of simple means to the end proposed, and resistance to their firm and fair execution will cease when the determination to execute them is backed by the means. We are told by optimists and superficial observers that the immigration of non-Mormons, intercourse with the world, schools and the printing-press, will in time cure the evils of which the non-Mormons complain. If this be so, why is it that the laws which forbade and punished seduction, adultery, lascivious cohabitation, and incest have all

recently been repealed, and these social crimes purged from the criminal catalogue of the Territory? Why is it that, while the railroad and the telegraph and the press are exposing the evils of polygamy to the gaze of the nation, polygamous marriages are being contracted at a greater rate than heretofore? The truth is that the friends of good government are increasing in Utah, but the Mormon Church power is relatively gaining still more rapidly. Wealth, intelligence, and enterprise shun a region governed by such influences. Some are driven out by Church oppression. Many refuse to abide where liberty is but a name, civil government a farce, and a fanaticism that palsies enterprise

and pollutes the hearth-stone reigns unchecked. While the philosopher is waiting for public opinion and schools and commerce to revolutionize Utah, the hardy immigrant who, in looking to the valleys of the Rocky Mountains for a home for himself and his family, arrives in Utah, surveys the prospect, and with disgust that such a condition of things is tolerated under the flag of the country, moves on to Montana, Idaho, or Washington Territory. Year by year this stream flows steadily into Utah, and as steadily out of and beyond it. This will go on until the proper remedy is applied, and this cancer in the breast of the nation shall be cured.

BRYANT AND LONGFELLOW.

IN THE forthcoming biography of Mr. Bryant, a pleasant glimpse is given us of the early relations of Bryant and Longfellow (relations, we may add, continued to the end), of which the biographer furnishes us a brief sketch. It seems that, long ago as 1826, when Mr. Bryant was acting as editor of the "New York Review," he had occasion to notice the "United States Literary Gazette," a Boston periodical, of which he said:

"Of all the numerous English periodical works, we do not know any one that has furnished within the same time as much really beautiful poetry. We might cite, in proof of this, the 'April Day,' the 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns,' and the 'Sunrise on the Hills,' by H. W. L. (we know not who he is), or more particularly those exquisite *morceaux* 'True Greatness,' 'The Soul of Song,' 'The Grave of the Patriots,' and 'The Desolate City,' by P., whom it would be affectation not to recognize as Dr. Percival."

The H. W. L. of whom the critic knew nothing was an under-graduate of Bowdoin College, who since has come to be known everywhere as Henry W. Longfellow.

Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow did not meet till some time in 1835, when they came together at Heidelberg, where, we may suppose, they took many a walk in the solemn shades of the pine-forests, or had many a laugh over the trout breakfasts of the Wolfbrunnen. A great deal of what they talked about no doubt got into "Hyperion," which Mr. Longfellow published shortly after his return home, and which Mr. Bryant hailed as a work of great merit. Indeed, as each successive poem or book of the younger poet appeared, it found a ready admirer in him who was already a veteran in the service of the Muse.

When, in 1845-6, the illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems came out in Philadelphia, from the press of Carey & Hart, Mr. Bryant wrote to its author as follows:

"NEW YORK, January 31, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been looking over the collection of your poems recently published by Carey & Hart, with Huntington's illustrations. They appear to me more beautiful than on former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verse dwells more agreeably than ever in my ear, and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling, and their spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life.

"I had been reading aloud to my wife some of your poems that pleased me most, and she would not be content until I had written to express to you some of the admiration which I could not help manifesting as I read them. I am not one of those who believe that a true poet is insensible to the excellence of his writings, and know that you can afford to dispense with such slight corroboration as the general judgment in your favor could derive from any opinion of mine. You must allow me, however, to add my voice to the many which make up the sum of poetic fame.

"Yours very truly,

"W. C. BRYANT."

To this the younger poet replied with frankness and becoming gratitude:

"CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged to you for your friendly letter, which has given me, I assure you, the sincerest pleasure. Your expressions of praise and sympathy are very valuable to me; and I heartily thank Mrs. Bryant for prompting your busy hand to write.

"In return, let me say what a staunch friend and admirer of yours I have been from the beginning, and acknowledge how much I owe to you, not only of delight but of culture. When I look back upon my earlier verses, I cannot but smile to see how much in them is really yours. It was an involuntary imitation which I most readily confess, and say, as Dante says to Virgil:

'Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore.'

"With kind remembrance to your wife, to Julia, and to the Godwins,

"Faithfully yours,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Again, on the publication of "Evangeline,"

in 1848, Mr. Bryant expressed his high sense of its beauty in the columns of the "Evening Post." His friend, Richard H. Dana, of Cambridge, was disposed to think that he had estimated it too highly; but Mr. Bryant wrote a letter to Dana, and thus justified his opinion:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 12, 1848.

" * * * I did not, I am sure, make any such comparison of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' with other American poems as you have ascribed to me. What I said was that it had given me altogether more pleasure in the reading than any poem which had lately appeared, than any poem which had been published within several years. And this is true. I have never made any attempt to analyze the source of this pleasure. The poem interested and affected me strangely. Whatever may be said of parts, they are all harmonized by a poetic feeling of great sweetness and gentleness which belongs to the author. My ear admits, nay delights in, the melody of the hexameter as he has managed it, and I, no doubt, expressed my satisfaction with the poem in warm terms. * * *"

Mr. Bryant's ear may have delighted in Longfellow's hexameters, but we may add that it does not seem to have delighted in his own; for when he began his translation of Homer's "Iliad," he began it in hexameters, but before long he found them impracticable, and he was glad to recur to what we think infinitely better in English,—the iambic pentameter, or blank verse, as it is called. None the less, Mr. Bryant's hexameters, in our judgment, limp along as readily as those of anybody else—even Longfellow's, which he so much enjoyed. Let the reader take a specimen from the fifth book of the "Odyssey," the description of Ulysses coming to the grotto of Calypso—a passage, by the way, which Pope has rendered more charmingly than almost any other in the epic:

"Now, when he reached in his course that isle far
off in the ocean,
Forth from the dark-blue swell of the waves he
stepped on the sea-beach;
Onward he went till he came to the broad-roofed
grove where the goddess
Made her abode, the bright-haired nymph. In her
dwelling he found her;
There on the hearth a huge fire glowed, and far
through the island
Floated the fume of frankincense and cedar wood
cloven and blazing.
Meanwhile sweetly her song was heard from the
cave, as the shuttle
Ran through the threads from her diligent hand,
and the long web lengthened;
All round the grotto a grove uprose, with its verd-
urous shadow,
Alders and poplars together, and summits of sweet-
smelling cypress.
'Mist them the broad-winged birds of the air built
nests in the branches,
Falcons and owls of the wood, and crows with far-
sounding voices,
Haunting the shores of the deep for their food. On
the rock of the cavern
Clambered a vine, in a rich, wild growth, and heavy
with clusters.

Four clear streams from the cliffs poured out their
glittering waters,
Near to each other, and wandered—meandering
hither and thither;
Round them lay meadows where violets glowed, and
the ivy o'er-mantled
Earth with its verdure. A god, who here on the
isle had descended,
Well might wonder and gaze with delight on the
beauty before him."

While speaking of Mr. Bryant, let us express our regret to learn that he has left no unpublished poem of any great length or merit behind him. It was generally inferred from the phrases "A Fragment" or "From an unpublished Poem," which frequently appear in his printed works, that he had reserved a *magnum opus* for posthumous publication: but such was not the case. Three times in his life he appears to have projected a great narrative-poem, but he was never successful in carrying out his intentions. Once, when he was still a young man, he conceived the plan of an Indian epic, the scene of which was to be laid in the old Pontoosuck forests, amid which he was born, but he wrote only an introduction to it, in the manner of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake." A little later, about 1823, while a practicing lawyer in Great Barrington, he began a romantic tale in verse, which was to be called "The Spectre Ship," and was founded on a story told by Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," of a ship that sailed out of New Haven Bay, with a large number of returning pilgrims on board, and was never heard of again, although the form of it was seen for many years afterward hovering about the coasts, particularly in stormy weather. Mr. Longfellow wrote some lines for "Graham's Magazine" on the same subject, beginning:

"In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme."

Mr. Bryant finished only about two hundred verses, and then threw them aside.

Writing to Mr. Dana, who was continually urging him to undertake a more elaborate production than any he had yet written, Mr. Bryant says, under date of Great Barrington, July 8, 1824:

" * * * You inquire whether I have written anything except what I have furnished to Parsons [of the "United States Literary Gazette"]. Nothing at all. I made an engagement with him with a view, in the first place, to earn something in addition to the emolument of my profession, which, as you may suppose, are not very ample, and in the second place, to keep my hand in, for I was very near discontinuing entirely the writing of verses. As for setting myself about the great work you mention, I know you make the sug-

gestion in great personal kindness towards myself, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense of that unwearied good-will which has more than once called my attention to this subject. But I feel reluctant to undertake such a thing, for several reasons. In the first place, a project of that sort on my hands would be apt to make me abstracted, impatient of business, and forgetful of my professional engagements, and my literary experience has taught me that it is to my profession alone that I can look for the steady means of supplying the wants of the day. In the second place, I am lazy. In the third place, I am deterred by the difficulty of finding a proper subject. I began last winter to write a narrative poem, which I meant should be a little longer than any I had already composed; but finding that would turn out at last a poor story about a 'Spectre Ship,' and that the tradition on which I had founded it had already been made use of by Irving, I gave it up. I fancy that it is of some importance to the success of a work that the subject should be happily chosen. The only poems that have any currency at present are of a narrative kind—light stories, in which love is a principal ingredient. Nobody writes epic, and nobody reads didactic poems, and as for dramatic poems, they are out of the question. In this uncertainty, what is to be done? It is a great misfortune to write what everybody calls frivolous, and a still greater to write what nobody can read."

As far as one is able to judge from the two or three hundred lines that remain of this poem, love was "the principal ingredient." The story involved the fortunes of a young man who sailed in the ill-fated vessel in which he experienced all the disasters of shipwreck, leaving behind him an orphan girl, to whom he was betrothed, who experienced the still more terrible disaster of captivity among the Indians—a scheme, it must be confessed, admitting of a good deal of wild romance and of vivid description of both forest and ocean. How the phantom element was to be brought in, is left to conjecture.

Mr. Bryant says, in the letter just cited, that he was deterred from prosecuting his design by the fact that Irving had "already

made use of the subject": but we cannot recall any piece of Irving in which that was done. Irving wrote a tale called "The Spectre Bridegroom," but that is of German origin, and has nothing in it resembling the legend which Mather reports. In his story of Dolph Heylinger, also, he refers to the Pilgrim superstition of a missing ship that re-appeared on the coasts, in bad weather, as a faith more or less prevalent in all the colonies, but he makes no use of it further than to remark upon it in the course of his narrative. Perhaps some of our readers can tell us more distinctly what it was in Irving that drove Mr. Bryant off the field.

A third one of his attempts related, as far as we can now judge, to a hermit who, having run through the varied experiences of life, and seen what there was to be seen of our continent and climate, from the sea-coast to the Mississippi, withdraws to the solitudes of the forests, where, in his hut, he tells to some adventurous boys the story of his career. He was to do duty, we conjecture, as Wordsworth's peddler does in "The Excursion,"—that is, he was to serve as the lay figure on which the poet was going to hang his fine descriptions of nature. Nothing more, however, came of this scheme than of the others, unless we are permitted to suppose that "The Fountain," the "Evening Reverie," "Noon," and one or two more of his pieces in blank verse, were parts of this projected whole. It would have been very easy to connect these pieces together, by some little story of this kind; but we are not sure that the readers of poetry would have been the gainers. "The Excursion" is not now read as a whole, only in its episodes, and the narrative which is meant to give it unity only gives it length and heaviness.

THE BLACK BEAR.

THE black bear (*Ursus Americanus*) derives its name from its fur, which is a rich, warm, and extremely glossy jet black, except on the muzzle, where, beginning at the mouth, the hair is a fawn color, which deepens into the dark tan color of the face, and ends in rounded spots over each eye. These color-marks and its peculiarly convex facial outline are the distinguishing marks of the species. The tan color becomes, with age, a brownish gray. The largest black bear I ever saw weighed five hundred and twenty-three pounds, and measured six feet and four inches from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. One of this species seems to possess the power of transforming himself at will into a variety of

shapes. When stretched out at length he appears very long; when in good condition, short and stout; when upright, tall; and when asleep, he looks like a ball of glossy black fur. The black bear of to-day may be termed omnivorous, inasmuch as fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, and insects are all eagerly devoured by him. He mates in October, and the period of gestation lasts one hundred and twenty days. Two to four cubs form a litter. The cubs are always jet black, and not ash color, as some of the older naturalists affirm. If, according to Flourens, the natural life of an animal be five times the period of its growth to maturity, I should think that the black bear's limit was about twenty years. I knew of a

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cub which increased in size until his fourth year, when he appeared to have arrived at maturity.

Many country people and some experienced hunters have seen, as they believe, another species of the black bear, which they name a ranger, or racer. He is described as being a longer, taller, and thinner animal than the black bear proper, extremely savage, and distinguished by a white star or crescent on his breast. Marvelous tales are related of his ruthless doings, and any act of more than ordinary ferocity and daring, such as the wanton destruction of a large number of sheep, in daylight, in sight of the farm-house, is always attributed to a ranger. It is also said of him that he never hibernates, but prowls about all winter, seeking what he may devour, and keeping the farmers constantly on the alert to protect their stock. I have never had sufficient proof to warrant belief in the existence of a ranger bear, but have occasionally met with specimens of the black bear answering in some points to the above description. For instance, I have seen several black bears with white crescents on their breasts. The truth probably is that at times, during mild winters, a stray black bear may be seen prowling about when, in accordance with all accepted ideas on the subject, he should be fast asleep. This probable fact, and the variation in size and form common to all animals, no doubt account for the popular belief in the existence of the ranger bear.

The time when the black bear selects the den in which his long winter nap is taken depends on the openness or severity of the season. In any season he is seldom met abroad after the first of December, and is not seen again until the first warm days of March. He does not seem particular as to the character of his den, provided it shields him from the inclemency of the weather. A retreat dug by his powerful claws under the roots of a windfall, a rocky cave on the hill-side, or a hollow log, if he can find one large enough to admit him, will serve for a winter home. When he is ready to hibernate he is in fine condition and his fur is at its best. It is at this season that the hunters redouble their efforts to capture him. When he comes out in the spring he is in a sorry condition, and is seldom molested unless he makes himself troublesome to farmers. Numerous, and curious beyond belief, have been the theories and explanations offered by naturalists to account for the suspension of the functions of nature during hibernation. An Indian whom I have found to be trustworthy has often called my attention to fir-trees which had been freshly

stripped of their bark, to a distance of five or six feet from the ground, and has told me that it was the work of bears that were after the balsam, large quantities of which, according to the Indian, they eat every autumn before going into their dens. It was his theory that the balsam prevented bodily waste, and that when the bears came out in the spring they dug up and ate large quantities of a root which had the effect of restoring bodily functions that had been suspended during the period of hibernation. The den is sometimes revealed by a small opening over his place of concealment, where the snow has been melted by his breath. When efforts are made to dislodge him by making a fire of boughs and moss at the entrance to his den, he will attempt to trample the fire out, and often succeeds. He has, however, a natural dread of fire, and at the first signs of a forest-fire becomes greatly alarmed, and flies to the open clearings and road-ways. I once passed on horseback through a forest-fire which was burning on each side of the road, and most of the distance I was accompanied by a big black bear, which was following that avenue of escape.

It would seem improbable that the young of the black bear were liable to fall a prey to the fox and black cat, or fisher, yet such is the fact. This happens, of course, when the cubs are very young, and incapable of following their dam in her search for food. The black cat is the most successful cub-slayer. The fox, notwithstanding his proverbial sagacity, is often surprised by the return of the bear, and killed before he can escape from the den. An Indian hunter, who knew of two litters of cubs which he intended to capture as soon as they were old enough to be taken from their dam, was anticipated in one case by a black cat, and in the other by a fox. The latter paid the penalty of his adventure with his life, and was found in the den literally torn into shreds by the furious bear. The fox had killed one of the cubs, and the old bear, hoping to find a more secure place, had gone off with the two remaining cubs. The Indian overtook and slew her, and captured the cubs. Upon another occasion, he was not so fortunate. Stimulated by the large price offered by the officers of a garrison town for a pair of live cubs, he was indefatigable in his endeavors to find a den. One day, when accompanied by his little son, a boy of ten, he discovered unmistakable traces of a bear's den, near the top of a hill strewn with granite boulders, and almost impassable from the number of fallen pines. One old pine had fallen uphill, and its up-reared roots, with the soil clinging to them,

formed, with a very large rock, a triangular space into which the snow had drifted to a depth of ten or twelve feet. The Indian was about to pass on, when he detected the whining of bear-cubs. By making a *détour*, he reached a place on a level with the bottom of the boulder, and there saw the tracks of an old bear, leading directly into the center of the space between the tree-root and the boulder. The old bear, in her comings and goings, had tunneled a passage under the snow-drift. Getting down on his hands and knees, the Indian, with his knife held between his teeth, crept, bear fashion, into the tunnel. After entering several feet, he found the usual bear device—a path branching off in two directions. While pondering what to do under such circumstances, a warning cry came from his little son, who was perched on the top of the boulder, and the next instant the old bear rushed into the tunnel, and came into violent contact with the Indian, the shock causing the tunnel to cave in. The Indian, after dealing the bear one blow, lost his knife in the snow, and seized the bear with his hands; but she proved too strong for him, and was the first to struggle out of the drift, when, unfortunately, she met the little Indian boy, who had climbed down to his father's rescue. He received a tremendous blow on the thigh from the bear's paw as she passed, which crippled him for life. Four days afterward the Indian, determined to avenge the injury of his son by slaying the old bear, returned to the den, and discovered her lying dead upon the snow in front of the boulder: his one blow had gone home, and the poor creature had crawled back to her young to die. The Indian dug away the snow, and found three cubs; one was dead, and the others died before he could reach his camp.

The principal strongholds of the black bear at the present day are the great forests of Maine and New Brunswick. My own observation and the reports of farmers lead me to think that Bruin is growing more carnivorous and discontented with a diet of herbs. Assuredly, he is growing bolder. He is also developing a propensity to destroy more than he can eat, and it is not improbable that his posterity may cease to be frugi-carnivorous. It is fortunate that an animal of the strength and ferocity which he displays when aroused, seldom attacks man. The formation of his powerful jaws and terrible canine teeth are well adapted to seize and hold his prey, and his molars are strong enough to crush the bones of an ox. His great strength, however, lies in his fore-arm and paws. His mode of attacking his prey is not to seize it

with his teeth, but to strike terrific blows with his fore-paw.

Bruin's weakness is for pork, and to obtain it he will run any risk. When the farmers, after suffering severe losses at his hands, become unusually alert, he retires to the depths of the forest and solaces himself with a young moose, caribou, or deer. He seldom or never attacks a full-grown moose, but traces of desperate encounters, in which the cow-moose has battled for her offspring, are frequently met with in the woods. The average value of a bear, including the bounty, is twenty dollars. This being the case, it may appear surprising that larger numbers are not taken. But the black bear combines extreme cunning with great sagacity, and every year he seems to be getting more on his guard, and suspicious of all devices intended for his capture. Large, full-grown animals are seldom killed. A black bear skin, taken at the proper season, is not excelled by any other kind of fur. If properly dressed, it possesses great softness and a gloss peculiar to itself. The fur is highly esteemed in Europe, where it is used for sleigh and carriage robes, and coat linings and trimmings. It is also in much request in England and other parts of Europe, for the shakos of certain infantry regiments and the housings and trappings of cavalry.

In the autumn of 1879, in the Red Rock district, Province of New Brunswick, eighteen bears were killed, only two of which had arrived at maturity; some of them were only yearlings. Only ten or twelve settlers and their families inhabit the district, and during that year seventy-three head of stock, including sheep, hogs, and horned cattle, were destroyed by bears. This district, situated on the extreme outskirts of civilization, is the bear's paradise. The houses in most cases are built of logs, and the occupants are a stalwart, simple race, whose manners and customs carry you back to the frontier life of half a century ago. They are hospitable to a degree not often met with at the present day. The farms on which they live are clearings in the primeval forests. During a visit to this district, I had the luck, unexpectedly, to see Bruin at home in one of his wildest retreats. North of the settlement a range of rocky hills rises perpendicularly from the shores of a forest lake. The hills are strewn with gigantic boulders, over which the hunter must pick his way with no little difficulty and danger. But by that expert climber, the black bear, such rugged ground is easily traversed. Our tramp had been a long one, and on our return my Indian guide proposed that we should cross the Red Rock hills, and thus save much time. Disregarding the old adage that "the longest way

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HEAD OF *URSUS AMERICANUS*.

round is the shortest way home," I was deluded into following the guide's advice. Great black clouds threatened an autumn storm. After much hard climbing, we reached a place where the whole hill-side seemed riven apart. On every side we were surrounded by precipices and deep gulches, partly filled with great boulders and sharp fragments of rocks. Although the dangers were not of Alpine magnitude, they might just as well have been, inasmuch as they were greater than we had any means of overcoming. In attempting to find a way out, we clambered along a ledge of rocks that afforded only insecure footing, and gradually diminished in width until all farther progress in that direction became impracticable. Retracing our steps, almost in despair of finding an outlet, we came to a fissure in the cliff just wide enough to admit one at a time. For a distance of twenty feet we were able to walk in an upright position; then the pass-

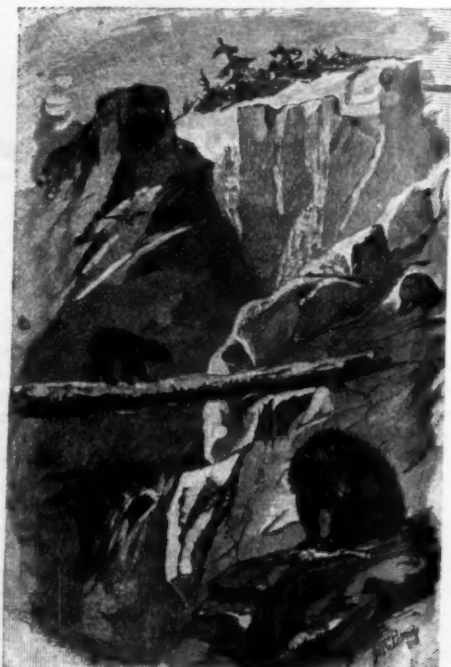
age narrowed rapidly, and we had to crawl upon our hands and knees in almost perfect darkness. Presently we came to a place where the opening was so low that, if one attempted to straighten up, his back came in contact with a solid wall of rock; thence the passage took a sharp downward pitch, at the bottom of which we found a space sufficiently large to permit us to regain an upright position. The darkness was now complete, and, not daring to move for fear of getting a fall, I thought it prudent to return to the ledge, and imparted my intention to the guide. I received no reply, and called out in a louder voice. To my surprise, the answer came in a muffled tone from a locality apparently directly under me. By this time, my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and I detected a bluish, glimmering light on the rocky wall overhead, proceeding from a distant corner of the space in which I stood. Creeping to the source of the light, I found a wedge-like opening, decreasing



INDIAN HUNTER WAITING FOR A BEAR.

in width as it descended. While debating with myself what to do next, the guide's head appeared at the bottom of the opening. He called to me to come down. Entering in a recumbent position, feet foremost, I slipped down and discovered that the passage led into another chamber-like space, with the difference that it was in open daylight, the sky being visible beyond an overhanging ledge of rocks. The rocky platform was strewn with bones, and plentifully sprinkled with porcupine quills. The information of the guide was not needed to convince me that we were in the ante-chamber of a bear's den, and that the room above was the den proper. It seems almost incredible that the black bear should permit such an offensive animal as the porcupine to occupy the same den with him, but there is good reason to believe that he sometimes does so. Although it was too early in the season for Bruin to seek permanent winter quarters, I did not feel at all certain that he might not pay occasional visits to his den, and urged the guide to get out of the place as soon as possible. As there was likely to be more than one entrance to the den, we looked about us

and discovered that, by climbing over a jutting ledge of rock, we should be able to get upon a lower and much more extensive plateau of rock immediately under the den. We reached the platform safely, and, selecting a spot where we were sheltered and concealed by boulders, we called a halt, and lighted our pipes. A slight tap on the shoulder caused me to turn around, and, looking in the direction indicated by the guide, I saw a large bear seated on his haunches and looking intently at something. Farther away I saw another bear, crossing a chasm on an old pine-log that bridged it, and that afterward helped us out of our dilemma. Another tap on the shoulder, and another surprise in store for me. For up the hill-side, above the den, sat another bear with his head partly turned to one side, and looking in an inquiring manner at the two bears below him. By this time the one on the log had nearly crossed over, and the one sitting on his haunches growled frightfully. We were not fifty yards from him, and he might at any moment detect our presence; fortunately, we were well to leeward of him. We had been exploring a stream, connecting a string of lakes, to examine a very extensive and perfect beaver-dam, and, not expecting to hunt, had left our rifles at the camp.



THE BEAR PASS.

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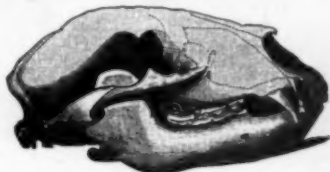


A DEAD-FALL TRAP.

All I had to fight with was a solid sketch-book, while, by some strange fatality, the Indian had even lost his knife out of its sheath in our climb. I was looking about for some way of escape, when I noticed that the bear on the hill-side had vanished, and the one that crossed over on the log had moved toward the one sitting on his haunches. They sat about ten feet apart, and made the strangest noise I ever heard. Commencing with the sniff peculiar to the bear, the noise was prolonged into a deep, guttural growl, accompanied by a peculiar champing of the jaws. At that moment, a large stone, evidently dislodged by the bear that had vanished from the hill-side, came tumbling down the ravine. It struck on the solid ledge on which we were crouching, and broke into pieces. Instinctively looking up, in apprehension that the fragment might be the advance guard of an avalanche, we lost sight of the two bears, and never saw them again. Alarmed by the falling stone, they had swiftly and stealthily gone away. The guide said that the two bears which were on the ledge with us were males, and that, as it was the pairing season, the growling we were treated to was merely the preliminary of a terrible fight. During the pairing season, the males congregate in bands and scour the forest, growling, snarling, and fighting. On such occasions, all prudent hunters avoid an encounter with them. The females are savage when suckling their young, and will fight to the death in their protection. At all other seasons both males and females avoid a meeting with

human beings, but if attacked and wounded, or brought to bay, the black bear is a foe to be dreaded. Their keen scent and acute hearing enable them to detect the approach of an enemy, and to keep out of his way.

Sometimes the black bear is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose. The dogs are not taught to seize the game, but to nip his heels, yelp round him, and retard his progress until the hunters come up and dispatch him with their rifles. Common yelping curs possessed of the requisite pluck are best adapted for the purpose. Large dogs with sufficient courage to seize a bear would have but a small chance with him, for he could disable them with one blow of his powerful paw. Another way of hunting is to track Bruin to his winter den, and either smoke or dig him out, when he may be dispatched by a blow on the head with the poll of an ax as he struggles out. Various kinds of traps, set-guns, and dead-falls are also employed against him. A very efficient means of capture is a steel trap, with double springs so powerful that a lever is necessary in setting it. The trap is placed in runs or pathways known to be frequented by bears, and concealed, care being taken not



SKULL, FORE AND HIND PAWS OF THE BLACK BEAR.

to handle the trap. A stout chain, with a grapnel or a large block of wood attached, is fastened to the trap. Even with this an old bear often manages to escape altogether, his sagacity teaching him to return and liberate the grapnel or block whenever it catches upon anything and checks him. He dies eventually, of course, if unable to free him-

reach it. The string has connection with a piece of wood which props up the dead-fall, consisting of a heavy log of beech or birch timber, weighted with other logs. When the bear pulls at the bait, the prop is drawn from under the heavy timber, which falls across his back. It sometimes happens that the hunter, to his discomfort, finds that his dead-



BEAR AND CUB.

self from the trap, but in some cases he has been known to gnaw off a part of his paw and leave it in the trap. This mode of capture is open to the charge of cruelty, as the bear is usually caught by a paw, and sometimes by the snout, and the injury not being immediately fatal, the animal may die a lingering death of great agony. The set-gun, if properly arranged, kills the bear instantly. The gun is placed in a horizontal position, about on a level with a bear's height; one end of a cord is fastened to the trigger, and brought forward in such a way that when the bait is attached to the other end of the cord it hangs over the muzzle of the gun, and the least pull on the bait discharges the gun, which is protected from the weather by a screen of bark. The ordinary dead-fall consists of a number of stout poles driven in the ground in the form of a U. In front of the opening is placed a heavy log. The bait is suspended from a string within the inclosure, so that it will be necessary for the bear to place his fore legs over the log in order to

fall has proved fatal to one of his own or his neighbors' cattle.

In the autumn, bear-hunters take advantage of Bruin's known partiality for raspberries, blackberries, and blueberries, and set traps and dead-falls in the approaches to the patches. He also frequents the beech-forests, and his expertness as a climber enables him to obtain the rich mast on which he grows corpulent. In the spring, when he first comes from his winter quarters, he feasts upon the ants and grubs he discovers by industrious digging, or by turning over decayed logs. Later in the season, when the herrings and alewives run up the streams to spawn, Bruin turns fisherman, and captures the fish by intercepting them as they pass over shallow places, and scooping them out with his paws. His taste for pork and molasses often encourages him to visit the camps of lumbermen.

If captured when very young and carefully trained, the black bear becomes tame, but I doubt if he ought to be trusted as a pet. My own efforts to tame young bears have not

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BACKING A LUMBER CAMP.

always proved successful. It is unpleasant, on returning from a journey, to find your house surrounded by the neighbors armed with old muskets and pitchforks, the windows broken, the gardens trodden down, your family imprisoned in the dining-room, and to be told by your man-servant, who has prudently kept outside of the house, that the pet bear, in a state of ferocity, is in possession. Nevertheless, if one is willing to endure that sort of thing, a vast amount of amusement can be got out of a tame bear.

I really think that Bruin possesses the sense of humor; at all events his actions point that way, and there is no doubt that he is extremely cunning and observing. I once had an English friend visiting me, who played the flute. He was in the habit of marching up and down, while playing, near a tame bear I had at the time. The bear had a piece of stick about two feet long, which he tossed about for amusement. After a time, he came to handle the stick very much as my friend did his flute. This annoyed my sensitive friend, and in revenge he teased the bear with uncouth noises. Bruin

sniffed and whined, and waited his opportunity for delivering a tremendous blow with his paw at his enemy, whose tall hat was knocked completely over his eyes. He escaped being scalped by dropping flat and rolling out of the reach of the bear. This bear spent much of his time in the tree to which he was chained, and when climbing usually got his chain twisted over and under the branches in a most intricate manner, but never failed to take out every turn as he descended. A friend who owned a tame bear told me that, for a long time, he could not account for the mysterious way in which the poultry disappeared. Observing, at different times, a good many feathers around Bruin's pole, he began to suspect that the bear was the culprit. Close watching confirmed his suspicions. When Bruin thought he was unobserved, he would seize any unfortunate hen or chicken within his reach and devour it; but if any one approached before he could complete the meal, he would sit upon his prey until the danger of discovery had passed. He was betrayed, at last, by the cackling of an old hen, that he had failed to silence.

THE DANISH SKATE-SAIL.

WHEN the ice closes the Baltic ports, the pilots and sailors of the island of Amager, opposite Copenhagen, devote a part of their enforced leisure to ice-boating and skate-sailing. Little attention has been paid to the latter sport in this country, but in Canada a skate-sail has been in use,—to manage which, however, two skaters are necessary. It is a bungling contrivance, and lacks that yacht

obtuse angle, sliding down easily instead of falling with star-making directness. The sensation when going at full speed is peculiar. At first, you feel that you have lost your hold on the earth, and your whole attention is drawn downward toward your skates; you wish they were heavier, so as to afford more ballast. But soon you gain confidence, a feeling of security takes possession of you, and if the ice is favorable and the road clear, you will attain what must be very similar to the sensation of flying. You seem scarcely to touch the ice, which appears streaked. Now you must keep your ankles stiff, but the rest of the body must be held easily poised and under ready control.

Simplicity of mechanism is the most noticeable feature of the Danish skate-sail, whose parts and dimensions are indicated by the diagram (Figure 1). For the material of the sail, use light cotton duck or heavy drilling. Fancy patterns of the cloth commonly used for awnings may be used with picturesque effect, such as may be seen in the sails of the small craft of Mediterranean ports. The sail is cut like a "square rigger's" lower sail and top-sail, the two being in one piece.

The diagram gives the dimensions of a sail for a man who carries one hundred and forty pounds of ballast under his jacket. But the sail can be made smaller or larger in proportion to the weight and strength of the wearer. The sail here indicated is seven feet wide at the bottom; it tapers slightly to a width of six feet two inches at the main or shoulder yard, and to a width of five feet ten inches at the top-sail-yard. The height of the sail above the shoulder-yard is two feet, and the depth below the shoulder-yard is three feet eight inches. The sail should have a hem an inch wide at the edges, and square laps at the lower corners, to which are fastened the ends of

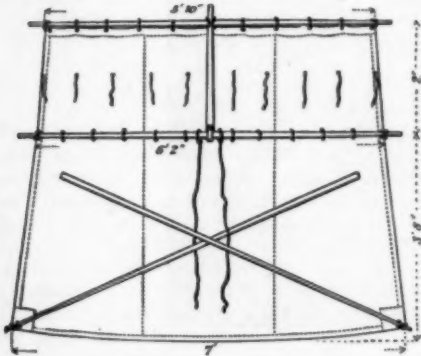


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF THE SAIL.

and clipper-like trimness which is always the pride of a sailor whether on the ice or on the water. This objection cannot be urged against the Danish rig, which, under sail, has a decidedly rakish aspect. Moreover, in handling it there is no need of consulting with another man, as with the Canadian sail, when you wish to "luff" or "square away" before the wind. With the Danish rig you are boat, sail, captain, and crew, all in one. It will lay within five points of the wind, and any evolution which an ice-boat or yacht can perform, the skate-sailor can also execute, in less time, in less space, and with equal grace. Although this sail can be managed by any boy large enough to skate, there is sport enough in using it to afford excitement for a strong man, whose skill will be taxed in keeping the sail "ship-shape" and in acquiring the greatest speed possible under given conditions. Some falls will naturally occur, but I have never heard of a serious accident to a skate-sailor. When he does fall, it is generally backward, which means against the wind, the sail thus helping to let him down easily. If he loses his balance while under great headway, owing to the high velocity, he will strike the ice at a more or less



FIG. 2.—BEFORE THE WIND, UNDER FULL SAIL.

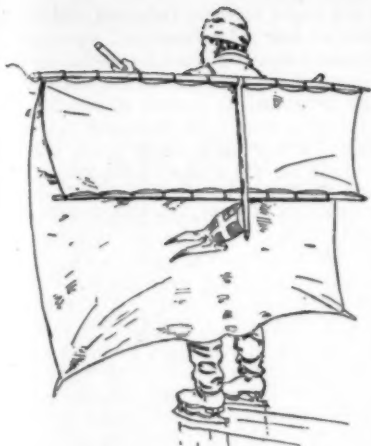


FIG. 3.—BEFORE THE WIND. TOP-SAIL DOWN.

the hand-sprits. Double eyelets are made where the shoulder-yard crosses the sail, through which cords bind the sail to the yard at intervals of six inches. Single eyelets, six inches apart, at the top of the sail, serve to bind the top-sail-yard to the sail. Reef-points should be fastened on a line midway between the yards, and on both sides of the sail. By loosening the cord that in a cross knot binds the top-sail-yard to the topmast, the top-sail may be rolled on the top-sail-yard to the reef-points, and the yard tied there to the topmast; or if the top-sail is not needed at all, it may be completely wound up and fastened at the ends to the shoulder-yard. The yards and hand-sprits should be of some light, tough wood, like thin spruce-poles. Bamboo poles, such as are used for fishing-rods, might be found serviceable. The yards should be about four inches longer (two inches on a side) than the width of the sail where they are bound to it. The top-sail-yard may be lighter than the shoulder-yard. The topmast, which fastens to the middle of the shoulder-yard by a gaff,—which may be of thin strap-iron or stout leather,—may be extended beyond the top-sail-yard so as to form a top-gallant-mast, from which the sailor may fly a pennant. The hand-sprits should be between six and a half and seven feet long. Two stout straps or heavy strings, fastened by nooses to the shoulder-yard on each side of the gaff, serve to fasten the rig to the sailor. The cords are passed over the shoulders, crossed over the breast, and after being carried around the waist at the back are brought forward and tied at the belt.

It will be observed in the pictures showing

the skaters under sail, that the hand-sprits serve as "tacks" and "sheets" (in nautical phrase the ropes fastened to the lower ends of sails to hold the sail in position for tacking, and to extend and hold in position the lower part of the sail). The rigid hand-sprits enable the skater to shift sail with rapidity and precision, and to keep it in the required position. The skater should have some experience with a reefed sail in a light breeze before attempting to carry full sail in a stiff breeze. Figure 2 shows the skater going full sail before the wind. The top-sail may be lowered (Figure 3) by running slightly into the wind, after which the skater may go before the wind, or on either tack, with the top-sail down. He may raise the top-sail at pleasure simply by bending the body forward, and allowing the wind to get under the top-sail. When sailing "on the wind," or on any course except "right away" before the wind, the windward foot should be a little in advance of the leeward foot, as seen in the starboard or right tack (Figure 4) and the port or left tack (Figure 6). The knees should be bent slightly, as that position assists in keeping one's balance. When "going about" in a stiff breeze (Figure 5), preparatory to changing the course (going on a new tack), the skater should "luff up" into the wind, and allow the top-sail and main-sail to fly out astern. With the speed acquired he will make a considerable distance windward before he swings around and is ready to set sail on the other tack. As the top-sail is supported



FIG. 4.—ON STARBOARD TACK.



FIG. 5.—"GOING ABOUT."

by the topmast leaning against the head, it is advisable to wear a soft, thick cap.

The degree of speed attainable by an expert skate-sailor is lower than the speed of the fastest ice-boats only because of the inability of the skater to keep his full weight upon the ice, except in sailing before the wind. But with the wind "abeam" or on the quarter, the skater must lean to windward to preserve his balance, and a part of his weight is shifted thereby from the ice to the wind-supported sail, and his hold upon the ice is weakened. This disadvantage can be partly overcome by bending the head and allowing the top-sail to press downward on the neck and shoulders. When sailing with a stiff breeze abeam, if the skater should meet another craft on the other tack, he should go either to the windward of him or give him plenty of room, for if he allows the stranger to pass him close to windward, the stranger will take the wind out of his sail, which will place him in danger of capsizing. Skate-sailing can be practiced on ice too rough for fancy or common skating; in fact, very hard and smooth ice is not the best for this sport, and even a little snow is no obstacle to good sailing.

The sail which served as the model for these drawings was made more than twenty-five years ago. It is of stout cotton duck, the spars are spruce-poles, and the gross weight is seven pounds. When rolled up in shape for carrying, it is only a little more bulky than an old-fashioned cotton umbrella. As to skates, the old-fashioned kind with long, thin, grooved blades and square heels are the best, but a club-skate will answer the purpose very well.

One sunny, breezy, winter day, I joined a small party of Danish skate-sailors in a cruise

on the sound between Denmark and Sweden. Three or four miles from land we espied at a distance something black on the ice, for which we steered, supposing it to be a wounded wild duck or goose. It proved to be a large fox, which was out after wounded water-fowl. When he saw us bearing down upon him he made for the nearest land, but was soon overhauled and nearly surrounded. We had no difficulty in following him at his greatest speed. When we came too close he would turn his head and snap at our legs. While we were thus flying over the ice, discussing between ourselves what a nice skating-cap his pelt would make, and dividing in advance the brush, pelt, and nose, Reynard suddenly came to a full stop, while we all flew past him. He then broke for the land, and nearly reached it before we could tack and come up with him again. We enjoyed the chase too much to dispatch him at once. But his foxship soon learned the principles of skate-sailing, and watching his opportunity, he dodged us again, set his course nearly into the wind's eye, where we could not follow him, and nose, pelt, and brush soon disappeared in the dry grass on the shore. Danish sportsmen sometimes use



FIG. 6.—ON THE PORT TACK.

the skate-sail to carry them to duck and goose hunting-grounds, where, as I have done with success, they can make shooting-boxes out of the sails.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THOSE who talk, as we constantly hear people do, of the uncertainty of history, seldom reflect that such uncertainty as belongs to it is only a part of the difficulty which every human being finds in ascertaining the truth about any other. Nobody quite knows himself, though the Greek sage has directed us all to the inquiry; how much less can he know any one else? We find different views entertained, different judgments passed by historians on the famous men who have gone before us, just because their characters, like all characters, presented so many different aspects, and the larger the figure the more striking these differences. In most instances, it would be found that the difficulty of forming a fair and penetrating estimate of a man is greater, rather than less, in his own time than it is to those who come after; the criticisms of history are truer than the criticisms of contemporaries.

This remark is suggested by the thought which has lately risen in many minds, what fifty years hence people will say about Lord Beaconsfield. He will seem a strange problem. Opposite views regarding his aims, his ideas, the sources of his power, will divide the learned, and perplex the ordinary reader. Men will complain that history cannot be good for much when, with the abundant materials at her disposal, she cannot frame a consistent theory of one who played so great a part in so ample a theater. Yet the riddle will not be harder, it will not be so hard, as it is for us, from among whom the man has even now departed. Of those who in England know or care at all about public affairs, perhaps a third part revere him as a profound thinker and a lofty character, animated by sincere patriotism. A still larger number hold him for no better than a cynical charlatan, bent through life on his own advancement, who permitted no sense of duty, no human tenderness or compassion, to stand in the way of his insatiate ambition. The rest do not know what to think. They feel in him the presence of power; they feel also something that repels them. They cannot understand how a man who seemed hard and unscrupulous could win so much attachment and command so much obedience. His death, following quickly upon the fall of his government, has, of course, disposed people to speak more leniently regarding him; but it would be a mistake to suppose that it, or the details of

his private life (which after all have been few and uninteresting) that have been made public, have substantially altered the general sentiment, or toned down the sharpness of the contrast between the friendly and hostile views of his character. Many years must elapse before one who praises or blames him will cease to be suspected, in England at least, of doing so from a merely partisan point of view. The present writer is sensible that he will incur this suspicion. He does not wish to conceal that he belongs to the opposite party, and entertained an unfavorable opinion of Lord Beaconsfield's policy in general, and particularly of that foreign policy which has latterly been a main theme of controversy in England. Nevertheless, he has sought as far as possible to set politics on one side, and look at Lord Beaconsfield as a man instead of as a party leader, endeavoring rather to explain his policy by his personal qualities and the circumstances of his position than to proceed from a condemnation of his public acts to a judgment upon their author. Of course, one who holds many of those acts which his followers applauded to have been grave mistakes, must necessarily have an estimate of his wisdom and foresight different from theirs. All I desire is to explain that I do not write for the sake of attacking his policy and party, but in the sincere desire of trying to approach to such a view of his personality as historians may take when half a century has softened the rancors of the present. Human nature is far more interesting, far better worth studying, than any problem of politics.

First, a few words about the salient events of his life—not by way of writing a biography, but to explain what follows.

Mr. Disraeli was born in London, in 1804. His father was Isaac Disraeli, a literary man of cultivated tastes and independent means, whose "Curiosities of Literature" may be found in most good libraries. He belonged to that division of the Jewish race which is called the Sephardim, and traces itself to Spain and Portugal; but he had ceased to frequent the synagogue,—had, in fact, broken with his coreligionists. He had the access to good society, so that the boy saw eminent and polished men from his early years, and, soon after he quitted school, began to make his way in drawing-rooms where he met the wittiest and best-known people of the day. Samuel Rogers, the poet, took a fancy to him, and had him

baptized at the age of nine. He was often to be seen with Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington. It is worth remarking that he never went either to a public school or a university. In England, school-masters and the writers of school-boy's books have succeeded in persuading the public that there is no preparation for success in actual life comparable to the training of a great school. Such a superstition is sufficiently refuted by the examples of men like Pitt, Macaulay, Bishop Wilberforce, Disraeli, Cobden, and Bright. (He first appeared before the public in 1826, when he published "*Vivian Grey*," an amazing book to be the production of a youth of twenty-two. Other novels—"The Young Duke," "*Venetia*," "*Contarini Fleming*," "*Henrietta Temple*"—maintained without greatly increasing his literary reputation during the next ten years. Then came two political stories, "*Coningsby*" and "*Sybil*," in 1844 and 1845, followed by "*Tancred*" in 1847; with a long interval of silence, till, in 1870, he produced "*Lothair*," in 1880 "*Endymion*." Besides these he published in 1839 the tragedy of "*Alarcos*," and in 1835 the more ambitious "*Revolutionary Epic*," neither of which had much success. In 1829 he took a long journey through the East, visiting Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, and it was, no doubt, then, in lands peculiarly interesting to a man of his race, that he conceived those ideas about the East and its mysterious influences which figure largely in some of his stories, notably in "*Tancred*," and which in 1878 had no small share in shaping his policy and that of England. Meanwhile, he had not forgotten the political aspirations which we see in "*Vivian Grey*." In 1832, just before the passing of the Reform Bill, he appeared as candidate for the petty borough of High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire, and was defeated by a majority of twenty-three to twelve, so few were the voters in many boroughs of those days. After the Bill had enlarged the constituency, he tried his luck twice again, in 1833 and 1835, both times unsuccessfully, and came before two other boroughs also, Marylebone and Taunton, though in neither case did a contest take place. (Such activity in a youth with little backing from friends and comparatively slender means marked him already as a man of spirit and ambition. His fourth attempt was lucky. At the general election of 1837 he was returned as member for Maidstone. His political professions during this period have been keenly canvassed; nor is it easy to form a fair judgment on them. In 1832 he had sought and obtained recommendations from Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell, and people had therefore set him down as a radical. Although, however, his professions of politi-

cal faith included dogmas which, like triennial parliaments, the ballot, and the imposition of a land-tax, were part of the so-called radical programme, still there was a vagueness about some of his utterances, and an obvious aversion to the conventional Whig way of putting things, which showed that he was not a thorough-going adherent of any of the then existing political parties, but was trying to strike out a new line for himself, and attract men's minds by the promise of something fresher and more striking than the recognized schools offered. In 1834, his hostility to Whiggism was becoming more pronounced, and a tenderness for some Tory doctrines more discernible. Finally, in 1835, he appeared as an avowed Tory, accepting the regular creed of the party, declaring himself a follower of Sir Robert Peel, but still putting forward a number of views peculiar to himself, which he developed not only in his speeches, but in his novels. "*Coningsby*" and "*Sybil*" were meant to be a kind of manifesto of the Young England party—a party which can hardly be said to have ever existed out of his own mind, though a small knot of aristocratic youths who caught up and repeated his phrases seemed to form a nucleus for it.

The fair conclusion from his deliverances during these early years is that he was at first much more of a Liberal than a Tory, yet with a distinctive position which made him appear in a manner independent of both parties. The old party lines seemed to have been almost effaced by the Reform Bill struggle; and it was natural for a bold and inventive mind like his to imagine a complete new departure, and put forward a programme in which radicalism was mingled with other ideas of a different type. But when it became clear after a time that the old divisions still subsisted, and that such a distinctive position as he had conceived could not be maintained, he then, having to choose between one or other of the two recognized parties, chose the Tories, dropping some doctrines he had previously advocated which were inconsistent with their creed, but retaining much of his peculiar way of looking at political questions. How far the change which passed over him was a natural development, how far due to interested motives, there is little use discussing: perhaps he did not quite know himself. He seems to have received more blame for it at the time than he deserved, and in one thing he was consistent then, and remained consistent ever after—his hearty hatred of the Whigs. There was something about the dry, cold pride of the great Whig families, their stiff constitutionalism, their belief in political economy, perhaps also their alliance with the Nonconformists, which roused all

the antagonisms of his nature, personal and oriental.

When he entered the House of Commons he was already well known to fashionable London, partly by his striking face and his powers of conversation, partly by his novels, whose satirical pungency had made a noise in society. He had also become, owing to his apparent change of front, the object of much adverse criticism, and a quarrel in which he became involved with Daniel O'Connell, in the course of which he challenged the great Irishman to fight a duel, each party having described the other with a freedom of language which would now be thought scurrilous, had made him, for a time, the talk of the political world. Thus, there was much more curiosity evoked by his first speech than usually awaits a new member. It was unsuccessful, not from any want of cleverness, but because its tone did not suit the temper of the House of Commons, and because the hostile audience sought to disconcert him by their laughter. Undeterred by this ridicule, he continued to speak, though in a less ambitious and artificial vein, till after a few years he had become one of the best known among the unofficial members. At first, no one had eulogized Peel more warmly, but after a time he edged a little away from the minister, whether repelled by his coldness, which showed that in that quarter no promotion was to be expected, or shrewdly perceiving that Peel was taking a line which would separate him from the bulk of the Conservative party. This happened in 1846, when Peel, convinced that the import duties on corn were economically unsound, proposed their abolition. Mr. Disraeli, who, since 1843, had taken repeated opportunities of firing stray shots at the powerful Prime Minister, now bore a foremost part not only in attacking him, but in organizing the Protectionist party, and prompting its leader, Lord George Bentinck. In embracing free trade, Peel carried with him his own personal friends and disciples, men like Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and Cardwell, and some sixty or seventy others, the intellectual *élite* of the Tory party. The far more numerous section who clung to protection had numbers, wealth, respectability, cohesion, but neither brains nor tongues. An adroit tactician and incisive speaker was of priceless value to them. Such a man they found in Mr. Disraeli, while he gained an opportunity beyond his previous expectations of playing a leading part in the eyes of Parliament and the country. In 1849, Lord George Bentinck, who had been Mr. Disraeli's mouthpiece rather than an independent leader, died, leaving our hero indisputably the first

man in the Protectionist party. In 1850, Peel, who might perhaps have brought that party back to its allegiance to him, was killed by a fall from his horse. The Peelites drifted more and more toward Liberalism; so that when Lord Derby, who, in 1852, had been commissioned as head of the Tory party to form a ministry, invited them to join him, they refused to do so, imagining him to be still a Protectionist, and resenting the behavior of that section to their master. Being thus unable to find one of them to lead his followers in the House of Commons, Lord Derby turned to Mr. Disraeli, giving him, with the leadership, the important office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The appointment was thought a strange one, because Mr. Disraeli brought to it absolutely no knowledge of finance and no official experience. He had never been so much as an Under-Secretary. The Tories themselves murmured that one whom they still regarded as an adventurer should be raised to so high a place. After a few months Lord Derby's ministry fell, defeated on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget, which had been vehemently attacked by Mr. Gladstone. This was a beginning of that protracted duel between him and Mr. Disraeli which has lasted down till 1881.

For the following fourteen years, Mr. Disraeli's occupation was that of a leader of opposition, varied by one brief interval of office in 1858. His party was in a permanent minority in the country, so that nothing was left for its leader but to fight with skill, courage, and resolution a series of losing battles. This he did with admirable tenacity of purpose. Once or twice in every session he used to rally his forces for general engagement, and though always defeated, he never suffered himself to be dispirited by defeat. During the rest of the time he was keenly watchful, exposing all the mistakes of the successive Liberal governments in domestic affairs, and when complications arose in foreign politics, always professing, and generally manifesting, a patriotic desire not to embarrass the Executive, lest the common interests of the country should suffer. Through all these years he had to struggle, not only with a hostile majority in office, but also with secret disaffection among his own followers. Many of the landed aristocracy could not bring themselves to acquiesce in the leadership of a new man, of foreign origin, whose career had been so strange, whose ideas they found it hard to follow. Ascribing their long exclusion from power to his presence, they more than once conspired to dethrone him. But as it happened, there never arose any Conservative speaker in the House of Com-

mons of gifts at all comparable to those which in him had been matured and polished by long experience, while he had the address to acquire an ascendancy over the mind of Lord Derby, still the titular head of the party, who, being a man of straightforward character, high social position, and brilliant oratorical talents, was, nevertheless, somewhat lazy and superficial, and therefore disposed to lean on his lieutenant in the Lower House, and to borrow from him those astute schemes of policy which he was fertile in devising. Thus, by Lord Derby's support, and his own imperturbable confidence, he frustrated all the plots of the malcontent Tories. New men came up who had not witnessed his earlier escapades, but knew him only as the bold and skillful leader of their party in the House of Commons. He made himself personally agreeable to them, encouraged them in their first efforts, diffused his ideas among them, stimulated local organization, and held out hopes of great things to be done when fortune should at last revisit the Conservative banner.

While Lord Palmerston lived, these exertions seemed to bear little fruit. That minister had, in his later years, settled down into a sort of practical Toryism, and both parties acquiesced in his rule. But, on his death, the scene changed. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone brought forward a Reform Bill strong enough to evoke the latent Conservative feeling of a House of Commons which, though nominally Liberal, had been chosen under Palmerstonian auspices. The defeat of the bill was followed by the resignation of Lord Russell. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came into power, and, next year, carried a Reform Bill which, as it was finally shaped in its passage through the House, really went further than Lord Russell's had done, enfranchising a greater number of the working classes. To have carried this bill remains the greatest of Mr. Disraeli's triumphs. He had to do it in a hostile House of Commons by wheedling a section of the Liberal majority, against the appeals of their legitimate leader. He had also to persuade his own followers to support a measure which they had all their lives been condemning, and which was, or, in their view, ought to have been, more dangerous to the Constitution than the one which they and the moderate Whigs had thrown out in the preceding year. He had, as he happily and audaciously expressed it, to educate his party into doing the very thing which they (though certainly not he himself) had always denounced. The process was scarcely complete when the retirement of Lord Derby, whose health had given way, opened his path to the premiership. He dissolved Parliament, expecting to

receive a majority from the gratitude of the working class whom his bill had admitted to the suffrage. To the boundless disgust of the Tories, a Liberal House of Commons was again returned, which drove him and his friends once more into the cold shade of opposition. He was now sixty-four years of age, had suffered an unexpected and mortifying discomfiture, and had no longer the great name of Lord Derby to cover him. Disaffected voices were again heard among his own party, while the Liberals, re-installed in power, were led by the rival whose genius and unequaled popularity in the country made him for the time omnipotent. Still Mr. Disraeli was not disheartened; he fought the battle of apparently hopeless resistance with his old tact, wariness, and tenacity, losing no occasion for any criticism that could damage the measures—strong and large measures—which Mr. Gladstone's government brought forward.

Before long the tide turned. A reaction in favor of Conservatism set in, which grew so fast that, in 1874, the general election gave, for the first time since 1846, a decided Conservative majority. Mr. Disraeli became again Prime Minister, and now a Prime Minister no longer on sufferance, but with the absolute command of a dominant party, rising so much above the rest of the cabinet as to appear the sole author of its policy. The use he made of his power, especially in guiding the action of England abroad, is a matter of such recent and embittered controversy that any criticism on it might appear to be dictated by party animosity. Enough to say that his policy in the affairs of the Turkish East, in Afghanistan, in South Africa, while it received the enthusiastic approval of the military class and the richer people generally, raised no less vehement opposition in other sections of the nation, and especially in those two which, when heartily united and excited, are masters of England—the Nonconformists and the working classes. An election fought with unusual heat left him in so decided a minority that he resigned office in April, 1880, without waiting for an adverse vote in Parliament. A year later he died.

Here is a wonderful career, even more wonderful to those who live in the midst of English politics and society than it can appear to observers in other countries. A man with few external advantages, not even that of education at a university, where useful friendships are formed, with grave positive disadvantages in his Jewish extraction and the vagaries of his first years of public life, presses forward, step by step, through slights and disappointments which retard but never dishearten him, assumes as of right the leadership of a party,—the aristocratic party, the party peculiarly

suspicious of new men and poor men,—wins a reputation for sagacity which makes his early follies forgotten, becomes in old age the favorite of a court, the master of a great country, one of the three or four arbiters of Europe. We have here more than one problem to solve, or, at least, a problem with more than one aspect. What is the true character of the man who has sustained such a part? Has he held any principles, or has he merely played with them as counters? By what gifts or arts did he win such a success? Has there been really a mystery behind the veil which he has delighted to wrap around him? And how, being so unlike the Englishmen his lot was cast among, did he so fascinate and rule them?

Imagine a man of strong will and brilliant intellectual powers, belonging to an ancient and persecuted race, who finds himself born in a foreign country, amid a people for whose ideas and habits he has no sympathy and little respect. Suppose him proud, ambitious, self-confident; too ambitious to rest content in a private station, so self-confident as to feel sure of winning whatever he aspires to. To achieve success, he must bend his pride, must use the language and humor the prejudices of those he has to deal with; his pride avenges itself by secret scorn or scarcely disguised irony. Accustomed to observe things from without, he discerns the weak points of all political parties, the hollowness of institutions and watchwords, the instability of popular passion. If his imagination be more susceptible than his emotions, his intellect more active than his moral feelings, the isolation in which he stands and the superior insight it affords him may render him cold, calculating, self-interested. The sentiment of personal honor will remain, because his pride will support it: and he will be tenacious of the ideas which he has struck out, because they are his own. But for ordinary principles of conduct he may have small respect, because he has not grown up under the conventional morality of the time and nation, but has looked on it merely as a phenomenon to be recognized and reckoned with, because he has noted how much there is in it of unreality or pharisaism—how far it sometimes is from representing or expressing the higher judgments of philosophy. Realizing and perhaps exaggerating the power of his own intelligence, he will revolve in secret schemes of ambition wherein genius, uncontrolled by fears or by conscience, makes all things bend to its purposes, till the sympathies and scruples and hesitations of common humanity seem to him only parts of men's cowardice or stupidity. What success he will gain when he

comes to carry out such schemes in practice will largely depend on the circumstances he finds himself among, as well as on his gift for judging of them. He may become a Napoleon: he may fall in an imprudent collision with the law.

In some of his novels, and most fully in the earliest of them, Mr. Disraeli sketched a character and foreshadowed a career not altogether unlike that which has just been indicated. It would be unfair to treat as autobiographical—though some of his critics have done so—the picture of Vivian Grey. What it does show is that, at an age when his contemporaries were lads at college, absorbed in cricket matches or Latin verse-making, he had already meditated profoundly on the conditions and methods of worldly success, had rejected the ideal life of philosophy, had conceived of a character isolated, ambitious, intense, resolute, untrammelled by scruples, who molds men to his purposes by the sheer force of his intellect, humoring their foibles and luring them into his chosen path by the bait of self-interest.

To lay stress on the fact that Mr. Disraeli was by birth a Jew is not, though some of his political antagonists stooped so to use it, to cast any reproach upon him: it is only to note a fact of the utmost importance for a proper comprehension of his position. The Jews are still foreigners in England, not only on account of their religion, with its mass of ancient rites and usages, but also because they are filled with the memory of centuries of persecution, and perceive that in some parts of Europe the old spirit of hatred has not died out. The antiquity of their race, their sense of its purity and of the intellectual achievements of those ancestors whose unmixed blood flows in their veins, leads them to revenge themselves by a kind of scorn upon the upstart Western peoples where their lot is cast. Thus they are the more prone to mockery, such as in Heinrich Heine mingled itself with a poet's tenderness. Even while imitating, as the wealthier of them have latterly begun to imitate, the manners and luxury of those nominal Christians among whom they live, they retain their feeling of detachment, and so far from sharing, regard with a coldly observant curiosity the beliefs, prejudices, enthusiasms of the nations of Europe. The same passionate intensity which makes so much of the grandeur of the ancient Hebrew literature still lives among them, though often narrowed by ages of oppression, and gives them the peculiar effectiveness that comes from turning all the powers of the mind, imaginative as well as reasoning, into a single channel. They produce, in proportion to their

numbers, an unusually large number of able and successful men, as any one may prove by recounting the eminent Jews of the last thirty years. This success has usually been won in practical life, in commerce, or at the bar, or in the press (which over the European continent they so largely control); sometimes also in the higher walks of literature or art or science.

Mr. Disraeli had three of these characteristics of his race in full measure—detachment, intensity, scorn. Nature gave him a resolute will, a keen and precociously active intellect, a vehement individuality,—that is to say, a consciousness of his own powers, and a determination to make them recognized by his fellows. In some men, the passion to succeed is clogged by the fear of failure; in others, the sense of their greatness is self-sufficing and indisposes them to effort. But with him ambition spurred self-confidence, and self-confidence justified ambition. He grew up in a cultivated home, familiar not only with books but with the brightest and most polished men and women of the day, whose conversation sharpened his wits almost from childhood. No religious influences worked upon him,—for his father had ceased to be a Jew in faith without becoming even nominally a Christian,—and there is nothing in his writings (of his private life it would be presumptuous and unbecoming to speak) to show that he had ever felt anything more than an imaginative, or, so to speak, historical interest in religion. Thus his development was purely intellectual. The society he moved in was a society of men and women of the world—witty, fashionable, without seriousness or reverence. He felt himself no Englishman, and watched English life and politics as a student of natural history might watch the habits of bees or ants. English society was then, and perhaps is still, more complex, more full of inconsistencies, of contrasts between theory and practice, between appearances and realities, than that of any other country. Nowhere so much dullness among the noble, so much pharisaism among the virtuous, so much vulgarity among the rich, mixed with so much real earnestness, benevolence, and love of truth; nowhere, therefore, so much to seem merely ridiculous to one who looked at it from without, wanting the sympathy which comes from the love of mankind, or even from the love of one's country. It was natural for a young man with such gifts to mock at what he saw. But he would not sit still in mere contempt. The thirst for power and fame gave him no rest. He must gain what he saw every one around him struggling for. He must triumph over these people whose follies amused him; and the

sense that he perceived and could use their follies would add zest to his triumph. He might have been a great satirist; he resolved to become a great statesman. For such a career, his Hebrew detachment gave him some eminent advantages. It enabled him to take a cooler, a more scientific, view of the social and political phenomena he had to deal with. He was not led astray by party cries. He did not share vulgar prejudices. He calculated the forces at work as an engineer calculates the strength of his materials, the strain they have to bear from the wind and the weights they must support. And what he had to plan was not the success of a cause, which might depend on a thousand things out of his ken, but his own success, a simpler matter.

A still greater source of strength lay in his Hebrew intensity. It would have pleased him, so full of pride in the pure blood of his race, to attribute to that purity the singular power of concentration which the Jews undoubtedly possess. They have the faculty of throwing the whole stress of their natures into the pursuit of one object, fixing their eyes on it alone, sacrificing to it other desires, clinging to it even when it seems unattainable. He was only twenty-eight when he made his first attempt to enter the House of Commons. Three ignominious repulses did not discourage him, though his means were but scanty to support such contests; and the fourth time he succeeded. When his first speech in Parliament had been received with laughter, and the world was congratulating itself that this adventurer had found his level, he calmly told them that he had always ended by succeeding in whatever he attempted, and that he would succeed in this, too. He received no help from his own side, who regarded him with much suspicion, but forced himself into prominence, and at last to leadership, by his complete superiority to rebuffs. Through the long years in which he had to make head against a majority in the House of Commons, he never seemed disheartened by his repeated defeats, never relaxed the vigilance with which he watched his adversaries, never indulged himself (though he was naturally indolent and often in poor health) by staying away from Parliament, even when business was slack; never missed an opportunity for exposing a blunder of his adversaries, or commanding the good service of one of his own followers. The same curious tenacity was apparent in his ideas. Before he was twenty-two years of age he had excoagulated a theory of the Constitution of England, of the way England should be governed at home and her policy directed abroad, from which he hardly swerved through all his later

life. Often as he was accused of inconsistency he probably believed himself to be, and in a sense he was, exceptionally true to the same set of views; and one could discover from the phrases he employed how he was really following out these old notions, even when his conduct seemed opposed to the traditions of his party. The weakness of intense minds is their tendency to narrowness, and this he had in so far that, while always ready for new expedients, he was not easily accessible to new ideas. Indeed, the old ideas were too much a part of himself, too much stamped with his own individuality, to be forsaken or even varied. He did not love knowledge, he did not enjoy speculation for its own sake; he valued views as they pleased his imagination or as they carried practical results with them; and having framed his theory once for all and worked steadily upon its lines, he was not the man to admit it had been defective, and to set himself in later life to repair it. His pride was involved in proving it correct by applying it.

With this resolute concentration of purpose there went an undaunted courage—a quality less rare among English statesmen, but eminently laudable in him, because for great part of his career he had no one to lean upon, no family or party connections to back him up, but was obliged to face the world with nothing but his own self-confidence. So far from ever seeking to conceal his Jewish origin, he openly displayed his pride in it, and refused all support to the efforts which the Tory party made to maintain the exclusion of Jews from Parliament. Nobody showed more self-possession and (except on one or two occasions) more perfect self-command in the fierce strife of Parliamentary life than this suspected stranger. His enemies learnt to fear one who never feared for himself; his followers knew that their chief would not fail them in the hour of danger. His very face and bearing had in them an impassive calmness which magnetized those who watched him. He would sit for hours on his bench in the House of Commons, listening with eyes half-shut to furious assaults on himself and his policy, not showing by the movement of a muscle that he had felt a wound; and when he rose to reply would discharge his sarcasms with an air of easy coolness. How far this indifference was simulated remains still in dispute, for it was his pleasure to surround himself with mystery, and appear too self-reliant to need a confidant.

Ambition such as his could not afford to be scrupulous, nor have his admirers ever claimed scrupulosity as one of his merits. He who sets power and fame before him as the great

objects of his pursuit, will think less and less about the lawfulness of the means he employs. From such as are obviously low and dishonorable, pride may hold him back; others he may reject because he knows that the opinion of his fellows, those whose good-will and good word he must secure, would condemn them, and him for using them. But he will not allow kindness or compassion to stand in his way. A strenuous will, if it be not controlled by moral principles, is a relentless will, and crushes those who bar its path. Truth, also, will be apt to come badly off. To a politician, who must necessarily, however honest, have many facts in his knowledge, or many plans in his mind, which he cannot reveal, the temptation to put questioners on a false scent, and to seem to agree where he really dissents, is at all times a strong one. No one can hope altogether to escape in such a life the subsequent censure of his own conscience. The wonder rather is that, all things considered, the standard of truthfulness among English public men should be so high as it is. Lord Beaconsfield certainly fell short of it. There is no use concealing the fact that people did not take his word for a thing as they would have taken the word of the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Derby, or Lord Russell, or even of that not very strict moralist, Lord Palmerston. Instances were not wanting even as late as 1877. His behavior toward Sir Robert Peel, whom he plied with every dart of sarcasm, after having shortly before lavished praises on him, and sought office under him, has often been commented on. Mr. Disraeli was himself (as those who knew him have often stated) accustomed to justify it by observing that he was then an insignificant personage, to whom it was of paramount importance to attract public notice and make a political position; that the opportunity of attacking Peel, Prime Minister, yet disliked by his own party on account of his change of opinion on the Corn Laws, was too good a one to be lost; and that he was therefore obliged to assail him, though he had himself no particular attachment to the Corn Laws, and believed Peel to have been a *bons fide* convert. It was therefore no personal resentment against Peel, but merely the exigencies of his own career, that drove him to this course, whose fortunate result proved the soundness of his calculations.

This defense will not surprise any one who is familiar with Lord Beaconsfield's novels. They are as far as possible from being immoral; that is to say, there is nothing in them unbecoming or corrupting. Honor, friendship, love, are all recognized as powerful and worthy motives of human conduct. That which

is wanting is the sense of right and wrong. Very rarely does any one of his personages ask himself whether such and such a course is right. They move in a world which is polished, agreeable, dignified, averse to baseness and vulgarity, but in which conscience and religion do not seem to exist—a world more like that of Augustus or Lorenzo de' Medici than like modern England. Though the men live for pleasure or fame, the women for pleasure or love, both are capable of making sacrifices at the altar of affection. But the idea of duty does not cross their minds.

The best excuse that can be made for Lord Beaconsfield's behavior toward Peel, and indeed for his political morality as a whole, is to be found in the circumstances of his position and early training. Few of us reflect how much of what we call our moral principles and rules of conduct we owe, not to settled convictions which we have reasoned out for ourselves, but to habit, association, the influence of those among whom our boyhood has been passed, the restraint imposed upon us by our family connections, our friends, the opinion of the society in which we move. This appears a truism, but it is one of those truisms which people are constantly forgetting to apply, and whose neglect leads them into judgments unduly harsh. Men who were brought up under religious influences, for example, when they have in later years ceased to regard the dogmas or the worship of Christianity, fancy that the morality on which they plume themselves is all their own, not reflecting that the habit may remain when the motive has departed. Mr. Disraeli was brought up neither a Jew nor a Christian. The elder people who took him by the hand when he entered life—people like Samuel Rogers and Lady Blessington—were not the people to give lessons in morality. Lord Lyndhurst, the first of his powerful political friends, and the man whose example most affected him, was, with all his admirable gifts, conspicuously wanting in political principle. Add to this the isolation in which the young man found himself outside the common stream of English life, not sharing its beliefs, perceiving with marvelous keenness the hollowness of much that passed for virtue and patriotism, and it is easy to understand how he should have been as perfect a cynic at twenty-five as painful experience of the world makes many at fifty. If he had been possessed by a great love of truth or of humanity, all might have come right; he would have quickly worked through his youthful cynicism to something higher. But pride and ambition, the pride of race and the pride of genius, left no room for these sentiments. His intellect was skeptical. His

heart was somewhat cold. Before him lay a world in which fame and power were to be won by the gifts which he knew himself to possess; the laurels of others would not let him sleep; and he threw all his soul into the pursuit of fame and power.

It was a poor ideal. But he seems to have thought it the only ideal, and probably looked on those who strove after some other as either fools or hypocrites. Early in his political life he said one day to one of the foremost of his political opponents (from whom the present writer heard the anecdote), as they took their umbrellas in the vestibule of the House of Commons: "After all, what is it that brings you and me here? Fame! This is the true arena. I might have occupied a literary throne. But I have abandoned it for this career." The external pomps of life, wealth and its trappings, titles, grand houses and splendid parks, all those gauds and vanities with which a sumptuous aristocracy surrounds itself, had through his life a singular fascination for him. He liked to mock at them in his novels, but they fascinated him none the less. One can understand how they might fire the imagination of an ambitious youth who saw them from a distance—might even retain their charm for one who was just struggling into the society which possessed them, and who desired to feel himself the equal of the possessors. It is far stranger that, when he had risen to be the master of the English aristocracy and was driving them where he pleased, he should have continued to admire such things. So, however, it was. In his will he directs that his estate of Hughenden Manor, in Buckinghamshire, shall pass under an entail as strict as he could devise, that the person who succeeds to it shall always bear the name of Disraeli. His ambition is the common, not to say vulgar, ambition of the English *parvenu*, to found a "county family." In the novel published a few months before his death, the hero, starting from small beginnings, ends by becoming prime minister: this is the crisis of the book, the crown of his career, the triumph which the author evidently regards as the noblest an Englishman can achieve. It might have been thought that one who had been through it all, who had realized the dreams of his boyhood, who had every opportunity of learning how little enjoyment is to be had from power or fame, how empty are the grand-ours which the populace admires, would have formed some other conception of the end of human life than this of personal success. With most men the flower they have plucked withers, and they value it no more. Even if he had discovered nothing nobler or purer, one might have expected that a man of such profound

skepticism, such keen irony, would have been at least disillusionized, or have wished to seem so. But it was not thus with him. He had gained what he had sought, and, so far as appears, he was satisfied and could imagine no higher ideal. Most men who have had great success are no doubt proud of it. But they do not usually tell the world so naively of their self-content; and they have commonly a feeling that this is not enough, that a self-centered life is, after all, a poor and unsatisfying life. They pay to disinterestedness at least the homage of outward professions.

To say that Lord Beaconsfield's heart was somewhat cold is by no means to say that he was heartless. He was one of those strong natures who will let nothing stand in their way; if another will not make place, he must take the consequences. His theory was that politics had nothing to do with sentiment; so those who appealed to him on grounds of humanity appealed in vain. No act of his life ever so much repelled the English people as the light fashion in which he tossed aside the tales of the Bulgarian massacre of 1876. It incensed sections who were strong enough, when thoroughly roused, to bring about his fall. But he was far from being unkindly. He knew how to attach men to him by friendly deeds as well as friendly words. He seldom missed an opportunity of saying something pleasant and cheering to a *débutant* in Parliament, whether of his own party or the opposite. He was not selfish in little things; was always ready to consider the comfort and convenience of those who surrounded him. It is pleasant to note that age and success, so far from making him morose or supercilious, seem to have softened the asperities of his character and developed the affectionate side of it. His last novel, published only a few months ago, contains far more human kindness, a fuller recognition of the worth of friendship and the nobility of sisterly and conjugal love, than do the writings of his earlier manhood. What it wants in intellectual power it makes up for in a mellow and more tender tone. Of loyalty to his political friends he was a model, and nothing did more to secure his command of the party than its sense that his professional honor, so to speak, could be implicitly relied upon. Toward his wife, a warm-hearted woman older than himself, and inferior to him both in birth and education, he was uniformly kind and indeed devoted. The first use he made of his power as Prime Minister was to procure for her the title of viscountess. A story used to be told how, long ago, when his political position was still far from assured, he and his wife happened to be with the chief of the party, and that chief so far forgot good

manners as to quiz Mrs. Disraeli at the dinner-table—not malignantly, but with a spice of satire. Next morning Mr. Disraeli, whose visit was to have lasted for some days longer, announced that he must leave immediately. The host besought him to stay, and made all possible apologies. But Disraeli was inexorable, and carried his wife off forthwith. To literary men, whatever their opinions, he was always ready to give a helping hand, representing himself as one of their profession. Success did not turn his head, nor make him assume the airs of a *grand seigneur*. In paying compliments he was singularly expert, and made good use of his skill to win friends and disarm enemies. He knew how to please Englishmen, and especially the young, by entering into their tastes and pleasures, and, without being what would be called genial, was never wanting in *bonhomie*. In society he was a perfect man of the world—told his anecdote apropos, wound up a discussion by some happy epigram, talked to the guest next him as he would to an old friend. In short, he was excellent company. But he had few intimates; nor did his apparent frankness unveil anything more than he chose to reveal.

He was not of those who complicate political opposition with private hatreds. Looking on politics as a game, he liked, when he took off his armor, to feel himself on friendly terms with his antagonists, and often seemed surprised to find that they remembered as personal affronts the blows which he had dealt in the tournament. Two or three years before his death, a friend asked him whether there was in London any one whom he would not shake hands with. Meditating for a moment, he answered, "Only one," and named a conspicuous antagonist, who had said hard things of him, and to whom, when on one occasion in his power, he had behaved with cruelty. For the greatest of his adversaries he felt, there is reason to believe, genuine admiration, mingled with inability to comprehend a nature so unlike his own. No passage in the striking speech which that adversary pronounced, one might almost say, over Lord Beaconsfield's grave—a speech which may probably go down to posterity with its subject—was more impressive than that where he declared that he had the best reason to believe that, in their constant warfare, Lord Beaconsfield had not been actuated by any personal hostility. It is usually so with brave men; if they cannot like, they can at least respect, a redoubtable antagonist.

His intellect was singularly well suited to the rest of his character—was, so to speak, of one piece with it. One often sees the opposite—

intellects which are out of keeping with the active or emotional parts of the man. One sees persons whose thought is vigorous, clear, comprehensive, while their conduct is timid; or a comparatively narrow intelligence joined to an enterprising spirit, or a calm, sober, skeptical turn of mind yoked to an ardent and impulsive temperament. It is the commonest source of what we call the follies of the wise. Not so with him. His intelligence had the same boldness, intensity, concentration, simplicity—that is to say, singleness, as opposed to complexity—which we discover in the rest of the man. It was just the right instrument for the work he wanted it to do, and this inner harmony was one of the chief causes of his success, as the want of it has caused the failure of so many powerful natures. Its range was not wide. All its products were like one another: none of them give a reader the impression that it could have, had its master so wished, done a wholly diverse kind of work. It was not logical nor discursive, loving to amass and arrange great stores of knowledge, and draw conclusions from them. It was not analytically subtle, evolving new truths from profound reflection, bent on reducing everything to some principle. Nor was it judicial, with the power of calmly weighing reasons and pronouncing a decision which recognizes all the facts and is not confused by their seeming contradictions. There was in it a speculative element, no doubt, but it was primarily an artist's mind, capable of deep meditation, but meditating in an imaginative way, not so much on facts as on its own views of facts, on the pictures which its own creative faculty had called up. The meditation became dreamy, but the dreaminess was corrected by an exceedingly keen and quick power of observation—not so much the scientific observation of the philosopher, as the enjoying observation of the artist who sees how he can use these characteristic details, or of the forensic advocate (an artist, too, in his way) who perceives a way of fitting them into his presentation of his case. There are, of course, other qualities in his work: as a statesman, he was obliged to learn how to state facts, to argue, to dissect an opponent's arguments. But the characteristic note, both of his speeches and of his writings, is the combination of a few large ideas, clear, perhaps, to himself, but generally expressed in a vaguely grandiose way, and often quite out of relation to the facts as other people saw them, with a wonderfully acute discernment of small incidents or personal traits, which he used occasionally to support his ideas, but more frequently to conceal their weakness—that is, to make up for the absence of practical argu-

ments, such as his hearers would understand. Everybody is now and then conscious of having theories of whose soundness he is fully convinced, but which he is not prepared to prove, by voice or writing, to a given audience, partly because it is too much trouble to trace out the whole process by which they were reached, partly because the uninstructed listeners could not be made to feel the full cogency of the arguments on which he relies. Lord Beaconsfield was always in this condition with regard to his political and social doctrines. He believed them, but as he had not gained them by pure logic, it was not easy for him to establish them by it; so he picked up some plausible illustration, or attacked the opposite doctrine and its supporters with a fire of raillery or invective. This non-ratiocinative quality of his thinking was a source both of strength and of weakness; of weakness, because he could not prove his propositions; of strength, because, stated as he stated them, it was not less hard to disprove them. That mark of a superior mind, that it must have a theory, was never wanting. He could not rest content, like the mass of his followers, with a prejudice, a tradition, a stolid suspicion that refused to move or answer. He would not acquiesce in negation. He must have a theory, a positive theory, to show not only that his antagonist's view was a bad one, but that he had himself a more excellent way. These theories generally had truth and value in them for any one who could analyze them; but as this was exactly what the rank and file of the party could not do, they got into sad confusion when they tried to talk his language.

He was not a well-read man, nor with varied intellectual interests. His education had been imperfect, and had not taught him how to study a subject seriously; natural indolence and the occupations of political life had kept him from learning much from books, while, in conversation, what he liked best was persiflage. Physical science seems to have had no attraction for him; political economy he hated and mocked at almost as heartily as Carlyle. People have measured his knowledge of history and geography by observing that he placed the Crucifixion in the reign of Augustus, and thought, down till 1878, that the Andes were the highest mountains in the world. But these are subjects which a man of affairs does not think of reading up in later life: he is content if he can get information on them when he needs it. There are some bits of metaphysics and some historical allusions scattered over his novels, but usually of a flimsy order. He amused himself and the public by now and then propounding doctrines on agricultural matters, but does not

really seem to have mastered either that or any other economical or commercial subject. It was not in his way: he had been so little in office as not to have been forced to apply himself to such matters, while the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake would not have commended itself to a mind so concentrated and self-absorbed.

The artistic quality in him was evident in his fondness for particular words and phrases—a taste which allied itself in an interesting way with his cynical view of mankind. There is a passage in "Contarini Fleming" (which is one among those of his novels that contains the most of himself), where this is set in the clearest light. Contarini tells his father that he left college "because they taught me only words, and I wished to learn ideas." His father answers, "Few ideas are correct ones, and what are correct, no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men."

He went on acting on this belief in the power of words till he became the victim of his own phrases, just as people who talk cynically for effect often grow at last into real cynics. When he had invented a phrase which happily expressed the aspect he wished his view, or some act of his policy, to bear, he came to believe in the phrase, and to think that the facts were altered by the color his expression put upon them. During the contest for the extension of the parliamentary franchise, he declared that he was "in favor of popular privileges, but opposed to democratic rights." When he was accused of having assented, at the Congress of Berlin, to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, he said that what had been done "was not dismemberment, but consolidation." No statesman of recent times has given currency to so many epigrammatic phrases: "organized hypocrisy," "England dislikes coalitions," "plundering and blundering," "peace with honor," "*imperium et libertas*," "a scientific frontier," are a few, and not the best, though now the best remembered, of the many which issued from his fertile mint. This turn for epigram, rare among Englishmen, sometimes led him into scrapes which would have damaged a man of less imperturbable coolness. No one else could have ventured to say, when he had induced the Tories to pass a Reform Bill stronger than the one they had rejected from the Liberals in the preceding year, that it had been his mission "to educate his party." His opponents were indignant at such audacity, and many old Tories gnashed their teeth in silence. But the country only laughed. "It was Disraeli all over." And they liked him all the better.

If his intellect was not of wide range,

it was within its range an admirably powerful weapon, of the finest flexibility and temper. Like Fitzjames's blade in Scott's poem, it was sword and shield in one. It was ingenious, ready, incisive. It detected in a moment the weak point, if not of an argument, yet of an attitude or a character. Its imaginative quality made it often picturesque, sometimes even impressive. Lord Beaconsfield had, indeed, the artist's delight in a situation for its own sake, and what people censured in him as insincerity or frivolity was frequently only the zest which he felt in posing, not so much because there was anything to be gained, as because he realized his aptitude for improvising a part in the drama which he always felt himself to be playing. The humor of the situation was too good to be wasted. It was, perhaps, partly this love of merry mischief, of startling people by doing just what they did not expect, that sometimes led him to confer honors on those whom the world thought least deserving.

In inquiring how these gifts qualified him for practical statesmanship, it is well to distinguish the different kinds of capacity which an English politician needs to attain the highest place. They may be said to be four:—He must be a debater; he must be a parliamentary tactician; he must understand the country; he must understand Europe. This last is, indeed, not always necessary: there are happy times when Europe may be left to itself, when England may look to her own affairs only; but when it is necessary, the necessity becomes terrible.

As an orator Lord Beaconsfield did not greatly shine. Indeed, in the highest sense of the word, he was no orator. He lacked ease and fluency. He had no turn for the lucid exposition of complicated facts, nor for the conduct of a close and cogent argument. Sustained and fiery declamation was not in his way. And least of all had he that truest index of genuine eloquence, the power of touching the emotions. He could not make his hearers weep, but he could make them laugh; he could put them in good humor with themselves; he could dazzle them with brilliant rhetoric, and he could pour upon an opponent streams of ridicule and scorn more effective than the hottest indignation. When he sought to be profound or solemn, he was usually heavy and labored. For wealth of thought or splendor of language his speeches will not bear for a moment to be compared—I will not say with Burke's, but with those of three or four of his own contemporaries. Even in his own party, Lord Derby, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Cairns surpassed him.

There is not one of his longer harangues which can be read with interest from beginning to end. But there is none, or at least hardly any, which does not contain some striking passage, some image or epigram, or burst of sarcasm, which must have been exceedingly effective when delivered. It is partly upon these isolated passages, especially the sarcastic ones, and still more upon the aptness of the speech to the circumstances under which it was made, that his parliamentary fame rests. If he was not a great orator he was a great debater, who watched with the utmost care the temper of the audience, and said just what his instinct told him was needed at the moment to disconcert an opponent or to put heart into his friends. His repartees were specially happy, and must often have been unpremeditated. One must not forget to add that as he had not the ardent temperament of the born orator, so neither had he the external advantages which count for so much before large assemblies. His voice was not remarkable either for range or for quality. His manner was somewhat stiff, his gestures few, his countenance inexpressive. Yet his delivery was not wanting in skill, and often added point, by its cool unconcern, to a stinging epigram.

What he wanted in eloquence he more than made up for by tactical adroitness. No more consummate parliamentary strategist has been seen in England. He had studied the House of Commons till he knew it as a player knows his instrument—studied it collectively, for it has a collective character, and studied the men who compose it: their worse rather than their better side, their prejudices, their foibles, their vanities, their ambitions, their jealousies, above all, that curious corporate pride which they have, and which makes them resent the least approach to dictation. He could play on every one of these strings, and yet so as to conceal his skill; and he so economized himself as to make them always wish to hear him. He knew how in a body of men always listening to talk, and most of it tedious talk, about matters in themselves uninteresting, the desire for a little amusement becomes almost a passion: and he humored this desire so far as occasionally to err by excess of banter and flippancy. He had a happy knack of appearing to follow rather than to lead, and when he made an official statement it was with the air of one who was taking them into his confidence. A good deal of this he had learned from observing Lord Palmerston: but the art came far more naturally to that statesman, who was an Englishman all through, than to a man of Mr. Disraeli's origin. As leader

of his party in opposition, he was at once daring and cautious. He never feared to give battle, even when he knew he was sure to be beaten, if he felt that it was necessary, with a view to the future, that the judgment of his party should have been pronounced in a formal way. On the other hand, he was wary of committing himself to a policy of blind or obstinate resistance. When he perceived that the time had come to yield, he knew how to yield with a good grace, so as both to support a character for reasonableness and to obtain valuable concessions as the price of peace. If difficulties arose with foreign countries he claimed full liberty of criticising the conduct of the Government, but studiously abstained from obstructing or thwarting its acts, declaring that England must always present a united front to the foreigner, whatever penalties she might afterward visit on those who had mismanaged her concerns. When he came into office at the head of a majority, he was not equally successful, and certainly made less use of his power than might have been expected. But he was then an old man, weakened by disease, feeling already that his time was short. As regards the inner discipline of his party, he had great difficulties to surmount in the jealousy which many Tories felt for him as a new man—a man whom they could not understand and only partially trusted. Conspiracies were repeatedly formed against him; malcontents attacked him in the press, and sometimes even in Parliament. These he seldom noticed, maintaining a cool and self-confident demeanor which disheartened the plotters, and discharging the duties of his post with the same steady assiduity. He was always on the lookout for young men of promise, drew them toward him, encouraged them to help him in parliamentary sharp-shooting, and fostered in every way the spirit of party. The bad side of that spirit was seen when he came into office, for then every appointment was given from party motives; and men who had been loyal to him were rewarded by places or titles to which they had no other claim. But the unity and martial fervor of the Tory party was raised to the highest point, and Mr. Disraeli himself, thanks to his unflinching tact, was never personally unpopular with his parliamentary opponents, even when he was most hotly attacked on the platform and in the press.

To know England and watch the shifting currents of its opinion is a very different matter from knowing the House of Commons. Indeed, the two kinds of knowledge are in a measure incompatible. Men who enter Parliament soon begin to forget that it is not, in the last resort, Parliament that governs, but

the people. They grow absorbed in the daily contests which they witness or bear a part in, and estimate them above their true importance. They come to think that the opinion inside must necessarily be the opinion outside. When they are in a minority they are depressed; when they are in a majority they fancy that all is well, forgetting their masters out-of-doors. This tendency is aggravated by the fact that the English Parliament meets in the capital, where all the rich and luxurious congregate and give their tone to society. The House of Commons, though many of its members belong to the middle class by origin, belongs practically to the upper class by sympathy, mixes in what is called the "best society" of the capital, and can hardly help believing that what it hears every evening at dinners or receptions is what the country is thinking. A member of the House of Commons is, therefore, ill placed for feeling the pulse of the nation, and in order to do so must study the provincial press, and must frequently visit and communicate with his constituents. If this difficulty is experienced by an ordinary private member, it is greater for a minister whose time is absorbed by official duties, or a leader of opposition, who has to be constantly thinking of his tactics in the House. In Lord Beaconsfield's case there was, of course, a keenness of observation and discernment far beyond the common. But he was under the disadvantage of not being really an Englishman, and of having never lived among the people. The detachment which has been referred to above here came in to weaken his power of judging of popular sentiment, of appraising at their true value the various tendencies that sway and divide a nation so complex as the English. Early in life he had formed theories about the relations of the different classes of English society—nobility, capitalists, workmen, peasantry, middle-class people—which were far from containing the whole truth; and he adhered to them even when the changes of half a century had made them less true. He had a great aversion, not to say contempt, for Puritanism, and for the Dissenters among whom it chiefly holds its ground, and pleased himself with the idea that the extension of the suffrage which he carried in 1867 had destroyed their political power. The Conservative success in 1874 confirmed him in this belief, and made him also think that the working classes were much more ready than they really are to follow the lead of the rich. He perceived that the Liberal ministry of 1868-74 (rightly or wrongly, I do not stop to inquire) offended the national pride of certain classes by appearing too modest or too neutral

in foreign affairs, and fancied that the great bulk of the nation would be dazzled by a warlike mien, and an active, even aggressive, foreign policy. It was congenial to his own ideas, congenial to the society that surrounded him; it was applauded by some largely circulated newspapers; and thus he was, perhaps, more surprised than any other man of similar experience to find the nation sending up a much larger majority against him in 1880 than it had sent up for him in 1874. One takes this as the most striking instance of his miscalculation; but the fact is that he had all through his career a very imperfect comprehension of the English people. Individuals, or even an assembly, may be understood by dint of keen and long-continued observation; but to understand a whole nation, one must also have sympathy, and this his circumstances, not less than his character, had denied him.

It was partly the same defect that prevented him from understanding the general politics of Europe. Of course, there is a sense in which no single man can pretend to understand Europe. Prince Bismarck himself does not: the problem is too vast, the facts to be known too numerous, the tendencies too complex. One can speak only of more or less. If Europe were now what it was a century ago, Lord Beaconsfield would have had a far better chance of being fit to become what it was probably his dearest wish to become—its guide and arbiter. He would have taken the exact measure of the princes and ministers with whom he had to deal, would have seen and played on their weaknesses with admirable skill. His novels show how often he had revolved diplomatic situations in his mind, and how expertly he would have dealt with them. Foreign diplomatists are all agreed that at the Congress of Berlin he played his part to admiration, spoke seldom, but spoke always to the point and with dignity, had a perfect conception of what he meant to secure, and of the means he must employ to secure it, never haggled over details or betrayed any eagerness to win support, never wavered in his demands, even when they seemed to lead straight to war. Dealing with individuals, representing material forces which he had gauged, he was perfectly at home, and deserved the praise he obtained. But to know what the condition of South-eastern Europe really was, and understand how best to settle it, was a far more difficult matter, for which he wanted both the previous study and the requisite insight. In the Europe of to-day, peoples count for more than the wills of individual rulers: one must comprehend the passions and sympathies of peoples if one is to forecast the future. He never cared to do this. He always treated with contempt the

national movement in Italy; made no secret of his good-will to Austria and his liking for Louis Napoleon—a man to whom, though far his inferior in ability and in courage, his own character had some affinities. His imagination, his fondness for theories, and disposition rather to adhere to them than to study and interpret facts, made him the victim of his own preconceived ideas. A great adversary once said of him that he had only two ideas in foreign policy—the one the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope, the other the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. We have seen the one expire; we are watching the agonies of the other. He was possessed by the notion, seductive to a dreamy mind, that all the disturbances of Europe arose from the action of secret societies; and when the Eastern Question was re-opened by the insurrection in Herzegovina and the subsequent war of Serbia against Turkey, he explained the phenomenon in a famous speech by saying, "The secret societies of Europe have declared war against Turkey"—the fact being that the societies, which in Russia were promoting the Servian war, were public societies, openly collecting subscriptions, while those secret "social democratic" societies of which we have since heard so much were strongly opposed to the interference of Russia, and those other societies in the rest of Europe, wherein Poles and Italians have played a leading part, were either hostile or indifferent.

There was one instance in which he displayed a foresight, or, at least, a reserve, in foreign affairs for which he deserves every credit. He was the only leading statesman on his own side of politics who did not embrace and applaud the cause of the South in the American civil war of 1861-65. Whether this arose from a caution that would not commit itself where it knew its own ignorance, or from a sound perception of the superior strength of the Northern States (a perception which one who visits the South is constantly astonished that so few people in Europe should have had), it is not easy to decide; but whatever the cause, the fact is a conspicuous evidence of his prudence or sagacity. Nor ought it to be forgotten that one or two of his earliest speeches display an insight into the sources of Irish suffering and Irish discontent which the English nation is only now beginning to reach.

In estimating his statesmanship as a whole, one must give due weight to the fact that it profoundly impressed foreigners, as well as his own party in England. No English minister has for a long time past so fascinated the opinion of Germany and France. They looked on him as the man who had given back to Britain her old European position; they

attributed to him profound designs, a penetrating insight almost equal to what his domestic admirers revered. In some of our Conservative clubs, there hangs a large photograph of Lord Beaconsfield, wearing the well-known look of mysterious fixity, under which is inscribed the line of Homer: "He alone is wise: the rest are fleeting shadows."* It was a happy idea to go for a motto to the favorite poet of his rival; and whatever we may think of its appropriateness, the fact remains that this is the belief he succeeded in inspiring. He did it by virtue of those very gifts which often brought him into trouble: his taste for large and imposing theories, his power of clothing them in vague and solemn language, his persistent faith in them. Very few people were able to judge whether his imperial ideas were right or wrong—that is, how far they were sound and feasible; but every one saw that he had theories, and many fell under the spell which a grandiose imagination knows how to exercise. It is chiefly this gift which lifts him out of the line of mere party political leaders, the line in which his position was won, and makes him an interesting study. If he sometimes failed to see how much the English are impelled by their emotions, he did see that they may be swayed through their imaginations. Obvious; yet it was almost his discovery.

His novels are too valuable a revelation of his mind to be passed over, but in themselves they need not occupy us long. They are brimful, nay, foaming over, with cleverness; indeed, "Vivian Grey," with all its youthful faults, gives one a greater impression of purely intellectual brilliance than anything else he ever wrote or spoke. There is some variety in their subjects,—*"Contarini Fleming"* and *"Tancred"* are more romantic than the others, *"Sybil"* and *"Coningsby"* more political,—as well as in their merits; the two latest, *"Lothair"* and *"Endymion,"* works of his old age, being markedly inferior in spirit and invention. But the general characteristics are the same in all—a lively fancy, a knack of hitting people off in a few lines, considerable power of describing the superficial aspects of society, a swift narrative, a sprightly dialogue, a keen insight into the selfishness of men and the vanities of women, with incessant flashes of wit lighting up the whole stage. But it is always a stage. The light is artificial light, not open-air sunshine. Nothing is really like nature. There is not one of the characters whom we feel we might have met and known; nor any whom we should like to know. Heroes and heroines are

* Used of Tiresias, in the world of disembodied spirits. (Od. xi.)

theatrical figures; their pathos rings false, their love, though described as passionate, seems superficial; it does not spring from the inmost recesses of the soul. The studies of men of the world, and particularly of heartless ones, are the most life-like; yet, even here, any one who wants to feel the difference between the great painter and the clever sketcher need only compare Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne with Disraeli's Marquis of Monmouth, both of them suggested by the same original. There is, in short, an absence of real dramatic power in these stories, just as there is in his play of "Alarcos"; and if we read them with pleasure it is not for the sake either of plot or of character, but because they contain so many sparkling witticisms and reflections, setting in a strong light, yet not always an unkindly light, the seamy side of politics and human nature. The slovenliness of their style, which is often pompous, but seldom pure or correct, makes them appear to have been written hastily—an impression heightened by the undoubted fertility of invention in the earlier ones, where we feel that the sketches the author gives are, so to speak, only a few out of a large portfolio. The less they profess to be serious, the better they are; and, consequently, the most vivacious of all are two classical burlesques, written at a time when that kind of composition had not yet become common,—*"Ixion in Heaven"* and *"The Infernal Marriage,"*—little pieces of funning worthy of Thackeray, I had almost said of Voltaire. Whether Lord Beaconsfield would have taken high rank as a novelist if he had thrown himself completely into the profession may be doubted, for his defects were such as pains and practice would hardly have lessened. The literary vocation he was best fitted for was that of a journalist or pamphleteer; and in this he might have won an unrivaled success. His dash, his verve, his brilliancy of illustration, his scorching satire, would have made the fortune of any newspaper, and carried dismay into the enemy's ranks.

The question we set out with still remains to be answered: How did such a man, possessed, no doubt, of remarkable powers, but also weighted in his course by great disadvantages, by his Jewish origin (which no one who looked at him could forget), by the escapades of his early career, by the want of confidence which his habitual cynicism inspired, by the visionary nature of so many of his views,—how did he, in a conservative and aristocratic country like England, triumph over so many prejudices and enmities, and raise himself to be the head of the Conservative and aristocratic party, the trusted counselor

of the Crown, the ruler, almost the dictator, of a free people? Mainly, no doubt, by the great gifts of intellect and still more remarkable powers of will which have been already described. But there were other secondary and incidental causes which deserve to be taken into account. The ancients were not wrong in ascribing to Fortune a great share in human affairs. He to whom it comes must, of course, have the capacity of using it. But he to whom it does not come, or comes too late, may never be able to display his power. Now, among the secondary causes of Mr. Disraeli's success, chance played no insignificant part.

Of these causes one or two may be particularized. The first lies in the nature of the party to which he belonged. The Tory party differs from the Liberal party in two important points. In the first place, it usually contains a smaller number of able men. When J. S. Mill once called it the stupid party, it did not repudiate the name, but pointed with some force to its strength and its earnestness as showing how many things besides mere intellect go to make political greatness. Hence it has been generally easier for a person of superior gifts to rise to eminence among the Tories than in the ranks of their opponents. Such a person has fewer competitors, and the comparative rarity of the phenomenon makes it more highly prized. This was signally the case after Peel's defection. That statesman had carried off with him the intellectual flower of the Conservatives. Those who were left behind to form the Protectionist opposition in the House of Commons were broad-acred squires, of solid character but slender capacity. Through this heavy atmosphere Mr. Disraeli rose like a balloon. Being the only man in his party with either strategical or debating power, he became indispensable, and established in a few months a supremacy which years of patient labor would not have given him in a rivalry with the distinguished band who surrounded Peel. And, what is hardly less remarkable, during the twenty years that followed till he became Prime Minister, no man of genius rose up in the Tory ranks to dispute his throne. The conspiracies against him might well have prospered could a candidate for the leadership have been found capable of crossing swords with the chieftain in possession. Fortune was true to her favorite, and suffered none such to appear.

In the second place, the Tory party is far more of a party than are the Liberals. The latter are (not, indeed, at this moment, but usually) a confederation of three parties, generally acting together, but liable, unless dominated by some extraordinary mind or animated by some extraordinary enthusiasm,

to fall asunder, perhaps to fire into each other's ranks. But the Tories, being the party of the property-holders, and having not to advance but to stand still, not to propose changes but to resist them—having bonds of interest as well as of sentiment to draw them close together, possess a coherence, a loyalty to their chiefs, a vehement corporate spirit, far exceeding those of their adversaries. Thus, when any man wins a conspicuous place among the Tories, he acquires forthwith a right to the support of all its members; and, when he becomes its leader, he is followed with a devotion, an unquestioning submission and confidence, which places his character and doctrines under the ægis of the party. The whole party feeling takes shape in applause of his words and attachment to his person. This was of infinite value to Mr. Disraeli. The historical past of the great Tory party, its associations, the social consideration which it enjoys, all went to ennoble his position and efface the remembrance of the less satisfactory parts of his career. And, in the later days of his reign, when no one disputed his supremacy, every Tory was, as a matter of course, his advocate and admirer, and resented attacks on him as insults to the party. It was a mistake on the part of the Liberals—a mistake, however, into which their foremost leaders did not fall so much as the minor lights—to make these attacks so bitter, for they only confirmed the loyalty of the Tories, leading them to identify themselves still more completely with their chieftain's policy.

Finally, he had the great advantage—an advantage whose weight is often forgotten—of living long. Many a statesman has died at fifty, leaving a second-rate reputation, who might have become world-historical with twenty years more of life. Had Lord Beaconsfield's career closed in 1854, he would have been remembered as a parliamentary gladiator, who had produced a crude Budget and some brilliant social and political sketches. The higher qualities of his character would have remained unknown. True it is that a man must have greatness in order to stand the test of long life. Some are found out, like Louis Napoleon. Some lose their heads and run to seed, like Lord Brougham. Some prove incapable of growth and development, like Prince Metternich, or, to take a far superior instance, M. Guizot. Lord Beaconsfield not merely stood the test, but gained immensely by it. He gained by rising into a position where his strength could show itself. He gained also by so impressing his individuality upon people as to make them accept it as an ultimate fact, till at last they came, not so much to blame him for what he did in consistency

with his established reputation, as rather to relish its expressions, to enter into the humor of his character. As they unconsciously came to judge him by a standard different from that which they applied to ordinary Englishmen, they hardly complained of deflections from accuracy which, in other persons, would have seemed grave. He had given notice that he was not like other men—that his words must not be taken in their natural sense, that he was to be regarded rather as the skillful player of a great game, the consummate actor in a great part, than as one who was battling for a cause he believed in. And, once more, he gained by the many years during which he had opportunities of displaying his fortitude, patience, constancy under defeat, unwavering self-confidence—gifts rarer than mere intellectual power, gifts that deserve the influence they bestow. Nothing so fascinates mankind as to see a man equal to every fortune, unshaken by reverses, indifferent to personal abuse, maintaining a long combat against apparently hopeless odds with the sharpest weapons and a smiling face. They fancy he must have great hidden resources of wisdom as well as of courage. When some of his predictions come true, when the turning tide of popular feeling begins to bear his party toward power, they believe that he has been all along right and the rest of the world wrong. When victory at last settles on his crest, even his enemies can hardly help applauding a reward which seems so amply earned. It was by this quality, more perhaps than by anything else, by this serene exterior with an unfathomable reserve below, that he laid his spell not only on so large a part of the English people, but upon the imagination of Germany and France.

Singular career, which appears hardly less singular when one has sought everywhere for explanations of it: a Jewish adventurer climbing from nothing, by no single stroke of luck, but by patient and unaided efforts, to sway a vast empire, and make himself one of the four or five greatest personal forces in the world. If it is not a career to be recommended for imitation, if his aims were mainly selfish, if one must confess that he did something to lower the tone of English public life, yet may it not fairly be held that as, while he sat in the House of Commons, no one was prouder of it, or more jealous of its dignity and privileges, so, too, when at last the destinies of England fell into his hands, he felt the greatness of the charge, and strenuously sought to secure what he believed to be her imperial position in the world? Whatever judgment history may ultimately pass upon him, she will find in the long annals of the English Parliament no more striking figure.

SOME OF THE UNION LEAGUE DECORATIONS.

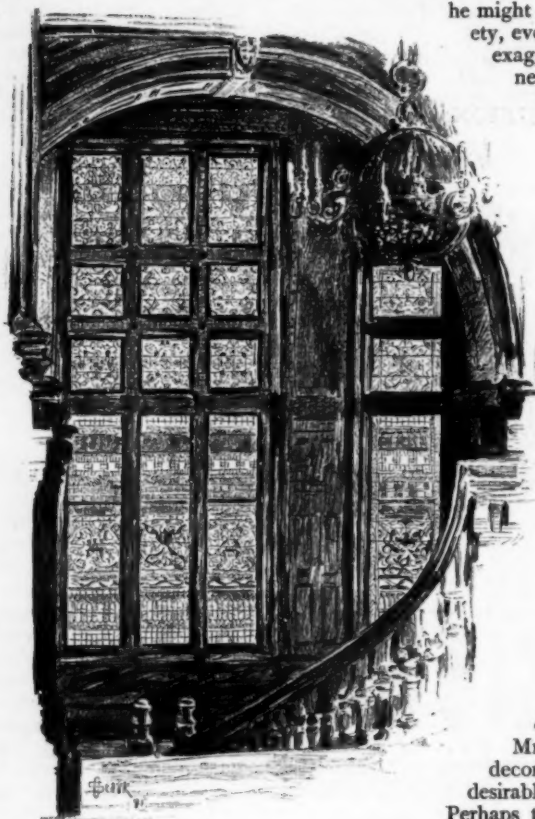


THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE. (ARCHITECTS: PEARODY AND STEARNS.)

THE Union League Club House (Fifth Avenue, New York) has, it is hardly fanciful to say, the qualities of its defects. The latter have been frequently pointed out in detail since the completion of the building, but, so far as they strike the ordinary eye, they may be pretty sufficiently summed up in saying that the edifice seems an architectural negation of repose. Repose, to be sure, has been regarded hitherto as an important quality of a monumental building, at least; and if in America we now seem to be divorcing domestic building from the necessity of a reposeful motive, and enduing it with new, different, and more varied possibilities, it will still remain difficult for some time to come, probably, to reconcile the general cultivated taste to the absence of architectural dignity as a prominent element in buildings of the size and importance of the Union League Club House. Nevertheless, there is to be noticed, together with this defect (as the most kindly disposed

critic must consider it), and in great measure, no doubt, dependent upon it, a certain animation and sprightliness, which in themselves are by no means displeasing. The very novelty of their presence brings some refreshment to a catholic mind, which, at the same time, need not mistake its relief from the commonplace monotony characteristic of our monumental buildings, in general, for a positive delight in surprises whose main merits are their unexpectedness and eccentricity. The Union League Club House, in other words, arrests attention and produces divers sensations, and thus has a comparative claim of some importance upon the consideration of any one who has reached it after a walk of five miles up Broadway from the Battery, although he may be able cordially to admire only its large red mass and the unusual circumstance that it has a visible, instead of merely an inferable, roof.

This is especially true of the interior deco-



WINDOW FROM GRAND STAIRCASE.
(TIFFANY.)

rations, which make no attempt to secure the ordinary advantages of unity of design, or even of general character, but make the most of variety, and have the air of relying for success upon giving the beholder something new to think of, or, at least, something different to look at, each time he turns his head. There is, to be sure, one criticism to be made upon this system of interior decoration, if one may venture to so term it; and it seems to be justified by the net result in the present case, from which alone, if one had never seen other examples of the practice,

he might generalize the proposition that variety, even when pushed to the extremity of exaggeration and eccentricity, should nevertheless be, for the most part, upon the same plane of merit. This, at all events, is the ideal to be kept in view in contriving *bizarrie* on a large scale, and it must be admitted that the architect of the Union League lost sight of it constantly, if, indeed, he did not deliberately forego it at the outset. Of course, however, the difficulty of attaining it is as great as the necessity, and no one will feel disposed to be hard upon short-comings in this respect. Only as a general criticism is it to be observed that to avoid monotony is not in itself sufficient if one's details, however violently conflicting, are partly bad as well as wholly diverse: in other words, there is at least one kind of monotony the mere variation of which is not in itself happy—the monotony of merit, namely. If you have a room to decorate, for example (to avoid the temptation to illustrate by instances more nearly in point), the variety obtained by giving the ceiling to Mr. Whistler, say, and the walls to the decorator Garibaldi is distinctly not a desirable variety.

Perhaps this is the great difficulty with the Union League Club House as a whole, if we



A CORNER OF THE ALCOVE DINING-ROOM. (FRANK HILL SMITH.)



IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

accept the point of view of the architects, that repose has grown old-fashioned, and interest is to be sought in variety of intention and manifestation. At all events, any one who does not accept this view will be puzzled from the start. For example, to take one of the most obvious peculiarities of the edifice; it is necessary to suppose, when one observes that columns of large diameter are employed on the Thirty-ninth street façade to support a balcony precisely identical in every respect with that on the Fifth Avenue side, which is carried on very thin pilasters, that the advantage architects sometimes take nowadays—and, of course, in the Middle Ages always took—of constructive opportunity, has here been abandoned at the outset. This one of many similar incidents of the construction is sufficient to classify at once the intention of the architect as averse to what is ordinarily termed the architectural expression of purpose, or even of ideas. Here, of course, it is intended to deal only with the decoration of the building, and to have nothing to do with the architecture thereof; but, nevertheless, it happens to be true that one gets as good a clew to anything from a large and evident detail as from a small one, and the credit of the interior of the Union League Club must, on the whole and *en masse*, be awarded to the architects of the exterior. The halls of the building were consigned to the taste and skill of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, and, of course, they leave the strongest

impression upon any casual visitor to the Club on account of their size and—shall we say?—their *quasi*-splendor. Splendor is a quality, however, which in general has an unfortunate drawback. If it fails to please, it offends. Any one who sets out to decorate halls as Mr. Tiffany has here decided to decorate them, ought to consider this. In that event perhaps a nearer approach to the mean which is acknowledged to be golden would be more easily reached. On the other hand, it would have been very simple to make these corridors perfectly inoffensive to the most exacting taste, and any one who has tried to do more than this is, of course, entitled to great credit. Green and silver may not be agreeable to many tastes, but it is necessary to admit that they at least avoid commonplace. In fact, they do more; they avoid the look of professional decoration. Mr. Frank Hill Smith, to whom, in accordance with the general architectural plan, some of the rooms were intrusted, has not been quite so successful in this respect, for example. If one seeks, in his apartments, for any spontaneity such as Mr. Tiffany has so abundantly shown, he is sure to be disappointed. The services of Mr. Warner are certainly not to be frittered away, and they certainly have not been used here to their utmost advantage in the little plafond corners, which, graceful enough in themselves, might have been modeled by anybody as well as by the best—or, as persons prefer, one of the two best—sculptors that we have.



FISH CURTAIN IN THE DINING-ROOM. (TIFFANY.)

The large room which the Messrs. Cottier have done is certainly far better than Mr. Smith's, for the reason that it is frankly professional. No one need find any fault with it from the professional decorator's point of view, and from any stand-point the windows are agreeable.

The windows, too, of the main hall are the best portions of Mr. Tiffany's work, in our opinion at least. It should not be forgotten, in saying this, that there is elsewhere a great deal of commendable effort, but if success has anywhere indubitably attended his efforts, it is in the little window on the third landing of the main staircase, which is very pretty, simple, and unconventional. The larger ones on the first landing it is hardly possible to admire so much, unless one's taste exactly fits in with them, in which case, of course, they are triumphant successes. And it is undoubtedly fortunate that mere taste plays so large a part in the judgment of such art-

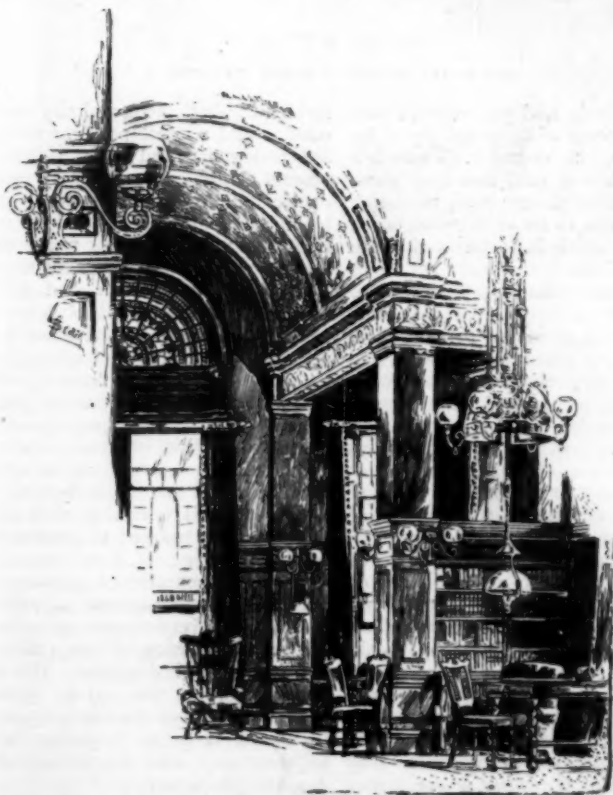
products as stained-glass; otherwise one might urge as an objection to a window, that it was opaque or muddy or anything else, and—according to the logic of transparent material—the objection would be fatal.

The dining-room (in the top story) was assigned to Mr. La Farge. It should, however, be mentioned that such details as can be called architectural had been inexorably furnished him. It is a little difficult to separate the two things, and not allow one's impression of the construction to influence that made by the decoration. Probably every one who has seen much of Mr. La Farge's interior decoration experiences, upon entering the dining-room, a feeling of disappointment, after having been told that it is his work; and some time elapses before it is possible to trace the feeling to its source in the contracted and fanciful modeling of the cubical contents of the apartment—so to speak—and in such details as the angular scroll-work in plaster relief which

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adorns the concave division of the ceiling, the *lightening* of oak wainscoting and chimney-pieces by soapstone fire-places of massive proportions, and the very uncomfortable weight of constructed timber decoration which, to the eye, performs the function of supporting with considerable to-do a point whose irresistible tendency is to spring upward, and has the effect of limiting the vision in various directions. There was only too little space left for effective treatment by the decorator after the general plan of the ceiling had been determined upon. But for the architect and painter-decorator to have pulled together and mortised their work with cordial intimacy would certainly have been stranger still than what evidently happened in this case. There is as chronic an incompatibility between these (except, of course, in the unique instance of the Associated Artists' comity) as, notoriously, there is between both of them and the critic (*soi-disant* or other) whom malevolence inspires to point out this, or, indeed, any fact connected with their work.

Though it cannot be said that its original conditions have been absolutely circumvented, and a just impression of the work is, as already intimated, the result of some little reflection, the decorator has contrived opportunities for the exhibition of a great deal of very charming form and color. Indeed, the general effect, after one is fairly within the room and has placed things, is very distinct and harmonious. Ideas of elegance and luxury are expressed by it with much discrimination—indeed (judging by what we have in America that falls into the same category), with great refinement and tact, whereby luxury and elegance seem rescued from association with grossness or commonness of any kind, and seem (as in point of fact they undoubtedly are) valuable ideas in and of themselves. It is not at all a banquet-hall for a Lucullus. On the purely sensuous side, too, the decoration, as a whole, is correspondingly agreeable. It is light and yet rich, bright without empty glitter, and soft without being subdued. Its success here is particularly noteworthy, because such success



ALCOVES IN THE LIBRARY. (COTTIER.)



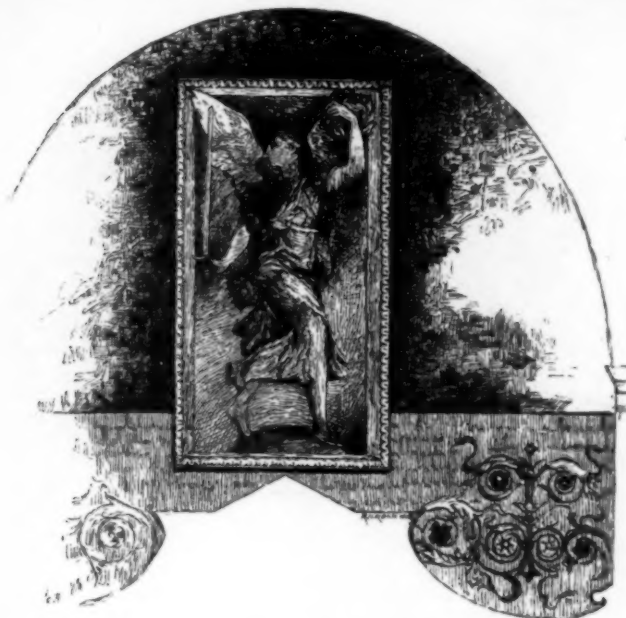
PART OF THE DINING-ROOM CEILING. (LA FARGE.)

is so rare and difficult, and yet seems so easy and simple on account of the simplicity of the elements combined to create it. There is a great deal of oak and gold and blue glass-tiling, one sees at a glance; and, reasoning hastily, is hardly apt to avoid the conclusion that the pleasing result is to be ascribed to the excellence of these materials and their affinity for each other, rather than to any special felicity in their composition. Of course, such an inference as this in regard to a work of any elaborateness, is generally an undesigned eulogy, recalling the memorable remark of the candid critic, who, after expressing a hearty admiration for one of Titian's portraits, inquired why portraits were not always painted thus and not otherwise, inasmuch as Titian's was clearly the right way to paint portraits. This is clearly the way to arrange gold and blues and light browns in a room like this dining-room. You gild the peaks of the ceiling down to within about six feet of the concave division, where, of course, you paint a band of grotesques. These should not be flagrantly ecclesiastical, but they should hint by association at something sufficiently removed from the suggestion of dinners and luncheons (sufficiently removed from "expressing the function" of the apartment, *pace* rigid authority to the contrary) to give some play of a poetic kind to the fancy of the higher varieties of club man. Naturally, wings are

to be furnished them, and any one's sense of color would suggest pricking them out with red and white and a bit of blue from the general golden mass. The tyro in decoration knows the sumptuous results of justly combining gold and white, and he must know also (one argues standing under this ceiling) that, in general, these elements are combined either tamely or violently, and that to secure the effect of richness and softness a great deal of subtlety must be called to one's aid. Supply subtlety in sufficient quantity, however, and success is assured. Similarly with the bed of blue glass-tiling in either gable of this unique room. Blue, especially of the ultramarine or cobalt varieties, is recognized to be a difficult color to use to advantage in any decoration that is not distinctly scientific, and has parted company with the schemes of color contemplated in grammars of ornament. But one is here immediately reminded how effective a primary color can be, even in a color-scheme of some delicacy. The soft, velvety masses at either end of the central division of the ceiling are very harmonious and delightful. The mere non-selection of the tiles, so to speak, is seen to have a value and a purpose, and the accidental variation of quality and the consequent play and movement are plainly desirable properties.

Just here, indeed, one might press this way

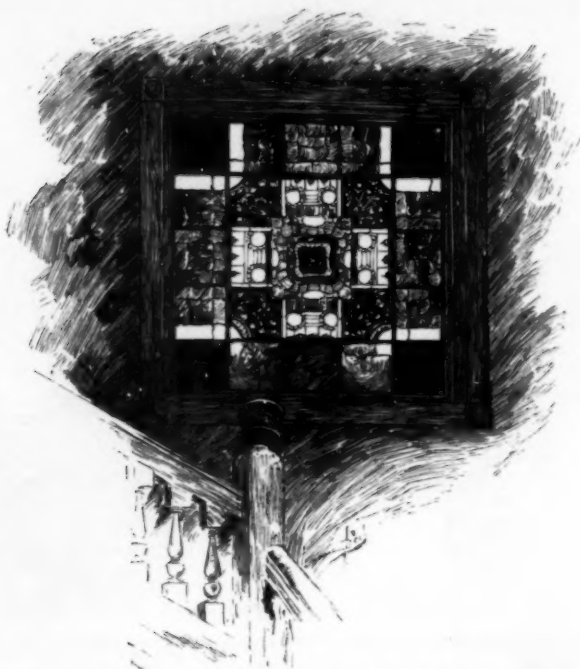
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BASS-RELIEF OF "VICTORY" IN THE DINING-ROOM. (LA FARGE.)

of treating Mr. La Farge's work to its utmost limits without injustice, and recognize that the faults of the decoration are as frank as its merits: another artist would hardly have been content with the manifest difference in shade between the upper and lower halves of the tiling at the north end of the ceiling. However, when one is bothered about the fitness of an escutcheon, for example, and is considering whether or no its colors are not a little flat and raw in the midst of so much mellow softness, one may easily omit to secure sufficient carelessness in the choice of tiles for the background of the real perplexity. And as to the strict appositeness of the charming figure of "Victory" which hangs opposite this last, does any one imagine that the inventor of its extremely agreeable proportions and general movement is a less competent judge than another of the fitness of artistic things? When a decorator, that is to say a painter-decorator, is called upon to decorate a room of this description, it is certainly asking too much to demand that he exhibit a strict regard for such unities of idea and form as may commend themselves to the general observer, who is always, it is well known, addicted to a *priori* criticism. Why should a "Victory" be here at all, this observer may ask; though if he be of an ultra

logical turn of mind, an answer might be found by some enthusiastic member of a club which has always displayed pugnacity and often enjoyed such success as attends the victor in games of the kind in which it contends. It would be pushing logic altogether too far, the strictest constructionist would admit, to object to this "Victory" that its idea is evidently poetical, whereas the thing it should symbolize is of the essence of prose. What, one must ask, would be the fate of interior decoration if logic of this sort—*i. e.*, logical logic—really obtained currency among its practitioners? And (not meaning, by the way, to insist upon any conspicuous lack of harmony between this figure and its surroundings) still further one may ask himself if hanging a delightful piece of art on the walls of a room arranged on the plan of this, instead of calling it part of the decoration, is not in one view a tribute of conformity to the essential *bizarrie* of the architectural motive? To have followed in the frame of the "Victory" the lines of the neighboring moldings, or, indeed, to have considered these latter in any respect whatever, would doubtless have been to admit the introduction of an element into the general problem the presence of which would have complicated it considerably, and on the whole un-



SMALL WINDOW ON THE STAIRCASE. (TIFFANY.)

wisely, as we have hinted. No considerations at all are needed in order to appreciate the beauty of the detail in question. It is, in execution, the work of Mr. La Farge and the Messrs. St. Gaudens, and of Mr. W. H. Low, who assisted in painting it. As an object of the decoration, it arrests the eye at once, and keeps the attention longest perhaps—

which circumstance has also, no doubt, a disadvantage, since there is no other object adequately to share the blame of individual emphasis. On second thought, however, there is at least, one other such detail, and perhaps there are many who will find Mr. La Farge's rose-window in the west gable more attractive even than the "Victory."

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

Hid in the deep recesses of this heart
 There lies a chord which thrills to one dear name,
 Though whose it be I may not now impart,
 Lest unrequited love should cause me shame.
 But do I love thee? Let me pause and say:
 My world would be no desert lacking thee;
 My sun shines brightly still and thou away,
 Although its gladness seems less glad to me;
 Life, e'en without thee, seemeth very sweet—
 Small pleasures charm me, though the chief I miss;
 Thee I but need to make all joy complete.
 Can loving be so cold a thing as this?
 Yet, should thy friendship more than liking prove,
 I, who love not, could show thee how to love!

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XI.

THE loggers pulled off their boots and got into their bunks, where some of them lay and smoked, while others fell asleep directly.

Bartley made some indirect approaches to Kinney for sympathy in the snub which he had received, and which rankled in his mind with unabated keenness.

But Kinney did not respond.

"Your bed's ready," he said. "You can turn in whenever you like."

"What's the matter?" asked Bartley.

"Nothing's the matter, if you say so," answered Kinney, going about some preparations for the morning's breakfast.

Bartley looked at his resentful back. He saw that he was hurt, and he surmised that Kinney suspected him of making fun of his eccentricities to Mrs. Macallister. He had laughed at Kinney, and tried to amuse her with him; but he could not have made this appear as harmless as it was. He rose from the bench on which he had been sitting, and shut with a click the penknife with which he had been cutting a pattern on its edge.

"I shall have to say good-night to you, I believe," he said, going to the peg on which Kinney had hung his hat and overcoat. He had them on, and was buttoning the coat in an angry tremor before Kinney looked up and realized what his guest was about.

"Why, what—why, where—you goin'?" he faltered in dismay.

"To Equity," said Bartley, feeling in his coat-pockets for his gloves, and drawing them on, without looking at Kinney, whose great hands were in a pan of dough.

"Why—why—no, you aint!" he protested, with a revulsion of feeling that swept away all his resentment, and left him nothing but remorse for his inhospitality.

"No?" said Bartley, putting up the collar of the first ulster worn by a native in that region.

"Why, look here!" cried Kinney, pulling his hands out of the dough, and making a fruitless effort to cleanse them upon each other. "I don't want you to go this way."

"Don't you? I'm sorry to disoblige you; but I'm going," said Bartley.

Kinney tried to laugh.

"Why, Hubbard—why, Bartley—why, Bart!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you? I aint mad!"

"You have an unfortunate manner, then. Good-night." He strode out between the bunks, full of snoring loggers. Kinney hurried after him, imploring and protesting in a low voice, trying to get before him, and longing to lay his floury paws upon him and detain him by main force, but, even in his distress, respecting Bartley's overcoat too much to touch it.

He followed him out into the freezing air in his shirt-sleeves, and besought him not to be such a fool. "It makes me feel like the devil!" he exclaimed, pitifully. "You come back, now, half a minute, and I'll make it all right with you. I know I can; you're a gentleman; and you'll understand. *Do* come back! I shall never get over it, if you don't!"

"I'm sorry," said Bartley, "but I'm not going back. Good-night."

"Oh, good Lordy!" lamented Kinney. "What am I goin' to do? Why, man! It's a good three mile and more to Equity, and the woods is full of catamounts. I tell ye 'taint safe for ye." He kept following Bartley down the path to the road.

"I'll risk it," said Bartley.

Kinney had left the door of the camp open, and the yells and curses of the awakened sleepers recalled him to himself.

"Well, well! If you will go," he groaned in despair, "here's that money." He plunged his doughy hand into his pocket, and pulled out a roll of bills. "Here it is. I haint time to count it; but it'll be all right, anyhow."

Bartley did not even turn his head to look round at him.

"Keep your money!" he said, as he plunged forward through the snow. "I wouldn't touch a cent of it to save your life."

"All right," said Kinney, in hapless contrition, and he returned to shut himself in with the reproaches of the loggers and the upbraiding of his own heart.

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Bartley dashed along the road in a fury that kept him unconscious of the intense cold; and he sat up half the night, when he was once more in his own room, packing his effects against his departure next day. When all was done, he went to bed half wishing that he might never rise from it again. It was not that he cared for Kinney; that fool's sulking was only the climax of a long series of injuries of which he was the victim at the hands of a hypercritical omnipotence.

Despite his conviction that it was useless to struggle longer against such injustice, he lived through the night, and came down late to breakfast, which he found stale, and without the compensating advantage of finding himself alone at the table. Some ladies had lingered there to clear up on the best authority the distracting rumors concerning him which they had heard the day before. Was it true that he had intended to spend the rest of the winter in logging; and *was* it true that he was going to give up the "Free Press"; and was it *true* that Henry Bird was going to be the editor? Bartley gave a sarcastic confirmation to all these reports, and went out to the printing-office to gather up some things of his. He found Henry Bird there, looking pale and sick, but at work and seemingly in authority. This was what Bartley had always intended when he should give up, but he did not like it, and he resented some small changes that had already been made in the editor's room, in tacit recognition of his purpose not to occupy it again.

Bird greeted him stiffly; the printer-girls briefly nodded to him, suppressing some little hysterical titters, and tacitly let him feel that he was no longer master there. While he was in the composing-room Sally Morrison came in, apparently from some errand outside, and catching sight of him, stared, and pertly passed him in silence. On his inkstand he found a letter from Squire Gaylord, briefly auditing his last account, and inclosing the balance due him. From this the old lawyer, with the careful smallness of a village business man, had deducted various little sums for things which Bartley had never expected to pay for. With a like thriftiness the landlord, when Bartley asked for his bill, had charged certain items that had not appeared in the bills before. Bartley felt that the charges were trumped up; but he was powerless to dispute them; besides he hoped to sell the landlord his colt and cutter, and he did not care to prejudice that matter. Some bills from store-keepers, which he thought he had paid, were handed to him by the landlord, and each of the churches had sent in a little account for pew-rent for the past eighteen months: he had always

believed himself dead-headed at church. He outlawed the latter by tearing them to pieces in the landlord's presence, and dropping the fragments into a spittoon. It seemed to him that every soul in Equity was making a clutch at the rapidly diminishing sum of money which Squire Gaylord had inclosed to him, and which was all he had in the world. On the other hand, his popularity in the village seemed to have vanished overnight. He had sometimes fancied a general and rebellious grief when it should become known that he was going away; but instead there was an acquiescence amounting to airiness.

He wondered if anything about his affairs with Henry Bird and Sally Morrison had leaked out. But he did not care. He only wished to shake the snow of Equity off his feet as soon as possible.

After dinner, when the boarders had gone out, and the loafers had not yet gathered in, he offered the landlord his colt and cutter. Bartley knew that the landlord wanted the colt; but now the latter said:

"I don't know as I care to buy any horses, right in the winter, this way."

"All right," answered Bartley. "Just have the colt put into the cutter."

Andy Morrison brought it round. The boy looked at Bartley's set face with a sort of awestricken affection; his adoration for the young man survived all that he had heard said against him at home during the series of family quarrels that had ensued upon his father's interview with him; he longed to testify, somehow, his unabated loyalty, but he could not think of anything to do, much less to say.

Bartley pitched his valise into the cutter, and then, as Andy left the horse's head to give him a hand with his trunk, offered him a dollar.

"I don't want anything," said the boy, shyly refusing the money out of pure affection. But Bartley mistook his motive, and thought it sulky resentment.

"Oh, very well," he said. "Take hold."

The landlord came out.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "Where you goin' to take the cars?"

"At the Junction," answered Bartley. "I know a man there that will buy the colt. What is it you want?"

The landlord stepped back a few paces, and surveyed the establishment.

"I should like to ride after that hoss," he said, "if you aint in any great of a hurry."

"Get in," said Bartley, and the landlord took the reins.

From time to time, as he drove, he rose up

and looked over the dash-board to study the gait of the horse.

"I've noticed he strikes, some, when he first comes out in the spring."

"Yes," Bartley assented.

"Pulls consid'able."

"He pulls."

The landlord rose again and scrutinized the horse's legs.

"I don't know as I ever noticed 't he'd capped his hock before."

"Didn't you?"

"Done it kickin' nights, I guess."

"I guess so."

The landlord drew the whip lightly across the colt's rear; he shrank together, and made a little spring forward, but behaved perfectly well.

"I don't know as I should always be sure he wouldn't kick in the day-time."

"No," said Bartley, "you never can be sure of anything."

They drove along in silence. At last the landlord said:

"Well, he aint so fast as I *supposed*."

"He's not so fast a horse as some," answered Bartley.

The landlord leaned over sidewise for an inspection of the colt's action forward.

"Haint never thought he had a splint on that forward off leg?"

"A splint? Perhaps he has a splint."

They returned to the hotel and both dismounted.

"Skittish devil," remarked the landlord, as the colt quivered under the hand he laid upon him.

"He's skittish," said Bartley.

The landlord retired as far back as the door, and regarded the colt critically.

"Well, I s'pose you've always used him too well ever to winded him, but dumn 'f he don't *blow* like it."

"Look here, Simpson," said Bartley, very quietly. "You know this horse as well as I do, and you know there isn't an out about him. You want to buy him because you always have. Now make me an offer."

"Well," groaned the landlord, "what'll you take for the whole rig, just as it stands—colt, cutter, leathers, and robe?"

"Two hundred dollars," promptly replied Bartley.

"I'll give ye seventy-five," returned the landlord with equal promptness.

"Andy, take hold of the end of that trunk, will you?"

The landlord allowed them to put the trunk into the cutter. Bartley got in, too, and, shifting the baggage to one side, folded the robe around him from his middle down and took his seat.

"This colt can road you right along all day inside of five minutes, and he can trot inside of two-thirty every tim; and you know it as well as I do."

"Well," said the landlord, "make it an even hundred."

Bartley leaned forward and gathered up the reins.

"Let go his head, Andy," he quietly commanded.

"Make it one and a quarter," cried the landlord, not seeing that his chance was past.

"What do you say?"

What Bartley said, as he touched the colt with the whip, the landlord never knew. He stood watching the cutter's swift disappearance up the road, in a sort of stupid expectation of its return. When he realized that Bartley's departure was final, he said under his breath: "Sold, ye dummed old fool, and serve ye right," and went in-doors with a feeling of admiration for colt and man that bordered on reverence.

XII.

THIS last drop of the local meanness filled Bartley's bitter cup. As he passed the house at the end of the street he seemed to drain it all. He knew that the old lawyer was there sitting by the office stove, drawing his hand across his chin, and Bartley hoped that he was still as miserable as he had looked when he last saw him; but he did not know that by the window in the house which he would not even look at, Marcia sat self-prisoned in her room, with her eyes upon the road, famishing for the thousandth part of a chance to see him pass. She saw him now for the instant of his coming and going. With eyes trained to take in every point, she saw the preparation which seemed like final departure, and with a gasp of "Bartley!" as if she were trying to call after him, she sank back into her chair and shut her eyes.

He drove on, plunging into the deep hollow beyond the house, and keeping for several miles the road they had taken on that Sunday together; but he did not make the turn that brought them back to the village again. The early sunset was slanting over the snow when he reached the Junction, for he had slackened his colt's pace after he had put ten miles behind him, not choosing to reach a prospective purchaser with his horse all blown and bathed with sweat. He wished to be able to say: "Look at him! He's come fifteen miles since three o'clock, and he's as keen as when I started."

This was true, when, having left his baggage at the Junction, he drove another mile into the country to see the farmer of the gen-

tleman who had his summer-house here, and who had once bantered Bartley to sell him his colt. The farmer was away, and would not be at home till the up-train from Boston was in. Bartley looked at his watch, and saw that to wait would lose him the six o'clock down-train. There would be no other till eleven o'clock. But it was worth while: the gentleman had said, "When you want the money for that colt, bring him over any time; my farmer will have it ready for you." He waited for the up-train, but when the farmer arrived, he was full of all sorts of scruples and reluctances. He said he should not like to buy it till he had heard from Mr. Farnham; he ended by offering Bartley eighty dollars for the colt on his own account; he did not want the cutter.

"You write to Mr. Farnham," said Bartley, "that you tried that plan with me, and it wouldn't work; he's lost the colt."

He made this brave show of indifference, but he was disheartened, and having carried the farmer home from the Junction for the convenience of talking over the trade with him, he drove back again through the early night-fall in sullen desperation.

The weather had softened and was threatening rain or snow; the dark was closing in spiritlessly; the colt, shortening from a trot into a short, springy jolt, dropped into a walk at last as if he were tired, and gave Bartley time enough on his way back to the Junction for reflection upon the disaster into which his life had fallen. These passages of utter despair are commoner to the young than they are to those whom years have experienced in the impermanence of any fate, good, bad, or indifferent, unless, perhaps, the last may seem rather constant. Taken in reference to all that had been ten days ago, the present ruin was incredible, and had nothing reasonable in proof of its existence. Then he was prosperously placed, and in the way to better himself indefinitely. Now, he was here in the dark, with fifteen dollars in his pocket, and an unsalable horse on his hands; outcast, deserted, homeless, hopeless: and by whose fault? He owned even then that he had committed some follies; but in his sense of Marcia's all-giving love he had risen for once in his life to a conception of self-devotion, and in taking herself from him as she did, she had taken from him the highest incentive he had ever known, and had checked him in his first feeble impulse to do and be all in all for another. It was she who had ruined him.

As he jumped out of the cutter at the Junction, the station-master stopped with a cluster of parti-colored signal-lanterns in his hand and cast their light over the sorrel.

"Nice colt you got there."

"Yes," said Bartley, blanketing the horse, "do you know anybody who wants to buy?"

"Whose is he?" asked the man.

"He's mine!" shouted Bartley. "Do you think I stole him?"

"I don't know where you got him," said the man, walking off, and making a soft play of red and green lights on the snow beyond the narrow platform.

Bartley went into the great ugly barn of a station, trembling, and sat down in one of the gouged and whittled arm-chairs near the stove. A pomp of time-tables, and luminous advertisements of Western railroads and their land-grants decorated the wooden walls of the gentlemen's waiting-room, which had been sanded to keep the gentlemen from writing and sketching upon them. This was the more judicious because the ladies' room, in the absence of tourist travel, was locked in winter, and they were obliged to share the gentlemen's. In summer, the Junction was a busy place, but after the snow fell, and until the snow thawed, it was a desolation relieved only by the arrival of the sparsely-peopled through trains from the north and east, and by such local travelers as wished to take trains not stopping at their own stations. These broke in upon the solitude of the joint station-master and baggage-man and switch-tender with just sufficient frequency to keep him in a state of uncharitable irritation and unrest. To-night Bartley was the sole intruder, and he sat by the stove wrapped in a cloud of rebellious memories, when one side of a colloquy without made itself heard.

"What?"

Some question was repeated.

"No; it went down half an hour ago."

An inaudible question followed.

"Next down-train at eleven."

There was now a faintly audible lament or appeal.

"Guess you'll have to come earlier next time. Most folks doos that wants to take it."

Bartley now heard the despairing moan of a woman; he had already divined the sex of the futile questioner whom the station-master was bullying; but he had divined it without compassion, and if he had not himself been a sufferer from the man's insolence he might even have felt a ferocious satisfaction in it. In a word, he was at his lowest and worst when the door opened and the woman came in, with a movement at once bewildered and daring, which gave him the impression of a despair as complete and final as his own. He doggedly kept his place; she did not seem to care for him, but in the uncertain light of the lamp above them she drew near

the stove, and putting one hand to her pocket as if to find her handkerchief, she flung aside her veil with the other and showed her tear-stained face.

He was on his feet somehow.

"Marcia!"

"Oh! Bartley——"

He had seized her by the arm to make sure that she was there in verity of flesh and blood, and not by some trick of his own senses, as a cold chill running over him had made him afraid. At the touch their passion ignored all that they had made each other suffer; her head was on his breast, his embrace was round her; it was a moment of delicious bliss that intervened between the sorrows that had been and the reasons that must come.

"What—what are you doing here, Marcia?" he asked at last.

They sank on the benching that ran round the wall; he held her hands fast in one of his, and kept his other arm about her as they sat side by side.

"I don't know—I—" She seemed to rouse herself by an effort from her rapture. "I was going to see Nettie Spaulding. And I saw you driving past our house; and I thought you were coming here; and I couldn't bear—I couldn't bear to let you go away without telling you that I was wrong; and asking—asking you to forgive me. I thought you would do it—I thought you would know that I had behaved that way because I—I—cared so much for you. I thought—I was afraid you had gone on the other train——"

She trembled and sank back in his embrace, from which she had lifted herself a little.

"How did you get here?" asked Bartley, as if willing to give himself all the proofs he could of the every-day reality of her presence.

"Andy Morrison brought me. Father sent him from the hotel. I didn't care what you would say to me. I wanted to tell you that I was wrong, and not let you go away feeling that—that—you were all to blame. I thought when I had done that, you might drive me away—or laugh at me, or anything you pleased, if only you would let me take back——"

"Yes," he answered dreamily. All that wicked hardness was breaking up within him; he felt it melting drop by drop in his heart. This poor, love-tossed soul, this frantic, unguided, reckless girl, was an angel of mercy to him, and in her folly and error a messenger of heavenly peace and hope. "I am a bad fellow, Marcia," he faltered. "You ought to know that. You did right to give me up. I made love to Sally Morrison; I never prom-

ised to marry her, but I made her think that I was fond of her."

"I don't care for that," replied the girl. "I told you when we were first engaged that I would never think of anything that had gone before that; and then when I would not listen to a word from you that day I broke my promise."

"When I struck Henry Bird because he was jealous of me, I was as guilty as if I had killed him."

"If you had killed him, I was bound to you by my word. Your striking him was part of the same thing—part of what I had promised I never would care for." A gush of tears came into his eyes, and she saw them. "Oh, poor Bartley! Poor Bartley!"

She took his head between her hands and pressed it hard against her heart, and then wrapped her arms tight about him, and softly bemoaned him.

They drew a little apart when the man came in with his lantern, and set it down to see to the fire. But as a railroad employé he was far too familiar with the love that vaunts itself on all railroad trains to feel that he was an intruder. He scarcely looked at them, and went out when he had mended the fire, and left it purring.

"Where is Andy Morrison?" asked Bartley. "Has he gone back?"

"No; he is at the hotel over there. I told him to wait till I found out when the train went north."

"So you inquired when it went to Boston," said Bartley, with a touch of his old railery. "Come," he added, taking her hand under his arm. He led her out of the room to where his cutter stood outside. She was astonished to find the colt there.

"I wonder I didn't see it. But if I had I should have thought that you had sold it and gone away; Andy told me you were coming here to sell the colt. When the man told me the express was gone, I knew you were on it."

They found the boy stolidly waiting for Marcia on the veranda of the hotel, stamping first upon one foot and then the other, and hugging himself in his great-coat as the coming snow-fall blew its first flakes in his face.

"Is that you, Andy?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy without surprise at finding him with Marcia.

"Well, here! Just take hold of the colt's head a minute."

As the boy obeyed, Bartley threw the reins on the dash-board, leaped out of the cutter, and went within. He returned after a brief absence, followed by the landlord.

"Well, it aint more'n a mile'n' a half if it's

that. You just keep straight along this street, and take your first turn to the left, and you're right at the house; it's the first house on the left-hand side."

"Thanks," returned Bartley. "Andy, you tell the Squire that you left Marcia with me, and I said I would see about her getting back. You needn't hurry."

"All right," said the boy, and he disappeared round the corner of the house to get his horse from the barn.

"Well, I'll be all ready by the time you're here," said the landlord, still holding the hall-door ajar. "Luck to you!" he shouted, shutting it.

Marcia locked both her hands through Bartley's arm and leaned her head on his shoulder. Neither spoke for some minutes; then he asked, "Marcia, do you know where you are?"

"With you," she answered in a voice of utter peace.

"Do you know where we are going?" he asked, leaning over to kiss her cold, pure cheek.

"No," she answered, in as perfect content as before.

"We are going to get married."

He felt her grow tense in her clasp upon his arm, and hold there rigidly for a moment, while the swift thoughts whirled through her mind. Then, as if the struggle had ended, she silently relaxed, and leaned more heavily against him.

"There's still time to go back, Marcia," he said, "if you wish. That turn to the right, yonder, will take us to Equity, and you can be at home in two hours." She quivered. "I'm a poor man—I suppose you know that; I've only got fifteen dollars in the world, and the colt here. I know I can get on; I'm not afraid for myself; but if you would rather wait; if you're not perfectly certain of yourself—remember, it's going to be a struggle; we're going to have some hard times——"

"You forgive me?" she huskily asked, for all answer, without moving her head from where it lay.

"Yes, Marcia."

"Then—hurry."

The minister was an old man, and he seemed quite dazed at the suddenness of their demand for his services. But he gathered himself together, and contrived to make them man and wife, and to give them his marriage-certificate.

"It seems as if there were something else," he said, absently, as he handed the paper to Bartley.

"Perhaps it's this," said Bartley, giving him a five-dollar note in return.

"Ah, perhaps," he replied, in unabated perplexity. He bade them serve God, and let them out into the snowy night, through which they drove back to the hotel.

The landlord had kindled a fire on the hearth of the Franklin stove in his parlor, and the blazing hickory snapped in electrical sympathy with the storm when they shut themselves into the bright room, and Bartley took Marcia fondly into his arms.

"Wife!"

"Husband!"

They sat down before the fire, hand in hand, and talked of the light things that swim to the top, and eddy round and round on the surface of our deepest moods. They made merry over the old minister's perturbation, which Bartley found endlessly amusing. Then he noticed that the dress Marcia had on was the one she had worn to the sociable in Lower Equity, and she said, yes, she had put it on because he once said he liked it. He asked her when, and she said, oh, she knew; but if he could not remember, she was not going to tell him. Then she wanted to know if he recognized her by the dress before she lifted her veil in the station.

"No," he said, with a teasing laugh. "I wasn't thinking of you."

"Oh, Bartley!" she joyfully reproached him. "You must have been!"

"Yes, I was! I was so mad at you, that I was glad to have that brute of a station-master bullying some woman!"

"Bartley!"

He sat holding her hand.

"Marcia," he said gravely, "we must write to your father at once, and tell him. I want to begin life in the right way, and I think it's only fair to him."

She was enraptured at his magnanimity. "Bartley! That's like you! Poor father! I declare—Bartley, I'm afraid I had forgotten him! It's dreadful; but—you put everything else out of my head. I do believe I've died and come to life somewhere else!"

"Well, I haven't," said Bartley, "and I guess you'd better write to your father. You'd better write; at present, he and I are not on speaking terms. Here!" he took out his note-book, and gave her his stylographic pen after striking the fist that held it upon his other fist, in the fashion of the amateurs of that reluctant instrument, in order to bring down the ink.

"Oh, what's that?" she asked.

"It's a new kind of pen. I got it for a notice in the 'Free Press.'"

"Is Henry Bird going to edit the paper?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," answered Bartley. "I'll go out and get an envelope,

and ask the landlord what's the quickest way to get the letter to your father."

He took up his hat, but she laid her hand on his arm. "Oh, send for him!" she said.

"Are you afraid I sha'n't come back?" he demanded, with a laughing kiss. "I want to see him about something else, too."

"Well, don't be gone long."

They parted with an embrace that would have fortified older married people for a year's separation. When Bartley came back, she handed him the leaf she had torn out of his book, and sat down beside him while he read it, with her arm over his shoulder.

"Dear father," the letter ran, "Bartley and I are married. We were married an hour ago, just across the New Hampshire line, by the Rev. Mr. Jessup. Bartley wants I should let you know the very first thing. I am going to Boston with Bartley to-night, and, as soon as we get settled there, I will write again. I want you should forgive us both; but if you won't forgive Bartley, you mustn't forgive me. You were mistaken about Bartley, and I was right. Bartley has told me everything, and I am perfectly satisfied. Love to mother."

"MARCIA."

"P.S.—I *did* intend to visit Nettie Spaulding. But I saw Bartley driving past on his way to the Junction, and I determined to see him if I could before he started for Boston, and tell him I was all wrong, no matter what he said or did afterwards. I ought to have told you I meant to see Bartley; but then you would not have let me come, and if I had not come, I should have died."

"There's a good deal of Bartley in it," said the young man, with a laugh.

"You don't like it!"

"Yes, I do; it's all right. Did you use to take the prize for composition at boarding-school?"

"Why, I think it's a very good letter for me when I'm in such an excited state."

"It's beautiful!" cried Bartley, laughing more and more. The tears started to her eyes.

"Marcia," said her husband fondly, "what a child you are! If ever I do anything to betray your trust in me —"

There came a shuffling of feet outside the door, a clinking of glass and crockery, and a jarring sort of blow, as if some one were trying to rap on the panel with the edge of a heavy-laden waiter. Bartley threw the door open and found the landlord there all red and smiling with the waiter in his hand.

"I thought I'd bring your supper in here, you know," he explained confidentially, "so's't you could have it a little more snug. And my wife she kind o' got wind o' what was

goin' on—women will, you know," he said with a wink—"and she's sent ye in some hot biscuit and a little jell, and some of her cake." He set the waiter down on the table, and stood admiring its mystery of napkined dishes. "She guessed you wouldn't object to some cold chicken, and she's put a little of that on. Sha'n't cost ye any more," he hastened to assure them. "Now this is your room till the train comes, and there aint agoin' to anybody come in here. So you can make yourselves at home. And I hope you'll enjoy your supper as much as we did our'n the night *we* was married. There! I guess I'll let the lady fix the table; she looks as if she knowed how."

He got himself out of the room again, and then Marcia, who had made him some embarrassed thanks, burst out in praise of his pleasantness.

"Well, he ought to be pleasant," said Bartley, "he's just beaten me on a horse-trade. I've sold him the colt."

"Sold him the colt!" cried Marcia, tragically dropping the napkin she had lifted from the plate of cold chicken.

"Well, we couldn't very well have taken him to Boston with us. And we couldn't have got there without selling him. You know you haven't married a millionaire, Marcia."

"How much did you get for the colt?"

"Oh, I didn't do so badly. I got a hundred and fifty for him."

"And you had fifteen besides."

"That was before we were married. I gave the minister five for you—I think you are worth it. I wanted to give fifteen."

"Well, then, you have a hundred and sixty now. Isn't that a great deal?"

"An everlasting lot," said Bartley, with an impatient laugh. "Don't let the supper cool, Marcia!"

She silently set out the feast, but regarded it ruefully.

"You oughtn't to have ordered so much, Bartley," she said. "You couldn't afford it."

"I can afford anything when I'm hungry. Besides, I only ordered the oysters and coffee; all the rest is conscience money—or sentiment—from the landlord. Come, come! cheer up, now! We sha'n't starve to-night, anyhow."

"Well, I know father will help us."

"We sha'n't count on him," said Bartley. "Now *drop* it!"

He put his arm round her shoulders and pressed her against him, till she raised her face for his kiss.

"Well, I *will*!" she said, and the shadow lifted itself from their wedding feast, and they sat down and made merry as if they had

all the money in the world to spend. They laughed and joked; they praised the things they liked, and made fun of the others.

"How strange! How perfectly impossible it all seems! Why, last night I was taking supper at Kinney's logging-camp, and hating you at every mouthful with all my might. Everything seemed against me, and I was feeling ugly, and flirting like mad with a fool from Montreal: she had come out there from Portland for a frolic with the owner's party. You made me do it, Marcia!" he cried jestingly. "And remember that, if you want me to be good, you must be kind. The other thing seems to make me worse and worse."

"I will—I will, Bartley," she said humbly. "I will try to be kind and patient with you. I will indeed."

He threw back his head, and laughed and laughed.

"Poor—poor old Kinney! He's the cook, you know, and he thought I'd been making fun of him to that woman, and he behaved so, after they were gone, that I started home in a rage; and he followed me out with his hands all covered with dough, and wanted to stop me, but he couldn't for fear of spoiling my clothes——"

He lost himself in another paroxysm.

(To be continued.)

BROTHER SESOSTRIS.

ON sultry August days, when our too brief but generous New England summer is lavishing upon us all its wealth of sweetness and fervor of heat; when the air is alive with the acrid note of the grasshopper, and from the grass, never so full as then of insect life, rises the shrill cadence of the cricket,—I love to stroll along the half-neglected by-road, partly grassed over for want of use, picking the stunted bitter blackberries that grow on the side, or, clambering over the broken fence, to follow the course of the brook, picking my way among the tall grasses and burdocks, stopping to pluck a sprig of the rank spearmint, or tossing pebbles in the shallows of the brook that, now broad, now narrow, winds through the meadow. Reaching a friendly apple-tree, and sinking down amid the tall grass, it is a luxury to lie there in the shade and look and listen.

On such a day I had been filling my hands with ferns and grasses, when I saw some

Marcia smiled a little. Then "What sort of a looking person was she?" she tremulously asked.

Bartley stopped abruptly. "Not one ten thousandth part as good-looking, nor one millionth part as bright as Marcia Hubbard!" He caught her and smothered her against his breast.

"I don't care! I don't care!" she cried. "I was to blame more than you, if you flirted with her, and it serves me right. Yes, I will never say anything to you for anything that happened after I behaved so to you!"

"There wasn't anything else happened!" cried Bartley. "And the Montreal woman snubbed me soundly before she was done with me."

"Snubbed you!" exclaimed Marcia, with illogical indignation. This delighted Bartley so much that it was long before he left off laughing over her.

Then they sat down, and were silent till she said,

"And did you leave him in a temper?"

"Who? Kinney? In a perfect devil of a temper. I wouldn't even borrow some money he wanted to lend me."

"Write to him, Bartley!" said his wife, seriously. "I love you so I can't bear to have anybody bad friends with you!"

luxuriant bunches of thoroughwort, and remembered that Aunt Phebe had told me that "if I had to waste my time in the fields so, I might as well fetch her some thoroughwort."

I picked a huge handful and went round by the house to deliver it. Aunt Phebe and her brother Matthias were old neighbors, who jealously watched my goings and comings, and never failed to inform me of the number of times I had gone by the house.

I was in fault now, but trusted in the herb as a peace-offering. They had an insatiable liking for it, summer and winter; for colds, headache, and every other kind of ache they esteemed it a sovereign cure, and there was almost always a pitcher of the tea standing on the kitchen table, or a basinful steeping on the stove.

Reaching the house, I stopped beneath the huge button-ball at the gate, and looked at the modest, unpainted house—its front door, never opened, flanked on either side by an

old lilac and a blush-rose, the windows of the parlor carefully darkened by green paper curtains, never raised. In all the many years I have known them I have never penetrated into that mysterious front room, and never shall, unless I outlive them and go to their funeral.

At one side of the wide yard was the garden; a couple of rose-trees marked the boundary (more flowers would seem foolishness to Aunt Phebe); and on the grass-plot the white colt grazed,—a colt these ten years, but believed to be frisky still.

Going around to the kitchen door, I knocked, and presently hearing a chair creak and the slow pat-pat of carpet slippers cross the floor, I knew that Aunt Phebe was coming.

The door slowly opened and she confronted me. She was a tall woman with a long face which wore a placid look, though she slowly put out a distrustful hand and said:

"Why, you aint Miss Lincoln, be you? I see you comin' 'cross the field, and I questioned whether or no it wasn't you, but brother said he see you goin' towards the depot this morning and he thought likely you was goin' to Barford."

"Yes," I said, for I knew I should have to satisfy her sooner or later. "I did intend going, but put it off until mother is better."

"I want to know! Well, come in."

The door being shut, I presented her with my herbs, which were received graciously.

"Well, now, that comes just right. I was sayin' to brother only yesterday that we was all out of thoroughwort, and I didn't know what I should do if he should have one of his spells."

Uncle Matthias chimed in:

"Yes, I suppose sister would be put to it. She thinks there's nothin' like it."

"Why, now, brother, I'm sure you take as much as I do."

While this was passing, I surveyed the kitchen. The floor, once shining with yellow paint, had been scrubbed and worn until, except under the table and against the wall, all paint had long since vanished. By the sink was poor humpbacked Betsy washing dishes, with whom I exchanged a smile as she lifted her pathetic eyes to my face.

Behind the stove was the mantel-piece, far out of reach of ordinary people. On it were arrayed the irons and the whale-oil lamps to which they still clung, and below hung a fly-specked "Farmer's Almanac," and a patch-work holder; while under the table stood the never-failing basket, filled in summer with seasonable vegetables, at other seasons of the year with apples.

Aunt Phebe and her brother were poor, but I often wondered if that was the reason why she always wore a calico dress cut so old-fashioned, with an apron of another pattern, with a patent front that deceived no one, and such a painful cap,—and why Uncle Matthias's pantaloons should always be so short, and his stockings so clumsy.

Aunt Phebe was once an "uncommon pretty" girl, they said, and kept school, and Uncle Matthias was once well off, and drove a thriving trade, and was county clerk, before he broke his hip, and lamed himself for life; but misfortune and age pursue all, and they felt both. Aunt Phebe was now sixty and "enjoyed poor health." The beauty was gone, though not the peaceful expression of her eyes; and her brother was older yet, and, in spite of pain and years of privation (unprovoked by any deed of his), was a philosopher.

But Aunt Phebe had hung up her herbs, and her brother had reminded her to take me into the sitting-room. I followed her in, and sat down in the Shaker rocker, on a fat, round cushion of hens'-feathers. Uncle Matthias sat stiffly down in his particular chair arranged to fit his bad hip, and we began to talk.

On observing to Uncle Matthias that he did not look as well as usual, he responded:

"Well, I aint as well as common."

"No," Aunt Phebe struck in, "brother isn't feeling as well as usual. You heerd, I s'pose, that the colt run with him yesterday."

"Why, no," I said; "how was it?"

"Well, you see, brother was driving along into Scitico, and a team come up behind him."

"Yes," Uncle Matthias remarked, "a team come along behind me, and the man was partially drunk, I think, and —"

"I tell brother he must have been heedless or he wouldn't let a man come up when he was driving the colt so, without noticing."

"Sister will have it I ought not to drive the colt at all."

"Well, brother, you know that colts are skittish, and she the most so of any."

"Now, sister, here is Miss Lincoln waiting to hear how I was hurt."

"Well?"

"Well, the man come up and run his wheel right onto the hub of mine, and startled Sarah, and she started up —"

"Tipped it up, you know," explained Aunt Phebe.

"And run," continued Uncle Matthias, "and threw me out, and I thought I was hurt bad."

"Yes," said Aunt Phebe. "When they brought brother in, I thought he was injured consid'able."

"Well," Uncle Matthias went on, "I supposed I was, and didn't expect to sleep any, and neither did sister."

"No," said Aunt Phebe. "I thought it likely I should lie awake to worry about him."

"Yes. I thought likely sister would be thinking about me, but I went off to sleep, and so did she, and we both slept better than common."

Aunt Phebe knitted steadily away, and Uncle Matthias slowly jogged back and forth in his chair in silence for a few minutes, finally broken by Aunt Phebe observing:

"It makes it bad, Matthias being hurt so, for we were expecting to go to brother Sesostris's funeral day after to-morrow, and I do know as it'll be so's we can go."

"Yes, I told sister that it happened the worst time it could have for me. My old bones don't feel as if they'd bear much more shakin' up for a spell, but I'll have to risk it. Sister couldn't go alone, and it wouldn't do to disappoint the family."

"I sh'd kinder like to see the place ag'in, too," murmured Miss Phebe.

At the risk of seeming rude, I said:

"I didn't know you had a brother Sesostris."

"Oh, yes; why, he's older than I be," began Uncle Matthias. "Lives down to Squantum, about twenty mile from here. I haint been there—when was we there, Phebe?"

Aunt Phebe considered a moment, and said:

"Why, it's nine year, aint it, brother?"

"Yes, I guess it must be. I know it was in April, and we had an uncommon early spring and they was all plantin' when we got there. He was a well-to-do man, and made it all himself."

"You see, he understood how to drive. When he was a young man, he set his heart on marryin' Elder Bown's eldest daughter, and father told him he couldn't do much for him; but he could have a lot of about twenty-five acre. 'Twas real kind of swampy and wet, and I don't s'pose father thought he'd take him up, but he did."

"He asked the girl, and she agreed to have him, and he was over age then, and had his own time, and I put to work and helped him, and he and me hewed logs enough to make a log-house, and set it up on a piece that was rising a little, so's it wa'n't so wet—and he got married."

"His wife's folks wa'n't well off, and all she brought him was a calf she'd had a present of, and a cosset lamb she brought up, and six hens, and father give him a yoke o' steers and a colt, and they started."

"That was fall. That winter he hired out to do choppin' and haulin' wood for father,

and took his pay part in money and part in feed and such. And the next spring he put to work, and with a boy he hired, he dreened that swamp—the hull on't—and brought it under cultivation, and kep' right on, and it seemed as if everythin' he teched turned to money."

"It wa'n't all his doin'," put in Aunt Phebe. "She worked as hard as he did, and so did the children. I consider that they all worked as hard as he did."

"Well, I do' know but they did. They were dreadful workers. Sesostris had eight boys and two girls, and they all knew how! You see, Sesostris could manage. He got a sight of work out of his folks and his men, and yet they all liked him."

"He'd get up early in the mornin', cold mornin's, and put the men's boots before the fire so's they'd be good and warm, and then when they'd got into 'em he expected 'em to step around lively, and he always hed somethin' for 'em to do. In the fall, along late, on rainy days, he'd get the sleds into the woods and get 'em loaded up, and then first snow he was ready for haulin', and he kep' 'em at it."

"He hed a sight of woodland. He kep' a buyin' all the time, but always bought right 'round him. He settled on a corner first, where roads crossed, and kep' buyin' up until he owned three of the corners, and land runnin' off, of course, but he wa'n't never satisfied."

"I tell Matthias that was a kind of abidin' failin' with Sesostris. He was always reachin' after more."

"Well, sister, he wa'n't like a great many. He didn't want nothin' but what he paid for."

"I know that, but he pestered folks's lives out gettin' what he had, and actilly shortened his life, I believe, frettin' because he couldn't git the fourth corner."

"Were his sons and daughters like him?" I inquired.

"Jes' such workers. I always thought brother didn't think enough of schoolin'. The children didn't hev any to speak of, but, in spite of all, there was two of 'em that would hev it. Abner and George declared for't they wouldn't grind down to farmin', and so one of 'em took to civil engineerin', and he's laid out a sight of railroads; and one took to tradin' in cotton, and they're both rich, and so are all of 'em. I don't know how the property'll be divided, but it'll be all right."

"I suppose some of them staid at home?" I asked.

"Well, yes; that is, the youngest one, Luther, staid at home, and Jim was right by. Along when Jim was about twenty-five—or was it twenty-six, sister?"—

"Twenty-five."

"Well, along there; *he* built him a new house,—I mean a second one. The log-house he made into a barn before he'd been married many years. Well, this was a real nice house, and he built it on the opposite corner, so the houses, the old one and the new one, was facin' each other. After they'd moved in, he told Jim that it was time he was gettin' married, and he'd give him the old house and all the land that belonged to that corner for his share. Well, Jim thought it over for a spell, and looked around some the next Sunday, and so, finally, he fixed up Monday night and rode over to Eben Snodgrass's, and asked to see his daughter, and just put it to her what an offer his father made him, and if she was agreeable to it, he was, and asked her what she had to say."

"Now, brother, what kind of an idee do you s'pose you're givin' Miss Lincoln?"

"Idee? Why, of a young man that acted up to his principles of doin' up prompt and business-like."

"Well, I guess the girl was kinder taken aback. It *was* kinder an unusual way, and she told him she didn't know him."

"Well," says James, "neither do I know you; but I know your folks, and you know mine, and you know all about me, and in my opinion you aint runnin' no risks; but I'll give you a fortnight to think it over, and if you're agreeable then, it'll be all right."

"Well, what was the result?"

"Oh, he went again the second Saturday, and she said 'Yes,' and they was married in the meetin'-house at the close of afternoon service the next day."

"I think it was ridiculous," said Aunt Phebe, "and I allers did. It wa'n't no way to do things in such a hurry, and it aint no way to tell of it now. I wonder at you, brother, talkin' so about your own relations!"

"Why, sister, it don't harm any one, and it's no discredit either. They got on just as contented as if they'd been courtin' for years. More folks would git married if such ways was carried on, and I always thought myself it waste of time runnin' after a girl that don't know her own mind half the time, just as like as not. Well, and so, Jim has always lived right there, but then, he's hed his share. There'll be a plenty for the others, and the widow'll be provided for handsome, I haven't a doubt, and no quarrelin' over it either. They always was a lovin' family. Set a sight by each other; and Sesostris was a good man, and he wa'n't mean."

"I wonder you met so seldom," I ventured to say.

"Why, I don't know," answered Aunt

Phebe. "You see, it's a great undertakin' for Matthias and me, and Sesostris and his folks were allers workin', and never went nowhere, and I kinder dread goin' to-morrow. I don't like ridin' on the cars, and we don't neither of us want to trust the colt right off ag'in."

"Brother, there's some of them Early Harvests in the closet; perhaps Miss Lincoln would relish one or two."

The apples were produced, and as I ate I looked around the room; on one side was the air-tight stove, on another a huge old lounge, covered with faded green moreen, while a claw-foot table stood between the windows, with an apoplectic cushion placed directly in the middle, with a great Family Bible on one side and two singing-books on the other, and the last county paper lying across them. Sprinkled around the room were a few high-backed, splint-bottomed chairs, while on the walls hung, above the lounge, Aunt Phebe's sampler, and over the table the picture that had often taken my attention. I finally asked what it was.

"Oh, that is a picture of the first train that was ever run on the railroad between Schenectady and Albany, and I rode. You remember that, don't you, sister, and how frightened you was?"

"Yes, I remember well enough."

"Well, that was a long time ago. Phebe was a handsome girl then, keeping school and company too, and I wasn't a lame old man. It seems like a dream—and sister was frightened and kissed me good-bye, because she never expected to see me again."

"Why do you bring up that foolishness, Matthias? You'd better tell Miss Lincoln something about the trip."

"There isn't much to tell. You can see about how the thing worked by that picture. Took the water along in hogsheads, and fed the boiler with a pail, and went slow enough. You wouldn't liked it."

"That must be an interesting thing to look back upon."

"Yes, yes. But my uncle, now—he could tell you things. Sister, you remember how he used to tell about the war?"

"What war?" I ask.

"Why, the Revolution, to be sure. Yes, Uncle Jim fit in the Revolution, and brother Enos, he that lives in Ferrisburg, hez his canteen that some of the generals have taken a sip out of."

"Tell Miss Lincoln about André's execution, brother. I guess she'll like to hear about that."

"Did your uncle see that?"

"Well, yes. You see, Uncle Jim, he was one of them that was app'inted to guard

the scaffold, and he stood by the steps as the poor young man went up. And André he let his handkerchief fall, and Uncle Jim handed it up; but he took no notice, and so he kep' it, and used to show it to us children sometimes when we was over to his house, and tell about it.

"Well, well! It was too bad. He was as fine a young man, uncle said, as he ever see, and every one felt it went against 'em; and Uncle Jim said he looked over to where Washington stood, and the tears was just droppin' down his face. And uncle always said he believed that General Washington was a feeling man."

"Brother," said Aunt Phebe, "aint you afraid that you're a-tirin' Miss Lincoln all out, telling her these things? Likely as not she don't want to hear of such old times."

It was in vain I protested. Nothing more was to be told, and Aunt Phebe proceeded to put me through the exhaustive course of questioning with regard to the whole neighborhood that I had been looking for all this time.

I then rose to take my leave, charged with many messages for my mother. As I went out of the gate, I saw one of the neighbors approaching in his rackety old wagon.

As I hesitated, he reined in his old nag, and called out most hospitably:

"Going up home? Get in, get in. It's a most amazin' hot day, I declare, and you'll be clean beat out before you git home. Hud-dup there! This old critter's so lazy she wont hardly stir. Well, you've been in seein' Uncle Matthias, eh? S'pose they're just as usual, so'st' crawl, aint they?"

"Why no, Mr. Wilson. Uncle Matthias has been hurt—thrown out of his wagon."

"Sho! I want to know? Aint broke any of his bones, I hope? Well, well, I'm sorry, but then, I guess he'll git over it."

"Did you know that Uncle Matthias's brother, Sesostris, was dead?" I inquired.

"No. Is he? Want to know! What did he die of?"

"I confess that I neglected to ask."

"When is he goin' to be buried?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"Well, I should admire to go myself, but, well, can't always do as ye would. Well, well, Sesostris has worked through to the end. Must have hated awfully to die. Poor creature! I pity him, for all he was so well off."

"Good man he was, too, first rate! I never see a man that help liked to work for better than they did him; and yet he kep' 'em on a keen jump; but then he had such a jolly, free kind o' way with him, and fed 'em up to the handle, too. Why, now, their kitchen table

was set all day, and all the year, for that matter. She was a master hand to cook, and as soon as the dishes was washed and the table wiped down, she and the girls would set pies and doughnuts and sich on it—and go in and it was, 'help yourselves,' and when the men came in, they must have a piece always, and come winter there was always nuts and apples and a big mug of cider set there, and he used to make amazin' good flip, too."

"I thought, by what Uncle Matthias said, that he was hard on his men."

"Hard? Well, one way he was, but then, as I said, he was always pleasant, and fed 'em well. Now, in hayin' he wouldn't hev any drink, but he'd hev root-beer—great jugs of it, and was always goin' out into the field with a big pan of doughnuts, and he'd say, 'Here, boys, take a doughnut in one hand and rake along.' Then evenings, he'd always hev somethin' for 'em to do, of course, but he had sich a way with him that they'd just as live."

"He'd say, 'Come, boys, corn's got to be ready to go to mill in the mornin', and he'd lead the way to the corn-crib, and sit and tell 'em stories while they was workin', and just keep 'em roarin'."

"Men always liked him. You see, let what would happen, he was always pleasant, and then he worked awful hard too."

"Well, well, if I hed worked as hard as he hez I should be better off than I be, but Lord! I want to hev time to breathe—and now he's through with it all. I should jedge it would be hard work for him to rest. He wont know how."

"Did he work so to the last?"

"Why, I can't say as to the very last, I didn't know he was in his last sickness, you know, but along now some five years back, he's been a miserable man. He's been so's he couldn't dig in and work as he did. He hed to give it up pretty much, and it kinder worked on him and made him not reely crazy, but queer."

"First they see of it, to notice anythin' more'n that he fretted consid'able, was that he couldn't set to the table to eat his vittles. He'd kinder begin to push back as if he meant to rise as soon as he'd begin, and keep pushin' back and haulin' up his chair the whole time, he was in such a hurry to work, and couldn't do much either."

"Well, that went on for a spell and then he got so he couldn't set to the table at all,—couldn't spend the time, he said, and would just take a piece in his hand and go back and forth from the house to the barn or field to see how things was."

"Next thing, he took to gittin' up all sorts of hours and lightin' his lantern and goin'

putterin' 'round the barns seein' to the critters. Kep' 'em roused up all the time.

"Finally the folks thought he must be crazy, for he took to complainin' of what was eat, and wanted his wife to scrimp on the food and *then* they hed a doctor to see.

"Well, he set, and talked to Sesostris for a spell, and watched him and heard what they hed to say, and finally told 'em that he wa'n't crazy, but hed a monomanie; that makin' money hed took hold on him so that he couldn't help it, and they'd hev to put up with it the best they could—and he went from bad to worse."

"Poor man!"

"Sure enough! He *was*. Well, well, it got to be so it was real tryin' livin' with him. They managed to put up with everythin' else, but they would have things to eat, anyway. Why, he got so he'd reely beg of 'em not to waste vittles so—and he was always contrivin'.

"Along late times, they say if he was left alone, he'd rise up and slack up the fire—put it out sometimes.

"You wont scurcely believe me, but now jist to show you—he got so that he used to stop the clock nights so'st' it wouldn't wear out so fast,—said they didn't want to know the time nights, and it would save the works."

"What a merciful relief his death must be."

"Well, I guess they feel it so," said the farmer, construing the remark in his own way. "Now, Sesostris and 'Thias are just as different as can be. Sesostris was always smilin' and fat, hed reddish hair, and you know what a kind of solemn man 'Thias is—always was, for that matter, kinder moderate. I've known Matthias now a good many years, and he's a good man, a straightforward, upright man, I call him—kinder near, may be, but then, he's hed to be. He's hed to scrimp so as to get along. He has his ways of givin', too."

"How has it happened," I asked, after a pause, during which the old mare had dragged up an interminable hill. "How has it happened that neither Uncle Matthias nor Aunt Phebe ever married?"

"Did you ever ask 'em?" said the old farmer, as he bestowed a glance on me.

"No, of course not, but Uncle Matthias once told me that he never married because Aunt Phebe didn't, and so they always staid together."

"He did! Well, I swan! Well, it's partly true, not but what they're uncommonly fond of each other, and always hev been, over and above what brothers and sisters usually be; but then, I guess Aunt Phebe would 'a' mar-

ried if she'd ever hed a good chance, and as for him, well! — You know my sister Dony, don't you? Lives to Miles' End—Mis' Elder that now is—married Jim Town when she was young, and he was killed by an ornuly critter, and she married Elder when she was along thirty-five. Well, when she was about twenty, she was a reg'lar pictur', slim and straight as a candle. Well, Uncle 'Thias, he was a young man too, then, and he took a great notion to her, used to spark her consid'able, take her to singin'-school and such, and after a spell took to comin' reg'lar every Sunday night.

"He was likely then, and a dreadful worker, and our folks was pleased enough—and so was she.

"Yes," meditatively pursued the old man, as he flicked the mare with his whip, "those were times when you'd 'a' said that Uncle 'Thias would die a well-to-do man. He carried on a farm, and had a shop, and was well off. Why, there was a time when I s'pose if he'd had a mind to he could 'a' realized ten thousand dollars!

"Well, that was before he had a partner. You see, he made chairs (those you see to his house was of his own makin'), and he was gettin' on so that he wanted some one to take part of the care, and he had a partner, and it was the ondoin' of him.

"The fellow imposed on 'Thias's goodness, and ruined him. Then he put to work harder than ever, to make up, and then he broke his hip, and he just settled down small, and haint ever done nothin' sence, so to speak. Well, things is as they is, and we can't change 'em."

"But about your sister," I said. "You were going to tell me about your sister."

"Her and Uncle 'Thias? Yes, so I was. Well—(G'lang up there! Poky creature, she is)—Uncle 'Thias kep' goin' with Dony, and we all thought it was a settled thing. But there was one thing that riled her dreadful. He'd come and set up with her, and, well, you know he aint no great of a talker, best of times, and he used to get reg'lar tongue-tied come to be alone with her, and he'd set, and set, and say next to nothin' to her; and it riled her consid'able.

"We young ones found it out and pestered her. Well, she tried to wake him up. She'd get apples and cider, and pop-corn—and so. 'Twa'n't no good, and wust on't was that sometimes he'd go to sleep and set and snooze and make her as mad as pepper; and finally she told mother that if he didn't quit it she'd quit him, and give him a lesson, too.

"So one Sunday night, along in January, he come; and it was dreadful cold weather, and he'd rode six mile, you know—and 'twa'n't

much after ten when she see him gettin' sleepy, and she fired up and told him if he couldn't keep awake he couldn't care much for her, and if he kep' it up she should act accordingly.

"She was always hot-tempered, Dony was, and so he didn't set so much by what she said as he would otherwise, and though it roused him up for a spell, 'twa'n't long before he was sleepy ag'in, and finally he went reg'larly off, and she never said a word, but when he was sound she took the candle and left him; and so you see when he woke up he was there in the dark, and the fire was out, and he was ashamed to call anybody, and so I s'pose he hunted 'round and found his hat, and left—and never come near her ag'in, and that was the last of his courtin'.

"He was ginooally fond of her—no doubt of it—and I know it sp'iled him for any other gal. He's allers been a good friend to her, and we wondered whether he wouldn't make up to her when her first husband died; and mebbly he would, but he broke his bones just about then—and then for all he's been kind to her, I mistrust he never really forgave her.

"So you see it haint all been choice, his and Phebe's staying together so. I've been sorry for him a good many times, but then they get along kind of comf'table; but when folks, 'specially men, get along to be old, they want to hev their children 'round 'em, and be looked up to. I know how 'tis—I'm gettin' old myself.

"He! he! I s'pose you never heard of a joke that used to go around about Aunt Phebe. Well, you see when she was young, she was real good-lookin'. You can see what there is left of her looks now.

"Well, when she was gettin' on, some of us was in the store, kinder talkin' over folks and events, and one spoke up and said, 'I wonder what's the reason Aunt Phebe Abbott haint got married.' Well, one of the fellows burst out with a guffaw, and says he, 'I can tell ye,—'cause she wa'n't quick enough answerin'. You see, there was a man once in town that was goin' to be a missionary, and had got to leave just such a time, and he liked Phebe, and had been kinder leadin' up to it for some time, but didn't have courage to ask her until the night before he left town. He walked home from meetin' with her and told her, and said he was goin' in 'the mornin'', and must have his answer then. You know what a slow creature she is, and I s'pose she couldn't git 'round to give him an answer, anyway she didn't—and they walked home, and finally parted, without his knowin' whether she wanted him or not.' I heerd the preacher asked her afterwards

about it, and she told him she thought she should 'a' said 'Yes' if he'd gin her time. Well, she's a good woman, and there aint many that would care for that poor hump-backed critter, that she hez, as she doos. She's a real care, but now they set a sight by her, and she's fond of them. But here we be—to home. Wont you come in and see my woman? Well, thank ye for your company, and good-bye to ye."

A week later, as I was weeding a flower-bed in the front yard, I heard the rattle of wheels, and, looking up, saw Mr. Wilson approaching. He stopped before the gate, and called out sociably:

"Good-mornin'! Working out in your posies, be ye? Dreadful hot, aint it? I dunno as I've felt the heat so much this summer as I do to-day. How's your ma?"

As well as usual, I informed him, and inquired after the health of the family.

Having answered my inquiries, he assumed a confidential air, and said:

"Well, Miss Lincoln, I went to Sesostris's funeral, after all."

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes; you see the way of it was this: That day, you know, you was tellin' me of his death. Well, I didn't expect to go, no more than nothin', but Uncle 'Thias sent over that night, by Betsy, to know if I would take 'em over to the funeral; they was skeery of the colt. Things wa'n't reely in first-rate shape for me to go, but I like to be accommodatin' to a neighbor, and I finally agreed I'd go, and I did. We got over there the night before the funeral, and I staid to Jim's. Uncle 'Thias and Aunt Phebe went to *his* house. There was an awful sight of folks there already. You see, there's a large family of children, and they all had families of their own. All the relations from far and near was there, or come next mornin'. Well, it beat the beater!"

"What did?"

"Everythin'," replied the old man, examining the whip-lash with great care.

"What do you mean, Mr. Wilson? I don't understand you," I replied.

"Well, you see," he explained, pushing his straw hat back on his head and withdrawing his glance from the old mare's ears and fixing it on me, "Sesostris, he hild on to his idee to the last, and they worked along through the funeral. You see, he didn't mean to have no extra expenses, and so he made 'em promise, solemn, not to put no mournin' on, and then they sot at the services, fully half on 'em in colors, same as usual.

"Of course they borried what they could, but it's a healthy neighborhood, and 'ceptin'

for a few widders that hed black, there wa'n't nothin' to speak of to have, and such a large family there wa'n't nothin' 'cept for the nearest.

"You see, Jim's wife, she told me she felt awful. As she said, they could 'a' put to and hed mournin' made; but they'd all gin their word not to. It did look bad to folks that didn't know.

"Everythin' was on the same plan. He'd made all the arrangements for the funeral some time ago,—about the mournin', you know,—and picked out his bearers and all, and he always wanted things as he wanted 'em, and he'd made 'em give their word they'd do as he said, and so they kep' to it.

"Never knew none of that family to break their word; but it cut 'em up consid'able not to hev mournin'.

"Well, he's gone, and come to hear about it, I'm sorry for him, that's a fact."

"Were his last days so unhappy?" I asked.

"Yes, they was. They say he died of decline, but I shall always believe that that 'ere fourth corner was what killed him. But I s'pose you don't know what I'm talkin' about."

"Why, I know that he wanted the fourth corner, and tried to buy it, but couldn't. Uncle Matthias told me."

"Jes' so. Well, when I see you the other day, I didn't reely know how it had been, but come to talk with Jim's wife, I found out all about it. The rest of 'em are kinder clus-mouthed; it kinder worked on their feelin's all along to hev folks know how queer he was; but Jim's wife is different, and then she knew I'd always known him.

"Well, he always hed been crazy to git that corner, and it seems along late years it wore on him dreadful, and about six months ago he hed a sickness, and when he come out of it he'd kinder dropped his interest in some things—work and so, and turned all his ideas to that corner, and they say that *since* he's spent the biggest part of his time runnin' down to Sam Stover's, that owned it, pesterin' the life almost out of him tryin' to git him to sell.

"Sam is just as set as he can be, and then that piece of land has always been in the family, and his house was there, and he wouldn't sell, anyway you could fix it. They say Sesostris almost wore Sam out, houndin' on him all the time. Why, as we was comin' back from the grave, Jake Smith told me how he was to the saw-mill one day last April, and Sam was there seein' to some lumber he was gettin' for a shed, and Sesostris come in and tackled Sam right off, and there they hed it, talkin' and talkin' most of the mornin', and Jake got so put out that he sez to him, 'Mr.

Abbott,' sez he, 'you're so graspin' that I believe if you hed the United States for a farm you'd be wantin' Novy Scoshy for a sheep-pastur'! but he said Sesostris never noticed it,—jes' kep' at Sam. He was around to Stover's the whole time, lookin' on to see what they did to 'his land' (he thought so much on't, it seemed so, I s'pose); then he'd make such a fuss if they cut down a tree or changed anythin', that it was real tryin'. Why, it was so that, this spring, Sam wanted to cut some trees down to sell the timber for ties, and he didn't dar'st to do it, and he come to Jim, and Jim advised him to chop 'em down in the night and take 'em off on the sly, and he did, and Sesostris he never found it out, or I don't know what he would 'a' done."

"I really should have thought," I said, "that this Mr. Stover would have sold, rather than have been so annoyed by Mr. Abbott."

"Well, some folks would, I s'pose; but then I told you he's set, Sam is, and the more Sesostris offered him, the more he set on it himself. Sesostris'd go and argy with him by the hour and couldn't move him, and then he'd go home and sit by the fire and say nothin' to any one, and Jim's wife said one time he spoke up, one evenin' when he was to their house, and sez he, 'The Abbotts hev always been a long-lived family,' sez he, 'and I shall live to be a very old man, and I'll wear Sam Stover out yit.'

"It used to be one of his sayin's, 'If a man could live *always*, he might make some calkilation,' but there it is, you see, he *calculated* to live beyond Sam Stover any way, but he couldn't do it."

"And you think, then, that the worry wore him out?"

"*Know* it did. He kep' a failin' and kep' a harpin' on the same old story, and he got so he was too feeble to get out, and he made 'em set his chair so's he could look over that way, and he'd set, and set, and never minded how anything went. Finally he took to his bed, about two weeks ago, and they see he couldn't live long, and they hed the minister in to see him, and he sez, 'Well, Mr. Abbott, be you reconciled to die?' 'Not without that corner,' sez he.

"Well, there wa'n't no use talkin' to him. The last thing he said was—they thought he was gone, and he opened his eyes and beckoned to Luther, that was settin' by the bed—and sez he, 'I'm goin', but you'll try and git that corner, wont ye?' and Luther said 'Yes,'—hed to,—and it satisfied him. Well, when I heard it all, thinks to me, 'Riches aint everythin'.' Everybody was sorry for him. They see he couldn't help it. I don't

wonder at Sesostri's hangin' on to his property so. It's as nice a farm as I ever see, and that fourth corner was a pretty piece of land, and it would 'a' kinder rounded it out, so to speak."

"Were all his children there?"

"The most of 'em was; they're a good-lookin' set, too. I haint seen some of 'em since they was little shavers. Well, I must be gettin' along home. I hadn't ought to have stopped so long talkin', but you seemed so kinder interested the other day that I thought you'd like to know. Good-day to ye."

As the old wagon lumbered off, I disengaged myself from the gate on which I had been leaning, and turned toward the house, when I heard a loud "Say, Miss Lincoln!"

I turned and saw the old farmer pulling up his horse. He screwed himself around on his seat, and said, in a loudly confidential tone:

"There's one thing I just thought of,—when they were fillin' up the grave I looked round and see Sam Stover lookin' as solemn as could be, and I stepped 'round to where

he stood, and we kinder walked along a ways, and sez he,

"'Wilson,' sez he, 'do you take any stock in these new idees about heaven?' sez he.

"'Haow?' sez I. 'What views do you mean?'

"'Well,' sez he, 'you know where my daughter 'Nervy' hez been working in the mills—it's a large place. She was making us a visit a few weeks ago, and she knows them that say that heaven is just like this world—some consid'able better, may be; but you jist keep a-workin' jist as you did here. She talked a sight about it to her mother and me, and I do' know as I believe it, but it's kinder unsettled me, and now, if it *is* so, heaven aint a-goin' to be no place for me, not if Sesostri's goin' to be there. For if it *is* so, and he finds it out, he'll spend all his spare time a-settin' by the gate watchin' for me, and when I come he'll tackle me before it gets shut to after me!'—and giving me a sharp nod, and going off into a series of chuckles, Mr. Wilson gave a slap to his old horse with the ends of his reins.

BROKEN BANKS AND LAX DIRECTORS.

Of the two thousand one hundred and thirty national banks now in existence in the United States, it is safe to assume that at this moment one or two of them, perhaps several of them, are in an insolvent condition. A dozen or more of the fifteen thousand directors who are supposed to direct the affairs of these banks, and a hundred or more of the stockholders who own and receive dividends upon the stock, are at this moment duped,—“sold,” as the slang is,—and their stock is worse than worthless, and their esteemed teller or cashier is a thief and a liar.* Where is this rotten institution (if we assume there is but one) located? Perhaps in some bright and thrifty New England or New York village; perhaps in a smart, enterprising Western town, or, may be, in one of the great commercial centers or large manufacturing cities. If it is a country bank, its board of directors comprises say thirteen of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the community,—doctors, farmers, merchants, lawyers, etc.,—men absorbed in their own affairs, quite ignorant of the details of banking, and

trusting everything to the cashier. A committee of three of the directors is perhaps appointed by the board to make an examination of the bank twice a year, before declaring the semi-annual dividend. This examination is conscientious, but not searching. The grocer does not insist upon going to the bottom of affairs, as he does when he thrusts his butter-trier through a firkin of butter that is offered him; the doctor does little more than examine his patient's pulse, and the lawyer entirely forgets the cross-examination. This board seldom dip into the bank-books, but feebly fumble about them, or open and shut them in a convincing manner. They are mildly or openly snubbed by the cashier. They carefully count his cash, and after two or three trials find it all there, or rather they find the amount which he says should be there; but they have never been known really to *prove* the cash by referring to the books and ascertaining what amount *should* be there. Probably they go over the bills discounted, and put down the amounts and foot them up, and find them correct; perhaps they glance at expense accounts, but they do not carefully scrutinize the other accounts in the

* On the day these lines were written, the cash of a teller in one of the Hudson River banks was discovered to be \$52,000 short.

general ledger, nor take off the balances from the dealer's ledger, nor analyze the sources of their earnings, to see if the bank has really earned the amount claimed. They take the most important things on trust; they do not want to seem to doubt their cashier. If he says they have half a million deposited with their New York correspondent, they take his word for it and ask no proof. Then they do not know what proof to ask for, and this fact also makes it awkward. A sufficient test would be to ask to be shown where or when the New York bank had credited them with interest on this deposit.

A few years ago, in a large village situated in a rich and prosperous agricultural section of New York State, there was a flourishing, but insolvent, national bank, whose stock commanded a high premium. It was an old institution, and its reputation was without a shadow of suspicion. Its president was a State senator, well known as a good banker as well as a shrewd politician. Its cashier was one of the most trusted and popular men in the community, active and influential in the church, a leader in public enterprises, treasurer of this, that, or the other railroad or corporation, and, the fall his bank failed, was a candidate for Congress, and came near being elected. And yet, for two or three years, both he and the president had been misapplying the funds of the bank and deceiving the Government examiner and the directors—the former by false entries and forged paper, the latter by taking advantage of their ignorance and credulity. The board of directors consisted of eleven or thirteen solid, respectable, shrewd business men, and when the bank failed, it seemed to them as if the solid ground had vanished into thin air before them. In their semi-annual examinations they had mainly taken "Charley's" word that it was all right. When they called for the other stocks and bonds on hand, Charley said they were on safe deposit in New York (they were really pledged with Charley's broker in Wall street); they did not ask for the key of the safe-deposit box, or for other evidence; when they went over the discounted notes, they found a large number of "dummies." Charley said they were in place of the notes themselves, which had been sent away to other banks for collection. If they had asked to see the acknowledgments of their receipt by the other banks, or if they had telegraphed to their New York correspondent for his balance, with a view to compare it with the account in the general ledger, Charley would perhaps have turned all sorts of colors; or if they had taken off a trial balance from the individual ledger, Charley would have been embarrassed in explaining

the discrepancy between it and the statement from the general ledger; for he owed depositors a good many more thousand dollars than his statement set forth. When, on one occasion, the bank-examiner came along and found very grave irregularities and delinquencies, Charley kept the directors away from him as carefully as if he had had the hydrophobia; and when, upon his report, the Comptroller of the Currency wrote to the directors, calling their attention to the state of affairs, Charley "gobbled" the letter. Another time, when Charley expected the bank-examiner, and his account in New York was short, he spouted the bonds of his customers left with him for safe keeping, and made the account good. Still another time, he borrowed the note of hand of one of the directors, a man reputed worth half a million dollars, had it discounted in New York, and with the proceeds helped himself out. If this director at their next meeting, or earlier, had told the board what he had done, the bank's downward career might have been checked. Or if the other director who had privately let the president of the bank, who was his son-in-law, have some U. S. bonds, ostensibly for some plausible purpose or other, but really to put up with his broker in Wall street,—if he also had let his act be known to the rest of the board, the bank might have been saved. But the usual result followed. One morning it was discovered that the cashier had absconded, and that there were no funds in the bank. An examination revealed that not only was the entire capital and surplus of the bank gone, but that a large assessment upon the stock would be necessary to pay the debts of the bank. The president was arrested, indicted, tried, and sent to State-prison, but the cashier is still a fugitive from justice in foreign lands.

Yes, gentlemen directors, you are probably the victims of your own credulity and ignorance. Your stock is worthless, and the stockholders who elected you are betrayed; you have not done your duty; you have let your cashier snub and hoodwink you. You have not assumed and exercised the authority that was rightfully yours. The officers are amenable to you; they are in your employ; let them understand that every act of theirs is to be open to your inspection, and subject to your approval or disapproval. It is not their bank—it is your bank; its business and funds are held in trust by you for the stockholders who elected you. Do not act as if you were interlopers when you appear in your own bank, or like passengers on a train who hesitate a long time before they dare ask the conductor a question. You are the conductor, and the train

must be run as you say, and if the cashier grumbles, put him off. When disaster overtakes a national bank, it will be found, in nearly every case, that the directors have left its entire management to its officers. They have used no authority. They have stood around and timidly approved of what the officers have done. Their ignorance of bank matters has been one source of their timidity, but their failure properly to appreciate their duties and responsibilities has been equally unfortunate.

Directors are apt to expect too much of the annual visits of the bank-examiner, as if he possessed some clairvoyant insight into the condition of every bank in his district. In the first place, the insides of the bank may be entirely eaten away between his visits. Secondly, he is a stranger, and can know little, except by hearsay, of the character and habits of the bank's officers, or of the security of its loans. Half the discounted notes might be forgeries, and the titles to its real estate worthless, without his discovering it. Thirdly, the examination of national banks by the Government is not undertaken directly in the interest of the stockholders and creditors of the bank, but in the interest of the requirements of the law. These banks are organized under an act of Congress, and they sustain a certain relation to the general Government; and it is this relation alone that the Government is bound to concern itself about. And it may be said here that this relation is not that of an agent to his principal, by which the latter becomes responsible for the acts of the former, but is that of a corporation to the law under which or according to which it is established. The Currency Act is full of restrictions and prohibitions; it points out the way the banks shall go, and the main duty of the examiner is to see that this way is faithfully kept.

For instance, the law requires every bank to keep on hand, in lawful money of the United States, a certain per cent. of its deposits. For country banks this amount is equivalent to six per cent. of its deposits; banks in the large cities must keep on hand twelve and one-half per cent. of their deposits. The law forbids a bank making loans upon the security of its own capital stock; forbids it making a loan, upon accommodation or other than business papers, to any one man or firm greater than ten per cent. of its capital stock; forbids (by implication) loans upon real estate; requires it to add ten per cent. of its net earnings before a dividend is declared to its surplus fund, until the same amounts to twenty per cent. of its capital; requires that at least half the capital stock

be paid in before it can be authorized to commence business; forbids the banks locking up greenbacks or national-bank currency by receiving them as collateral upon loans, and makes many other restrictions and requirements, all of which the Government is bound to enforce, and to which end it keeps the bank under its supervision, both by sending its agents to examine into their affairs and by requiring them to make periodical reports of their condition, under the oath of their officers and directors. "These restrictions," as Mr. Knox, the Comptroller of the Currency, says with great force in his last report, "are intended to protect these institutions by imposing upon them general rules, which experience has shown may be properly done by the Government *without its thereby becoming the guardian of the bank or of the moneys of its depositors or stockholders, or being in any way responsible for the management of its funds.*" The Government can not and does not assume in any way to take the place of the directors of the bank. While the will of the former should be the duty of the latter, it perpetually happens that directors of those national banks which are badly managed wink at open violations of the law, such as excessive loans, allowing the reserve to become low, allowing dividends to be paid without first wiping out the losses and attending to the surplus, allowing the bank to hold real estate beyond the limit fixed by law, allowing its capital to become impaired by losses, etc., and otherwise jeopardizing the legal status of their institution. Here again the bank-examiner steps in, and these abuses have to be corrected.

In the fourth place, while it is also clearly the duty of the bank-examiner to see that the funds of the bank are not embezzled or misapplied by its officers and clerks, yet in the limited time which he can afford to devote to the examination he cannot always unearth frauds of this kind, particularly in the case of collusion. They may be deeply buried in the various accounts, and carefully covered up by false entries and forged papers, and unless the examiner can take time to analyze and sift the business of the bank for the past year as shown by its books, which would be a work of weeks, he cannot be sure the bank is not being robbed by its officers. Bees carry off honey from the hive and leave the comb all intact, and cashiers have been known to exhibit as clean and straight a set of books as need be, when their accounts were little more than empty comb.

An examiner was recently asked by a cashier, whose bank he had just examined, if he would give him a certificate that the bank

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was all right. The examiner promptly answered:

"No! In the first place, Mr. Cashier," he said, "my duty does not require that of me. In the second place, nobody knows better than yourself that, in the eight or ten hours I have spent here, I could not go to the bottom of all your transactions for the past year. You have shown me ten thousand dollars in United States bonds called for by your statement, but how do I know that these may not be the bonds of your special depositors left with you for safe keeping, your own having been spouted? How do I know that your receiving-teller may not have suppressed or tampered with some deposit? I find that your books call for so many certificates of deposit; how do I know there may not be many more outstanding, or for larger amounts than your books and stubs show? I have known a cashier to make false entries directly upon his dealer's ledger in the shape of fictitious charges against certain large accounts that he knew would not be disturbed for some time. This was to deceive the bank-examiner, and it did; the deposits were too low, but the trial balance proved, because these charges had not also gone upon the general ledger.

"The credits to your own individual account may be made up from the proceeds of paper left with you for collection; I cannot know unless I spend much time in analyzing it. I can verify the amounts due you from other banks and due from you to them, but for aught I know you may have borrowed fifty thousand dollars of some bank or firm whose name does not appear upon your books, and applied it to your own uses, pledging the credit of your bank for its payment. I have known such a thing to be done. A cashier recently, for some reason or other, allowed certain of his customers largely to overdraw their accounts, but he kept the accounts good upon his books by stealing and turning in the bonds and securities of the savings bank of which he was treasurer. The examiner found things all right, when the capital and surplus of the banks were entirely gone."

Yet bank-examiners frequently do uncover defalcations that have been going on for years, and they are perpetually detecting and pointing out infringements of the law by officers and directors. An examiner of a large and wealthy bank, in one of our commercial cities, one morning, partly by good luck and partly by his own shrewdness, put his finger upon a defalcation that had been going on for twenty-five years, and that had eaten away \$325,000 of the bank's assets. The general book-keeper, in collusion with the teller, had manipulated and falsified the books

for a quarter of a century. The book-keeper had never been a day away from his post in that time. He was a most diligent and praiseworthy employé. He watched those books as if he feared the lids would open and declare his secret. He was a superintendent of a Sunday-school. He came to the bank very early in the morning and opened the mail, and stole such drafts and checks as he could use, and then falsified his books. When the examiner called his attention to certain large charges upon the cash-book that had not been posted in the general ledger, or that had an extremely ugly look, he said very coolly and patronizingly that he guessed it was all right. The president and cashier said very coolly and re-assuringly that they guessed it was all right. The book-keeper went to making out the statement, but the examiner took it from him and told him he wanted none of his statements. Then his feathers fell; he stood like a man who saw his doom before him, and presently made a clean breast of it. He was locked up, but he died from the shock before he could be brought to trial.

Another delusion of directors and stockholders, brought to light by the failure of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, is, that in case the bank is robbed by its officers, they can fall back upon the Government for damages, as if the Government was the backer or trustee of the bank. The plea in the Newark case was that the Comptroller of the Currency had published false reports of the condition of the bank. Nothing could be more puerile. The Comptroller did not make and did not publish the reports by which the stockholders and creditors were deceived. The reports were made by the bank itself, by its cashier, and were attested as correct by three of the directors, and published in the local paper in accordance with the requirements of the law. The stockholders were deceived by their own agents. The reports which the examiners make are private to the Government, and are for its instruction and guidance, and are not made public. Who but the stockholders are responsible for incompetent directors, and who but the directors for dishonest officers? The aggrieved party in such cases is the Government itself, which is imposed upon by false statements, sworn to be true by persons whose veracity and standing it has far less opportunity of knowing than the stockholders themselves.

In fact, it is high time that the people who trust their funds in the custody of the national banks, and those who have invested their savings in their stocks, should thoroughly realize where the responsibility of their management lies, namely, with their directors. If

the directors were all competent, and did their duty fearlessly, disasters like the recent failures in Newark and in Boston would never happen. That ignorance and incompetency exist among directors and dishonesty among officers must be admitted; but ignorance can be enlightened and dishonesty weeded out.

Perhaps not one in three of bank directors throughout the country, to say nothing of the great mass of stockholders, understands, or in any adequate measure appreciates, the significance of the weekly balance-sheet of their own bank. To most it is a meaningless form. I have known an old cashier who, when his bank had suffered great losses, could not tell to what extent his capital was impaired; he could not make an exhibit showing what the bank was worth. Yet this balance-sheet, or statement from the general ledger, is very simple and is extremely convenient. Let us take a sample sheet. Here is the statement of the famous Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, for October, 1880:

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$1,826,819.88
Overdrafts.....	
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	500,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits.....	
U. S. bonds on hand.....	
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages.....	
Due from approved reserve agents.....	1,749,587.43
Due from other banks and bankers.....	216,343.59
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures.....	30,500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	4,958.70
Premiums paid.....	
Checks and other cash items.....	113,023.17
Exchanges for clearing-house.....	
Bills of other banks.....	38,111.00
Fractional currency.....	96.90
Specie.....	38,023.60
Legal-tender notes.....	227,513.00
U. S. certificates of deposit.....	
Due from U. S. Treasurer.....	32,500.00
Total.....	\$4,776,877.37

This statement perhaps conveys no distinct idea or meaning to most of the persons for whose benefit it is published, and yet it is a simple exhibit, on the one hand, of all moneys the bank has received, and on the other, of the disposition made of said moneys. Every person who keeps account of moneys received and spent makes to himself or to his employer essentially such a statement; what he has paid out, with the cash on hand, must equal what he has received: the account must balance. In a bank statement, the right-hand side shows where the money with which the bank does business comes from; the left-hand side shows where it goes to. Every cent is accounted for. The first item on the right shows what was paid in by the stockholders when the bank was organized; the next two items show the bank's earnings or savings on hand; the next item is

the circulating notes furnished the bank by the Government; the next item is the dividends yet on hand, not called for by the stockholders; the next item is the aggregate deposits of the bank's customers; the next two items represent the moneys that have come to the bank from other banks in the shape of checks, notes, etc., for collection—in all, \$4,776,877.37. This is the amount of money the bank had received, and had not paid back at the close of business on the day the report was made. This side of the account we call the "liabilities," because the bank as an institution is liable to its stockholders, to its customers, and to the Government for this amount. If it had settled up its affairs on that day, those are the amounts it would have had to pay out.

Now what has the bank done with all this money? Look on the other or left-hand side of the sheet. It has loaned out so much (first item); it has purchased so many United States bonds to deposit in

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$500,000.00
Surplus fund.....	400,000.00
Other undivided profits.....	65,337.98
National bank notes outstanding.....	441,900.00
State bank notes outstanding.....	
Dividends unpaid.....	4,697.00
Individual deposits.....	3,098,953.49
United States deposits.....	
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers.....	
Due to other national banks.....	183,256.14
Due to State banks and bankers.....	82,732.46
Notes and bills re-discounted.....	
Bills payable.....	
Total.....	\$4,776,877.37

Washington to secure its circulation; it has deposited with its reserve agent in New York so much (here is where the defalcation was concealed); it has sent checks and notes, etc., to other banks for collection, amounting to so much; it has purchased real estate and office furniture and fixtures amounting to so much; it has paid out as expenses since the previous July so much; its cash on hand, embracing checks, bills of other banks, fractional currency, gold and silver and greenbacks, amounts to the next five items; and lastly it has deposited with the United States Treasurer, as a standing fund for the redemption of its circulating notes, thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars. In the aggregate, the money it has loaned, invested, paid out, deposited elsewhere, with its cash on hand, exactly equals the amount it has received. This side is called "resources," because when

the bank closes up, or when it fails, the money with which its debts or obligations, on the other side of the account, are to be paid must be got out of these items. When, then, is a bank's capital impaired? When its losses in bad notes, or in real estate, or by other means, added to its expense account, more than equal its surplus fund and other undivided profits. If the Newark bank, with more than \$460,000 of surplus and undivided profits, had \$500,000 of bad debts, its capital would have been impaired to the extent of \$40,000 only. But it turned out that it had \$2,500,000 of false debt, or false charges, which swept away its capital and surplus more than twice over. Strike out on the side of resources the amount due from reserve agents, and see what a hole it makes in the sum total. How can you pay off the other side with what there is left? Sink the capital and the surplus, and you still fall far short. Supposing the accounts in this statement all to be good, no bad debts, etc., what premium is the stock worth? Simply deduct expense account from the aggregate of surplus and profits, and what is left is to be added to the capital, almost doubling it, or making it worth one dollar and ninety cents on the dollar.

A certain bank had on deposit in Washington, as security for its circulating notes, a one-thousand-dollar United States bond in excess of the amount required by law. The directors concluded to take up the bond and sell it, and they instructed their officers to place the proceeds to the credit of profit and loss account, in order that it might be divided up at the next dividend. This, of course, the cashier and president refused to do, and it came near leading to a rupture between them and the directors. Some of the stockholders even hinted darkly that the president and cashier could divide, if they had not already done so, the proceeds of that bond, because they refused to credit it to undivided profits. They did not or could not see that it was just as impossible for that money to go to those accounts, or to any account on that side of the sheet, as for two and two to make five. It would have been a falsification of the books of the bank, and would have rendered the officers liable to imprisonment if they had done it. It was not money earned or money made. The bank had paid a thousand dollars for the bond, and in selling it, it had got its money back again; of course, therefore, bond account had to be credited with it, else the books would never balance, and the proceeds went into cash, or into the amount due from one of its correspondents. When the bank was organized, it purchased with the money received from

its stockholders \$101,000 United States bonds, and it opened a bond account on its general ledger. It treats this account as if it was an account with a person or an institution, and says: "Mr. Bond Account, you have got \$101,000 of my bonds, and I charge you with them; when the bonds are sold and I get my money back again, then I will credit you with the money I receive, and we will square the account if we can. If the bonds bring more than their face value, then the premium I will credit to Profit and Loss, another person with whom I have dealings, and whom I owe all the money I earn or make. If they bring less than their par value, then I shall have to draw upon Profit and Loss, or upon Mr. Surplus, to make up the shortage. If there is not enough funds in either of these accounts to make the account with you good, then I shall be compelled to use the money due the stockholders to make up the deficiency." Just so with its other stocks and bonds on hand, and with its real estate. The bank opens an account on its general ledger under each of these heads. When it purchases bonds or stocks with its idle funds, it charges this account with the amount purchased; when it sells them again, it credits the account with enough of the proceeds to offset and wipe out the charge, and the surplus, if any, it carries to profit and loss. When a bank sells its real estate, if the proceeds be less than cost, it must draw upon the moneys it has saved up, to make good the deficiency.

And this is all there is in double-entry book-keeping, a term usually so bewildering to the uninitiated. Every transaction in a bank implies two entries upon its books, a charge to some account and a credit to some other, or *vice versa*. When A— deposits money, we credit him with it, and virtually charge cash with the amount. We say, "Mr. Cash, you have got this money and I charge you with it. All the money I receive I charge to you, and credit the sources from which it comes; all the moneys I pay out I credit to you, for it comes from you, and I charge the persons or things that receive it." Hence, the books of a bank or of any mercantile house kept by double entry, if properly kept, will balance any day, any minute. Strike in anywhere, arrest the business, and the books should balance. That is, the debit side with the cash on hand (the cash is a debit item) should equal the credit side. I once found a book-keeper working late at night over his books, in which there was a difference of one cent between the two sides; he was hunting down that refractory cent.

The main difference between single and

double entry book-keeping is this: in the former we keep accounts with persons only, and the ledger shows the debits and credits to individuals alone; in the latter we keep accounts with things as well, and the general ledger contains a summary of the entire business. Books kept by single entry can only be balanced, or the condition of the business ascertained, by taking an "account of stock"; but in double entry, if a profit and loss account has been opened at the start, the balances as shown by the ledger are a complete exhibit of the condition of the business at that time. I touch upon these details, because a great many directors of national banks are merchants or traders who keep their books by single entry, and are quite helpless before a set of books kept by the more scientific system of double entry.

The quarterly statement, which is the exhibit of the general ledger of a bank, showing the debits and credits of its various accounts, should be sharply scanned by the stockholders and customers of the bank making it. If there is any defalcation or embezzlement it is hidden in one or the other of these items on this sheet, usually on the debit side, or side of resources; some of the resources are sham—mere empty comb in the hive. But it may occur on the other side also. The bank may owe depositors or other banks more than it sets forth. If the aggregate of the balances from the individual ledger, deducting the overdrafts, exceeds the amount called for by the statement, say by ten thousand dollars, then, unless there is a clerical error on the other side to offset it, that amount of money is not accounted for; it has dropped out, or dropped into the teller's or cashier's pocket.

When an examiner visits a bank he either takes off this balance-sheet from the general ledger, or asks the book-keeper to do it for him, in which case he goes over the accounts and verifies it. The directors should do the same thing, and, as they have much more time, should sift the accounts more thoroughly. One day an examiner of a New England bank struck a defalcation in the item on the side of resources called amounts "due from State banks and bankers." The amount called for under this head was seventy thousand dollars. The president of the bank, who was a man of the highest standing in the community and was supposed to possess an ample fortune, assured the examiner that this amount consisted of various railroad stocks placed in the hands of a well-known New York broker for sale, and that he had received notice that the bank could draw for seventy thousand dollars at any time. When the Comptroller of the Currency re-

ceived the examiner's report of the result of his examination, he wrote to the examiner in New York to verify this item. Word was flashed back over the wires: "No foundation whatever for the statement—no funds or stocks with the broker named." The president of the bank had perjured himself and robbed his stockholders. The result was his bank was placed in the hands of a receiver, and himself in the hands of the law.

When the directors examine their bank, they go sharply for the cash on hand. This is well enough as far as it goes, but they should go still more sharply for the cash not on hand, but reported due from this source and that. The cash of a defaulting bank-officer is the last to suffer. This is stealing too near home, and would at once lead to embarrassment.

In examining a bank, the question to be asked about the right-hand side of the sheet, the side called "liabilities," is this: are the amounts too low? The question to be asked about the left-hand side is, are the amounts too high? That is, has the bank properly credited all the moneys it has received to the accounts on the right, and has it made no false charges to the accounts on the left? When these two questions are satisfactorily answered, your bank is examined, and is correct. Let us say, then, the examining committee is ready to begin. They enter the bank with this balance-sheet in hand. The daily business of the bank is going on about them and all seems confusion; here are books and books, day-books and journals, bill-books and ledgers, paying cash, receiving cash, general cash, discount register, general ledger, individual ledger, etc. Let them not be confused by these, but go straight for the general ledger; here is the summary of the whole business—here is the pool in which all these various streams empty; if the general ledger is right, all is right. The sheet you hold in hand is made up from the balances upon its pages. Begin with the side of "Liabilities." The first item is "Capital Stock"; is it too low? Of course you know what your capital is, and there is no room for fraud here. Next is "Surplus"; open to this account on the ledger and see what the credits are—that is, the items that make up the amount. The law requires you to add, before paying each dividend, one-tenth of your net earnings to surplus, till the same shall amount to twenty per cent. of your capital. See if this has been done. Then see what the charges are against the account, and if they are legitimate, and such as were authorized by the directors. Then look at interest account; see if the interest on your bonds, and from other sources, has been properly credited. There

can be no charges here unless you pay interest to depositors, or upon a loan. Then turn to discount account. You can easily tell if the amount here is what it ought to be, by computing the interest on the average amount of your bills discounted, since the payment of the last dividend. Then look to profit and loss account, or to other undivided profits, if you have such, and see what the credits and charges are, and if they are legitimate. Against profit and loss are always charged, every six months, expenses, taxes, losses, and dividends. Any other charges should attract your attention. The credits to this account come every six months, from interest, discount, exchange, rent, and any other sources of income you may have. But these various accounts representing the bank's profits are seldom or never tampered with by defaulting officers, though I have known a cashier to run fictitious notes through his discount register, in order to swell his discounts received and be ready for the next dividend. Of course he had to make false charges on the other side or in the debit accounts of the ledger, to balance his books, and this he did by putting "dummies" in his bills discounted.

Next comes the circulation received upon your bonds deposited in Washington, which should be ninety per cent. of the same, if your capital does not exceed five hundred thousand dollars.

Then comes "dividends unpaid," and it is easy to tell if this amount be too low.

Now you come to an account where fraud is more frequently concealed than in any other of the credit balances, namely, "individual deposits." Sometimes defaulting cashiers or book-keepers, as they steal or misapply the bank's funds, will slowly lower these figures by false additions, or by other means. The amount due every depositor may show correctly upon the dealer's ledger where the accounts are kept, and yet the aggregate, as it appears upon the general ledger, be far too small. In a case to which I have alluded, of an embezzlement that had been going on for twenty-five years, \$200,000 of the deficiency was carried in this account. Therefore, let the examining committee now turn to the individual ledger and cause the book-keeper to take off every man's balance upon a sheet: the total footings of these amounts, less the overdrafts, should equal the amount called for by the account on the general ledger and by the balance-sheet in hand. But to be absolutely certain this account is correct, every depositor's book must be called in, written up, and his vouchers returned to him; then, and not till then, can you be sure that the deposits have not been tampered with.

Next comes the amounts due to the various other banks with which your bank does business. You can write to these banks and see what you owe them, or require your bank to settle with them at once. The same with the balances due the United States or its disbursing officers. If your bank has borrowed money, it should appear under "Bills Payable," and if the cashier has borrowed money and made no entry of it upon your books, but used it to stop up some hole he has already made in your assets, you can find it out by a careful analysis of the entries upon the general cash-book—a task which requires the services of an expert.

Now let us turn to the debit side, or side of resources, and see if any of these amounts are too high. First count the cash, and see if it agrees with the amount called for by the statement in hand and by cash account on the general ledger. If no cash account is kept on the general ledger, then cause one to be opened at once. I have known a teller's cash to be short fifty thousand dollars week after week, and the cashier, directors, book-keeper, and all, to be ignorant of the fact. The teller should make up his cash at night, and call the amount to the general book-keeper, who should tell him whether or not it is correct.

Having verified the cash, take the notes and bills discounted, and see if the footings agree with the amount called for by the statement.

Then comes the United States bonds to secure circulation, and which are on deposit with the Treasurer in Washington. There can be no fraud here.

Other stocks and bonds on hand are easily counted, and the amounts verified.

Then comes the amounts due from other banks, and it is in these items that the moth of speculation generally takes up his abode. If there is a false charge it is here, and generally in the account with your bank's redemption agent. With the other banks you settle every two or four weeks, and a false charge would be uncovered, but with your redemption agent you are supposed to keep a perpetual balance. Ask for the last statement of account current from that bank, and see how the balance at the end of the previous month agrees with your books on the same day. It should, as a rule, be more, because there are sure to be some drafts still out. If your bank has made or charged any remittance to that bank which has not yet been received and credited, find out what that remittance was, and why it is not credited. I know of a teller who took forty thousand dollars out of his cash on the seventeenth day of the month, and the general book-keeper made a false charge of that amount to the bank's New

York correspondent. When the statement for that month from the New York bank came, early the next month, the chief book-keeper compared it with the account upon their own books. He, of course, added to his amount the drafts not yet paid in New York, and deducted the remittances not yet received and credited there. Among these remittances was this false charge of forty thousand dollars, two weeks overdue, and yet he made no inquiry, and apparently thought it all right. He was a correct and most conscientious clerk, but the routine of the office for fifteen years had worn such a rut in his mind that no ordinary shock could throw him out of it. When the examiner came along, perhaps on the last of the month in which the false charge was made, his examination failed to reveal the fraud. The reason why it did not is curious, and worth explaining. He, of course, did not seek to verify all the charges in this account, but relied upon proving the balance by other means. He asked for the account current of the previous month, knowing that a comparison of this with the bank's would discover all fraud, except what might have occurred within the past few weeks. On examination, he discovered a discrepancy of say fifty thousand dollars; that is, there was not as much money in New York, at the end of the previous month, by fifty thousand dollars, as the books called for.

This proved to be a loan. The bank he was examining was required to keep on deposit in New York a certain amount of money; it had concluded, for the sake of a higher rate of interest than it was then receiving, to loan out a part of this fund on call, and had done so through its redemption agent, but for reasons had made no entries upon its books; and for aught the books showed the money was still on deposit with its redemption agent, though on the books of that bank the loan was properly charged. When the examiner made his visit, the loan was called and credited in New York, but the officers failed to tell him of the fact. Hence, when by correspondence the balance in New York was asked for, the loan was supposed to be still out, and the false charge of forty thousand dollars was not revealed. The teller went on stealing until he had taken twelve thousand dollars more before the discovery was made. If the amount due from other banks is exceptionally large in proportion to the bank's capital and its deposits, and is carried along from month to month, directors should be looking about for a good investment for their idle funds.

To further illustrate this point, let us take another bank statement. Again it is a New-York bank, at present in the hands of a receiver. Here is its showing September 1, 1879, a short time before it failed:

RESOURCES.	
Notes and bills discounted.....	\$ 189,049.41
Overdrafts.....
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	300,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits.....
U. S. bonds on hand.....
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages.....
Due from approved reserve agents, viz.:	
Third National, New York.....	\$12,882.73
Central, New York.....	40,613.95
Commonwealth, Boston.....	20,697.41
	74,194.09
Due from other national banks.....	156,606.84
Due from State banks and bankers.....	10,721.56
Banking-house.....	158,572.26
Other real estate.....
Furniture and fixtures.....
Current expenses.....	\$1,990.77
Taxes paid.....	3,011.21
	4,371.98
Premiums paid.....
Exchange.....	15.81
Checks and other cash items.....	41,587.27
Exchanges for clearing-house, including gold checks.....
Bills of other national banks.....	3,706.00
Bills of State banks.....
Fractional currency (including nickels).....	107.97
Specie, viz.:	
Silver coin.....	\$3,581.00
Gold coin.....	813.25
Gold Treasury notes.....
	4,394.25
Legal-tender notes.....	18,053.00
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal-tenders.....
5 per cent. redemption fund with Treasurer of United States.....	13,500.00
Other funds with Treasurer of United States.....	4,983.95
Cash short.....	48.01
Total.....	\$973,846.40

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$300,000.00
Surplus fund.....	68,584.25
Discount.....	\$1,717.63
Exchange.....
Interest.....	244.74
Premiums.....
Profit and loss.....	4,533.84
	6,496.21
Circulation received.....
On hand and returned.....	270,000.00
State bank circulation outstanding.....
Dividends unpaid.....	524.00
Individual deposits, viz.:	
Subject to check.....	291,968.46
Demand certificates.....
Time certificates.....
Certified checks.....
Cashier's checks.....
United States deposits.....
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers.....
Due to national banks.....	19,507.52
Due to State banks and bankers.....	2,289.15
Notes and bills rediscounted.....
Bills payable.....
Suspense account.....	20,476.81
Cash over.....
Total.....	\$973,846.40

Now, what are the unfavorable features in this report? In the first place, the bank is not earning much money. Its loans are less than its capital, or less than its deposits, which is one bad feature. The aggregate loans of all the banks in the country at any time is nearly double the aggregate capital, and far exceeds the total deposits.

The second unfavorable and even suspicious feature is the amount "due from other national banks." The bank is not doing a large business. The amount due to banks is not large. It keeps three accounts with banks in the reserve cities, New York and Boston, and through them would naturally do most of its collecting, and yet it reports due from other banks, State and national, \$167,000, nearly eight times as much as is due to banks. The banks of the country in the aggregate always show a much larger sum due to banks than from banks, because of the number of drafts and checks still outstanding. I do not know why this bank failed, but I venture to say that a large part of this sum due to other banks was found to be fictitious, and the charges were made to cover up stealings or losses.

Then the real estate item is very large; half the capital of the bank is locked up in an unproductive bank building. "Checks and other cash items" looks suspiciously large for the bank's business. There are probably several "Quaker guns" doing duty here.

In going over the discounted notes, directors should look particularly after notes due abroad and sent off for collection. Ask the cashier to show you copies of the letters in which they were sent. If he replies that no copies were kept, then at once make a rule that every business letter that goes out of your bank shall be copied, and the copy kept on file.

The two feet that the business of a bank goes upon are debit and credit; first the one, then the other, and the two are equal: one is just as long and as broad as the other; the total debits must equal the total credits, and *vice versa*. When a cashier makes a credit on one side of his books, unless he has the cash on hand to show for it, he must make a charge on the other, or his books will not balance. One lie necessitates another lie, and so on. An examiner, in analyzing the accounts of a broken bank, once came upon this item: The cashier had charged to his New York correspondent as a remittance a draft of thirty thousand dollars; the examiner looked on the other side of the books to see where the draft came from—to see if any customer had deposited it and been credited, or if it had come from any other bank. Nothing of the sort could be found. But there must be a credit to meet the charge, else the cash on the close of business that day would be thirty thousand dollars over. But the cash was not over. The charge was offset by the credit of three drafts

to the New York bank, of ten thousand dollars each. This made the books balance, but where the thirty thousand dollars came from was still a mystery. By inquiry at the New York bank, it was learned that the draft was drawn by a neighboring bank, and was payable to the order of the cashier of the broken bank; by continuing the inquiry at the neighboring bank, it was learned that the amount was a loan to the defaulting cashier. The drafts he had drawn against it were payable to fictitious names, and were used by himself in stock speculations. He had made a turn to pay the loan by means equally crooked, but which I will not go into here. Now this transaction is such a one as would be almost certain to be overlooked by a bank-examiner, unless he laid regular siege to the bank's accounts; and where is the director that would have unraveled it? The transaction, to have been straight upon the books, should have stood thus: The neighboring bank should have been credited with the loan upon the one hand and the New York bank to whom the amount was sent charged with it on the other; then the drafts drawn against it should have been duly credited, and charged to the persons who had them, or to cash. The cashier's account was not good for such an amount, and he appears to have been afraid to credit his account with so large a sum, in the first instance.

I have thus aired some of the ins and outs of banking, and some of the ways of bank officers that are dark and crooked, and pointed out a part of the duty of directors. The national banking system is perhaps as nearly perfect as any system that was ever devised, and the administration of the law is in thorough and efficient hands, and the total losses, upon an average holding of nearly eight hundred millions of deposits, in nineteen years have been but six and one-half millions, or less than one-twentieth of one per cent. annually. Yet as long as stockholders are indifferent and bank directors lax and ignorant, unacquainted with the character, habits, associates, engagements, etc., of the men they employ behind their counters, and to whom they trust the custody of their funds and accounts, and so long as they are unacquainted with the details of the business they have sworn to protect, and of the law they are pledged to uphold, so long will disasters like the recent ones overtake them, and the golden apple of bank shares and expected dividends turn to ashes on the lips of the possessor.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ghosts in our Foreign Policy.

NOWHERE do ideas outlive their time so stubbornly as in the foreign policy of nations. The English jealousy of the hereditary enemy across the Channel persisted long after there was any need for it, and it is only in this generation that the people of the United States have entirely recovered from the anti-British feeling that came down from the days of George III. and Lord North. There are instances all through the pages of history of the survival of certain national antipathies, jealousies, fears, and the policy based on these sentiments, long after there was any occasion for them. Nations have been embroiled in destructive wars by the mere ghosts of ideas—post-pliocene survivals that walked the earth as though they had a legitimate place in the existing order of things.

It seems quite possible that the American fear of European interference may be one of these walking fossils. When that most clear-headed and straightforward president, James Monroe, in the middle of his second term, enunciated the doctrine that the American Government would neither embroil itself in Europe nor consent that the European powers should "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere," his declaration was a timely and fitly spoken word. Monroe was president of twenty-four sparsely settled States containing about ten millions of people, of whom a million and a half were slaves. The country, almost up to the very beginning of his presidency, had been sorely divided between a party that leaned toward British traditions, and one that held to a French alliance and an antipathy to England. In Europe the "balance-of-power" doctrine reigned supreme, and there was danger that American alliances or conquests might be sought as make-weights. Mexico had but recently achieved her independence, and in the year the Monroe doctrine was promulgated had overthrown the short-lived empire of Iturbide, and, following the example of the United States, had become a republic. The future of the continent was beginning to disclose itself. America was to be republican. But there was ground to fear that the European governments, fresh from the reestablishment of Bourbonism in France, and hostile to every movement of republicanism, might attempt to arrest the course of events on the American continent. It was the master-stroke of statesmanship, at this juncture, to announce, as Monroe did, with the utmost candor and friendliness, that we should regard any attempt to extend the European system to this continent "as dangerous to our peace and safety." It was a declaration of independence for the hemisphere.

The doctrine has by no means become obsolete, though it has been sometimes seriously overworked. Any attempt to extend the European system to

America by conquest or forcible interference would be regarded as no less hostile to our peace now than such an attempt would have been in the time of the clear-sighted President Monroe. But the fears of that day are groundless in this. The national self-assertion necessary in the time of weakness is out of place now. In the fifty-eight or nine years that have passed since the Monroe doctrine was pronounced, the ten millions have grown to fifty and the face of European politics has changed. The great powers have recovered from their reaction against the French Revolution, and have grown more liberal. The European system is no longer what it was. But even if there were a disposition to introduce the European system into America to-day, the United States is clearly master of the situation, at least so far as the northern half of the continent is concerned. There is nothing that could resist the power of this Government if it were disposed to seize the whole of North America. We can afford to talk less about the Monroe doctrine; for nowadays it enforces itself.

As for the isthmian canal, it may be necessary to insist on special guarantees and it may not. At least, it would be unfortunate for the United States to be placed in a position of obstruction toward a work of world-wide interest. We have talked of a canal across the Panama isthmus for more than a generation. But our hands are filled with work that lies within our own bounds. Far-reaching railways, great bridges, delta improvements, and coast surveys have absorbed the engineering enterprise of the nation. On the other hand, it is natural that an old and cultivated country like France, under a liberal government and with a peaceful policy, should seek opportunities in America for her enterprise and skill. It would be a subject for regret if we should withhold our admiration from such engineers as the heroic Blanchet, for example, who a few weeks ago fell a victim to his zeal for the canal. No interest that we may feel in the rival schemes of American projectors, no ghost of possible European interference, should prevent our heartily applauding the courage and skill of the great French engineers who have undertaken the boldest work of the world.

There is already reason to fear that a scheme is on foot to revive the annexation movement, in connection with the canal excitement. One hears from some public men, in conversation, a vague intimation that Santo Domingo is a "strategic point" of great importance. It controls the isthmus, we are told, and if we do not get it, somebody else will; consequently it will be necessary for us to seize it. But no European power would care to become involved in a war with the United States for the sake of acquiring a West India island. It is not needful that we should rob a neighbor to prevent his being plundered by some one else.

The desire for adjacent territory was a natural one in the early history of the country, when Florida and the mouth of the Mississippi were held by foreign powers. But the policy of annexation is likewise a survival. We have no need of territory. To begin to annex islands or provinces filled with an uncongenial people would be to enter on a career fatal to our system of government. We have no machinery appropriate to the management of remote provinces, as the English have. Our attempt to handle Mormonism under a provincial system shows how difficult it is for a republic like ours, which has no prime minister, all powerful and wholly responsible, to govern in this way. Our system is not suited to schemes of conquest. This republic ought to make its citizenship so desirable that States beyond its limits would seek admission to it. But there should never be a single foot of ground in it peopled by subjugated inhabitants. We are strong enough and remote enough to enforce easily the non-interference of Europe. We do not want any "strategic points," however much they may be desired by American speculators and jobbing corporations. It is a good time to put a new doctrine alongside the Monroe doctrine, namely: that this republic does not wish to annex any territory but that which seeks annexation, and that it does not want any people who are not capable of autonomy under our federal system. All others are only a weakness to us.

Authors' Rights.

THE question of international copyright has so often approached a settlement, and so often failed to reach one, that our hopes for a favorable issue of the present movement are not glowing. We venture to predict, moreover, that so long as the question is taken up from the wrong end, so long as the rights of authors are essentially ignored, just so long will the question remain virtually unsettled, no matter what treaties are made or what statutes are passed. For it is idle to call the proposed treaty a scheme for the protection of authors. It is notoriously a scheme for the protection of publishers; and authors are by it protected only so far and so long as the proposed protection is supposed to be for the benefit of publishers. The treaty has been recommended to the authorities by a long list of American authors, but let no one suppose that authors as a class acquiesce therein, except as a compromise of their rights, and as "the half loaf that is better than no bread."

Now we hold it to be self-evident that, in a question of absolute right, there can be no compromise that will last. The history of slavery in this country is a proof of this; and we do not hesitate to say that it was easier to frame a plausible justification of slavery from the Bible itself, than it is to justify the theft of literary property allowed under our laws, and justified by our law-makers. We do not lose sight of the fact that there have been and are English as well as American pirates, and that generous sums have been paid, for many years past, by all the principal American publishers to foreign writers. But it still remains true that American publishers, as a class, have been from the beginning opposed to any legislation which would put the English author on a par with other holders of salable property.

If it is denied—and it certainly is denied by many—that, under all circumstances, it is best to do right; and if it is found necessary to argue questions like this upon a lower plane—even in this case, the arguments of thrift lean to the side of justice. If all the leading publishers of the United States had long ago insisted, as a few of them did, upon a just and honorable international copyright law, in the interests primarily of the producers of literature, they would all at this moment have been in the undisturbed enjoyment of the most valuable modern literary properties, both at home and abroad, instead of being driven to the wall by the small fry of piratical publishers. Events have proved that publishers have been blind to their own interests in the past—we believe they are blind to their own interests in the present—in not insisting upon a more liberal, that is to say, a more just, convention between England and America. They propose to set up a convention through which the English publishers can, it is believed, drive a coach and four; and they call upon the British Government to "protect" English printers from their American rivals!

During generation after generation a gigantic wrong has been perpetrated by the Government and Congress of the United States upon the authors of both America and England. Against this injustice one great writer after another, in these countries, has risen up, and protested, and passed away, embittered in mind and comparatively poor in property—poor, while others have helped themselves on the road to wealth from the fruits of his labors. By reason of this injustice, the literary production of our own country has been cramped and well-nigh crushed.

But, at this late date in an unfortunate history, somebody suddenly finds himself hurt! Is it the author? No, for he was bruised, spat upon, and driven out-of-doors long ago. Is it the paper-maker? No; for he is doing a thriving trade. It is the "legitimate" publisher whose toes are at last trodden upon, and who now asks the governments of two great nations to devise some alleviation for his miseries! To our minds this is not a dignified spectacle. We respectfully suggest to Mr. Frelinghuysen that the first concern of the treaty should be the outraged rights of the producers of literature in America and England. It is a question whether the Administration cannot better afford to "fail" in the pursuit of absolute justice, than to "succeed" with a compromise.

On a Recent Social Phenomenon.

ADVENTURERS, dead-beats, frauds, impostors, charlatans, social pretenders, conscienceless cranks, and the whole tribe of the morally deficient would have comparatively little opportunity to do harm in this world, and would meet with but few of the emoluments and rewards which they crave, were it not for the weak and good-natured acquiescence of the upright. Just as, in the narrow circle of what is called society, if a person has been consistently rude and neglectful of polite obligations throughout a life-time, he or she is, though perhaps somewhat avoided, yet still generally forgiven,—so in society at large, if a man has once achieved the reputation of being morally crooked, his irregularities are more easily pardoned because they are numerous than they would be if they were ex-

ceptional; and if he possess a handful of the minor virtues his little crimes are all the more readily condoned. "If a fellow sing me a good song, or serve me a good dinner, what care I for the sanctity of his soul?"

But further than this, there is a downright sentiment of admiration, in the minds of many supposedly good men, of a successful "fraud." Speculators and adventurers in the financial world show an astonishing persistency in "defying public opinion." But beneath their bravado is the comfortable and well-founded conviction that if they can only make a "brilliant success," there will be a reserve of sincere admiration beneath the general condemnation of the community.

Especially is there admiration of those talents whereby even a bastard fame is secured. A fame which is nothing but notoriety is still something that affects the imagination of men. It is looked upon as a manifestation of power, and there are few indeed who do not respect power, of whatever kind. There are many who forget that, given a certain amount of ability, allied to callousness of conscience, or given good education, cleverness, and a lack of self-respect, a great many things can be accomplished which tend easily to notoriety. The moment a man of brains consents to accept notoriety in the place of good fame, he will find an easy path to his goal.

A few weeks ago, a British author visited America to make a second survey of its territory and institutions after an interval of eleven years. No important section of the country was left by him unvisited—from New England to California, from Oregon to Georgia. A historian ranking with the first of his generation in his own country, a professor in one of the great universities, a member of Parliament, and a friend of not a few of our leading men, he was received everywhere with sincere and unchronicled hospitality. Except in the notices of his public lectures, delivered in two of our leading cities, his comings and goings were scarcely mentioned in the papers. When he arrived in New York from England the newspapers contained the announcement in a single line; when he left, the "great dailies" did not dedicate so much as a paragraph to his departure. Yet he carried with him the respect and good wishes of the best portion of the community, and his visit here is likely to be not without effect upon at least some important part of the relations between the two countries.

About the time that Mr. James Bryce set sail for Europe, a young writer arrived on our shores, whose career here we do not intend to describe in detail, but which it is within bounds to say has been such as could only be possible with a person conspicuously lacking in both natural refinement and acquired taste. The author of a book whose good qualities have been heartily praised in these pages, he has lent himself to a double scheme of advertising (both of himself and of a dramatic caricature of himself) unprecedented in the annals of either literature or the stage, and has thereby counted himself out of the company of self-respecting men of letters. It was soon seen that what this young man wished for in America was not so much reputation and its legitimate rewards as notoriety, and the money and prestige that come that way. The people and the press at large understood the situation at once and exactly. But a certain portion of the society

that wishes to be amused at all hazards acted with the same insincerity that characterized the stranger's performances; played into the hands of his shrewd and business-like managers; and did all in its power to feed the vanity and thrift of one who has placed upon his own brow the stigma of a literary mountebank. Lurking beneath this insincere social acceptance it is easy to detect an admiration, cherished even by those who themselves keep to the straight path, for success achieved at whatever cost of dignity or conscience.

Kindness and Blindness.

It is no uncommon thing to hear a person who has been through sickness or trouble say: "It was worth while to undergo it, to find out how much kindness there is in the world." That is a common experience when trouble comes in such a form that those about the sufferer see it and know it. A man, living where he is well known, has a trying sickness, and friends and neighbors vie with each other in attentions—kind messages, delicacies to tempt the appetite, offers of watching and tendance. A poor woman on a railway journey loses her ticket and money, and the passengers, hearing of it, are quick to make up a purse for her. Let somebody find a case of destitution and suffering, and go about to tell his neighbors and ask their help, and he will find almost every one glad to help. There is in the heart of every Christian community a vast fund of latent kindness and sympathy, and the only thing necessary to call it out is the knowledge of somebody who needs it.

No doubt many people have asked themselves why it was that President Garfield's case called out such an immeasurable flood of sympathy and tenderness. The man's high worth partly explains it; his position as chosen chief of a great people, the tragic suddenness of his fall, the long suspense with its chills of fear and flushes of hope, the mutual excitation of millions of hearts under one emotion,—all these things helped to swell the tide. But at the center of it all was just this,—a suffering man and his suffering family. It was not what Garfield had in distinction from other men, but what he had in common with them, that touched most deeply the common heart; not that he was President, but that he had fought his way up, as other men fight theirs; not that he fell suddenly, but that he dragged through weary, languishing months, such as we all either have undergone or have seen in our friends. His mother and wife were held in the nation's heart, and in the world's heart, because every mother and every wife knows what it is to watch and pray for a life dearer than her own. It was the commonness of the experience, its typical and not its exceptional character, that made it so profoundly moving,—that, and the fact that the sufferers met their lot with such steadfast fortitude, such patience and submission and mutual love, as we all would wish for in our own hour of trial.

And what sent the matter deeper and deeper home to every one was the circumstance that day by day we knew all about it. Each phase of the disease, each incident,—the wife hastening to her husband's side, every fluctuation of hope and fear, the pathetic journey to Long Branch,—it all was told by the newspapers so minutely that we seemed to see it all before us.

While the President was slowly dying, there lay in hospital at Washington a wounded midshipman, who, after languishing for half a year, passed away just before the President. His case was barely mentioned by the papers, because the disease was pyemia, and yielded some suggestion as to the probabilities of the more illustrious sufferer. But if by some chance that midshipman's case had been known to us from the first, as Garfield's was; his fortitude and gentleness had fully come to our knowledge; if we had known how, it may be, his mother or sister watched and prayed,—in that case, our hearts would have been touched with a tenderness not dissimilar to that with which we kept our long vigil beside the dying President.

The love of man for his brother man—that was the greatest meaning of the sorrow in which the whole world was united. That it was which must have made it, to purer eyes than ours, not a tragedy, but a triumph. For the sympathy flowing out from millions of hearts to that one sufferer brought those millions into a sublime community with one another. Before the bulletin-board, strangers spoke to one another like friends. Statesmen and patriots had vainly striven to reconcile North and South—and here, by this dying bed, North and South were one. America, England, France, Germany—the whole circle of Christian nations—were lifted for an instant into conscious brotherhood, a beckoning presage of the coming future when wars shall be no more.

The rod whose blow brought these waters from the rock was one case of patient suffering, brought closely and continuously home to the knowledge of all. So deep are the fountains of kindness and mutual love in the hearts of mankind!

Why is it, then, that so many of us live unloving and unfriended lives? Why is it that to countless lonely hearts the touch of loving sympathy is almost unknown? Nothing is more moving than the surprise with which people often greet some little delicate

attention or appreciation. Wordsworth might well say that it was not unkindness and ingratitude that to him were most pathetic:

"Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning!"

—because glad surprise at a trifling kindness tells of a life to which kindness has been a stranger.

The wall that shuts out kindness is not cruelty—it is negligence and inattention. When trouble is thrust before our eyes, we are not indifferent to it. But it may lie close beside our path, and we fail to see it, because we are intent on our own pursuit. A man's personal interests tend all the time to harden into a shell of self-absorption, shutting out the sight of his neighbors. When some shock of catastrophe to a neighbor breaks through the shell, startles him, makes him see, he is ready and glad to help. For the average man among us is not at heart a heathen or a brute. Eighteen centuries of Christian influence have not been wasted. And yet every community, every street, almost every household, has its lonely, uncheered lives. All about such lives are great reservoirs of that human good-will—that appreciation, sympathy, friendly response—for which they are starving; and the reservoirs are sealed up only because people kind at heart have not learned to keep their eyes open. That is the consummate human accomplishment, the art of arts—to see. The most effective word which Jesus spoke to rouse benevolence simply set men on using thought and imagination to enter into other people's lives: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Put yourself in your neighbor's place; then almost instinctively you will do the right thing to him. To respond to a want or sorrow which thrusts itself in one's face—that any decent man will do. To divine the want which is not told, to read by a fine sympathy the story of the lives that touch ours—that is the "open sesame" before which the barriers go down, and the commonplace earth becomes a paradise.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Two Letters on the International Copyright Question.

THE QUESTION FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE following letter from Miss Harriet Martineau was found among the papers of the late Dr. Mackenzie, of Philadelphia. It is a melancholy warning to authors not to expect a satisfactory adjustment of their rights until some political leader has the statesmanship to see and the courage to insist that (as Mr. Towne says below) the question is primarily a moral and not an economic one, and must be treated on a moral plane:

TYNEMOUTH, Dec. 24, 1843.

SIR: The immediate effect of our memorial to Congress was to occasion the question of an International Copyright to be referred to a committee of the Senate, of which Mr. Clay was chairman. The committee reported in favor of such a measure, and presented the draught of a bill for the purpose; but the session

closed before the matter reached the other house, where, also, it was understood it would have been thrown out.

Since that time, our own Government has appointed another mode of proceeding. Parliament has empowered the Queen in council to proceed by treaty with the heads of other governments. Yet, the will of the President (even if Mr. Clay should be the next, which I strongly doubt) must, in such a case, depend greatly upon that of the people.

The popular will, however, is rapidly coming round to the point we wish. The chief benefit of our former proceeding was in causing a discussion of the question, far and wide. Some friends of mine obtained permission to argue the question in the New York "Evening Post," and it ended in the complete conversion of that respectable paper, and of many by its means.

Of late the American book-sellers have almost to a

man come round to us,—the authors being with us before. Some late failures of attempts on the part of the great house of Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, to get the publishing of Lord Jeffrey's "Contributions," and of North's "Recreations," have converted these very potent enemies; and I have heard that our arch-enemy, the firm of the * * * * * are also coming round. However that may be, a great stir is making, and a petition for an international copyright treaty is to be presented to Congress this session, signed, it is said, by every author and every book-seller of eminence in the United States. I never hoped that the bulk of the people could see the matter in its true light till the book-sellers were with us. Now, I really hope it will not be long before the fitting thing is done. It would have made the entire difference in the fortunes of many of us, if such an arrangement had hitherto subsisted; for the circulation of our works is such as nobody here conceives of. Every person in the New England States being a reader, and every house from the Red River to the Bay of Fundy having a book-shelf, the diffusion of our works is such as cannot be imagined from the restricted circulation we have here.

The ingenuousness of your avowal of your own former indifference assures me that you will now do what you can to obtain justice to authors, by securing to them the property of their works.

My health cannot be re-established, thank you; but it is not worse than it has been for a long time past.

I will just mention that it is desirable to ply Mr. Everett well about this copyright matter. I am sure he is of our mind about it; and we must enable him to tell his Government how he is teased about it. Let us all ply him well.

I am yours, etc.,

H. MARTINEAU.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, Office of the "University Herald," Oxford.

THE REAL ISSUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: In the negotiations that are understood to be pending, relative to a convention in the interest of an Anglo-American copyright, it is to be hoped that the question of the moral right of authors to dispose of their property in the way they think best will be kept clear of the questions of tariff and the business interests of publishers. Is it not plain that the only object of any international copyright law is that of placing the owners of copyright upon the same basis as the owners of any other species of property throughout the civilized world? Is not the real question for a convention to pass upon: Shall property be recognized as property wherever found, regardless of the nationality of the owner? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, authors would certainly be satisfied. An international law should only cover a general principle, and no "convention" should be asked to meddle with business details. The law should affect all books alike. It should give the author, or his assigns, the exclusive right to control the multiplication of copies. He should have the right to sell his copyright, if he pleases, as he would sell any other property he owns. Stripped of all complications, the simple

proposition for an Anglo-American treaty to settle is this: *An author has a right to property he has created in the form of a book, and that right cannot be taken from him without his consent.*

To declare by international law that an American author shall not be protected in his copyright in England unless he has his book manufactured in that country within ninety or any other number of days, would be entirely useless in certainly a vast majority of cases, and would imply, after all, that he has not the same right to his property in a book that he has to property in a watch or coat. Such a proviso would perpetuate the blunder in the statute of Queen Anne, 1709, by a second blunder committed by an Anglo-American congress in limiting the rights of foreign authors. Instead of benefiting an author it would be another and perhaps fatal step in the direction of legally confiscating to the use of the world the only property in existence now "pirated" with impunity.

The chief difficulty in the way of establishing our general principle, and thus restoring to authors the right *in perpetuum* which they held by common law previous to the statute of Queen Anne, 1709, lies in the words "limited times" in the Constitution of the United States. The true way to remove this difficulty would be to take the words out of the Constitution. Granting that this cannot be done, the next best thing is to give them their most liberal interpretation. "Limited times" may mean a few days, a few years, or a few million years. But they must be interpreted with reference to the intention of the framers of the Constitution. In the discussion of the question of copyright, it has more than once been suggested that *one hundred years* be fixed upon as the meaning of the words "limited times," and if this is the best that can be done, proprietors of copyright must be satisfied. The practical difference between the words one hundred years and the expression *in perpetuum* is not of much moment, so far as copyright is concerned. The real point to be gained is a universal recognition of the right of an author to the product of his labor. The details by which the property is to be made most valuable may safely be left to the energy, tact, and judgment of all parties concerned. The convention of Lord Clarendon without the American proviso is what is wanted, modified to give copyright a limit of one hundred years in both countries. All other civilized nations seem to be ready to unite in a convention having this general principle as its basis.

P. A. TOWNE.

113 Liberty street, New York, Jan. 12, 1882.

The Weak Point of Mormonism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: An experience of some years in Utah has convinced me that Mormonism is a citadel which it is difficult to storm but easy to undermine, and that much as we may welcome any legislative improvements, the main resource of attack is to be found in education. Ideas alone can destroy it. Intellectually, Mormonism is puerile. Its peculiar notions, when not blasphemous, are childish. It cannot educate its own teachers, and is wholly destitute of intellectual incentives, spirit, and aims. Even were this not true, the task of educating its

own boys and girls would be far beyond its power. Utah is full of children, and, in many communities, children of school age comprise half the population. A people still very poor, after paying tithes, and money for temple-building, and expenses for civil matters and for support, would sink beneath a tax adequate rightly to instruct such numbers of children. Ideas alone can destroy such a system. Laws may be necessary; but law cannot remove the dense ignorance that envelops Mormon homes. This must be the work of teachers.

That the people will welcome such instruction admits of no doubt. There are in Utah to-day, known to the writer, Christian mission-schools, from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of whose pupils are children of Mormon parents. In these schools there are young men of such age as to require to be excused on election days to deposit their ballots; history classes of young men and women who are just finding out that the American flag is worthy of their pride, that their country is wider than Utah, and that John Taylor is not its president; and hundreds of children who are learning that Adam is not God, and that the true prophets are not Brigham Young, Heber Kimball, and George Q. Cannon.

By their fruits some of these schools have already been judged, and Mormons hitherto loyal to their faith have said: "If our church opposes this work, so much the worse for the church. If we must choose between ignorance and the church on the one side, and knowledge on the other, we can get along without the church."

For Mormonism, therefore, the school, sustained by Eastern benevolence and established in every hamlet, is a remedy which, compared with any other, is inexpensive, efficacious, and speedy. It will enable us to dispense with the menace of courts; it will obviate strife and divisions, and turn ignorant and threatening foes into intelligent and faithful citizens.

Yours truly,

CHARLES R. BLISS.

Boston, Jan. 14, 1882.

"The Increase of Divorce": A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Permit me to correct two errors in my article on "The Increase of Divorce," printed in the January CENTURY. The first is the statement that the statutes of Iowa give the courts power to grant divorces when in their judgment any just cause exists. A late authority misled me. The causes allowed by the Iowa statute are five, all strictly determinate, unless it be the last one, viz.: "Such inhuman treatment as to en-

danger the life." My informant tells me that this clause is "tortured more than it should be, and is made the avenue of escape from undesirable wedlock more than the other four together."

The other error was in following a misprint found in two different copies of Mr. Dike's paper on Divorce. Mr. Dike's investigation of the increase of crimes against chastity covered *ten* different crimes instead of *two*, as the types made him say. His comparison is therefore broader than mine instead of narrower. It should also be said that Mr. Dike did not attempt to show that the increase of divorce was the cause of the increase of crimes against chastity; he only pointed out the parallelism of the two movements.

Further study convinces me that, while his figures exaggerate the increase of this class of crimes, my own understate it. That offenses against chastity are relatively more numerous in Massachusetts than they were ten or twenty years ago seems to be clear. The patience, thoroughness, and judgment shown by Mr. Dike in his study of this question are admirable.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 13, 1882.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: In an article reviewing General Garfield's efficient work in behalf of "Civil Service Reform," in THE CENTURY for January, you say:

"If we are not mistaken he [Garfield] was the first member of Congress to establish such [competitive] examinations to guide him in the appointment of West Point cadets and midshipmen at the Naval Academy."

General Garfield first entered Congress in December, 1863, while as early as April, 1862, Thaddeus Stevens appointed to the academies at West Point and Annapolis cadets who had passed the ordeal of a competitive examination. The "Old Commoner" undoubtedly inaugurated this method. What impelled him to institute the competitive system is clear when we know that a number of his appointees had been rejected and none had attained high standing; and the merit of the competitive method is sufficiently obvious when I state that of the six cadets from this district selected by competition who have since been graduated—three from West Point and three from Annapolis—two stood at the head of their respective classes, a third was No. 2, a fourth No. 13, and all were nearer the head than the foot.

W. W. GRIEST.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 28, 1881.

LITERATURE.

Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper."

IN his new book, Mark Twain has so far divested himself of his usual literary habit, that the reader is

*The Prince and the Pauper; A Tale for Young People of all Ages. By Mark Twain. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

inclined now and then, as he follows the quaint story, to turn back to the title page in the expectation of finding that the famous humorist and satirist has been writing, incognito, as Mr. Clemens. "The Prince and the Pauper" is a curious mixture of fact and fancy. As to the plot, it is enough to say here that the Prince of the story is the son of Henry VIII.,

afterward Edward VI., and the Pauper, a young beggar, Tom Canty, who is supposed to resemble the Prince in stature and feature. Tom is invited into the palace by the young Prince of Wales, and to gratify a fancy of each, they change apparel. The Prince, in Tom's rags, rushes to the palace gate to rebuke the guard who had struck Tom. But so far as the guard can see, the young vagabond, who storms like the Prince, is the same little beggar that entered the palace a few moments before. He drives the Prince away, the crowd jeers at his pretensions, and he becomes a wandering vagabond in the city. On the other hand, Tom, in his borrowed finery, is found by the Prince's guardians and by them and the king is accepted as the rightful Prince, while the Pauper's vagaries and solecisms are referred to a sudden derangement of the Prince's mind. By an ingeniously formed chain of circumstances, and incredible stupidities on the part of the living automata of the household of Henry VIII., Prince and Pauper become hopelessly mixed. On the death of the king, Tom is proclaimed Edward VI., while the rightful heir falls among roughs and outlaws. His mishaps come to an end on the day of the coronation. He arrives at the cathedral and proclaims his rights just as the crown is being placed on the head of Tom, who insists on changing places with the beggarly claimant, though the courtiers are loath to believe that Tom is not the true Prince.

In many respects, "The Prince and the Pauper" is a remarkable book; it is certainly effective as a story, though it is spun-out almost to tediousness. It appears also to be overweighted with purpose. The least interesting part of the story, and that which as a whole is not essential to the main narrative, proceeds from the author's purpose to vindicate the "humane and kindly" character of the Blue-Laws of Connecticut. Another purpose or effect of the story is to satirize kingcraft. This is cleverly done. The quiet satire, the ingenuity of the plot, and the clever development of the thoughts and motives of the Prince and the Pauper, in their changed circumstances, form the main interest of the story.

So far as it was the author's purpose to produce a work of art after the old models, and to prove that the humorous story-teller and ingenious homely philosopher, Mark Twain, can be a literary purist, a scholar, and an antiquary, we do not think his "new departure" is a conspicuous success. It was not necessary for the author to prop his literary reputation with archaic English and a somewhat conventional manner. His recent humorous writings abound in passages of great excellence as serious compositions, and his serious, nervous style is the natural expression of an acute mind, that in its most fanciful moods is seldom superficial in its view. Indeed, it is because Mark Twain is a satirist, and in a measure a true philosopher, that his broadly humorous books and speeches have met with wide and permanent popular favor.

Considered as a work of art, "The Prince and the Pauper" is open to criticism. The author has taken great pains to be "early English," as they say in "Patience," and his mild attempt to be æsthetic is almost necessarily artificial. In the conversation of the story, he attempts to reproduce the idiom of the time of Henry VIII., and the effort is well sustained.

But the descriptive parts in which (if we may take the style of the preface as the key-note of his purpose) he also intended to keep the flavor of "early English," are a mixture of old and modern idiom, and the artistic unity of the work is frequently disturbed by quotations from old writers, and by the use of an occasional Americanism. Some of the fun sprinkled through the story grates on the ear. In speaking of the king's "taster," whose duty it was to make sure that poison had not been put into the royal food, the author wonders "why they did not use a dog or a plumber." At his first royal meal, the Pauper drinks out of the finger-bowl. There is an air of antiquity about this bit of fun, but is it "early English"? A strangely obscure allusion appears on page 45. Here the reader is informed that the Prince "snatched up and put away an article of national importance." Five chapters farther on, it transpires that the great seal cannot be found, and at the end of the story the Prince proves his identity by remembering where he hid it. It will probably occur to few readers that the phrase "an article of national importance" is a synonym for "great seal."

Miss Preston's "Georgics of Vergil."

THE problem of translation is a double one; the translator must efface himself—must make his version a transparent medium for the thoughts of his author, and at the same time he must write a poem which shall read like an original. Miss Preston's *Georgics* compares favorably with other metrical translations in English, and yet it is far from answering these almost unattainable requirements. It is probable that every generation will continue to demand new translations of the great poems of antiquity, and to find those already made unsatisfactory. Every translator gives a certain twist to his original. Dryden's *Virgil*, *e. g.*, is *Virgil plus* the style and meter fashionable among the poets of the English Restoration period, and Miss Preston's *Virgil* is quite as strongly tinged with the literary fashions now current. If Dryden's antithetic couplets, with his favorite interspersed triplets and alexandrines, have for readers of to-day associations ludicrously un-Virgilian, so we may be sure will many of Miss Preston's turns of verse and phrase to readers of a future generation. In other words, a perfect metrical translation is an impossibility; it must always admit something temporary and foreign to the original. It is not *Virgil*, but Miss Preston, for instance, who talks about "black immensities," and "queryings infinite"; and the voice of the nineteenth century sounds no less certainly in such expressions as "an emanation of the world-soul divine,"—*partem divine mentis*,—and in the lines

"For he is verily happy who hath known
The wonderful wherefore of the things of sense,"

which translate—

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

It may not be much of a departure from the modern theory of fidelity to the original to render *imbribus actis*, "in the sweet light after rain"; but we cannot

*The *Georgics* of Vergil, translated into English verse by Harriet Waters Preston. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

help thinking that Miss Preston indulges herself too far when she gets

"The hosts of the uttermost stars come out to view"

from

"Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusæ videtur"—

literally,

"The edge of the stars no longer seems blunted";

or, as Dryden renders it,

"The stars shine smarter."

In general, however, Miss Preston's version follows Virgil far more closely than Dryden's, and in one important respect—a love for nature—she is more in sympathy with her original than it was possible for any English poet of Dryden's generation to be. A few lines taken from that *locus classicus*, the description in the first book of the prognostications of a coming storm, will illustrate her superiority in this particular:

"For when great winds are gathering, forevermore

The breast of ocean heaveth distressfully,
Dry shrieks are heard in the mountains, and from the shore

The insartulate waves make harsh reply,
And mightily swells the murmur of the trees.

Oh! barely then the keel shall escape the seas,
When the fast gull cometh in from the outer deep,

Making the shore with a warning note and harsh,
When high and dry on the sand the cormorants leap,

And the heron spurns his haunt in the lonely marsh,
And overtops the very clouds in his flight."

This is at once more literal and greatly more spirited than Dryden's rendition of the same passage, who translates, *e. g.*, the line

"Cum medio cœles revolvant ex æquore mergi"

by the tame paraphrase,

"When crying cormorants forsake the sea."

Miss Preston's

"When the fast gull cometh in from the outer deep"

preserves wonderfully the rush of the hexameter, and is one of the best lines in the volume.

Miss Preston reasons somewhat inconclusively in her preface about the choice of a proper verse into which to translate the Virgilian hexameter. She says: "It must have melody and it must have variety. It must, therefore, be rhymed," etc. Why therefore rhymed? There is plenty of blank verse known to mortals which is both various and melodious. She speaks of "making successive rhymes follow alternate, while avoiding a division into stanzas"; but she might just as well have spaced her pages frankly, since in point of fact the poem is in stanzas. Her frequent introduction of an anapestic movement into the iambic line imparts a variety which is wanting to the rigid couplets of Dryden, but it secures this effect at some sacrifice of dignity. In one respect Miss Preston's version is unsatisfactory: it constantly suggests an original behind it. The English has in many parts a certain awkwardness, as if the Latin still clung to it and impeded it. Dryden, while a loose and sometimes a mechanical translator, always uses plain idiomatic

English. His meaning is never obscure or his phrase straggling. In a few instances Miss Preston's scholarship is at fault. Thus, in line 127, Book III., she mistranslates

"ne blando nequeat superesse labori"

25

"forbidding them endure howso slight labour."

The words mean, of course: Lest he be unequal to his pleasant task. Purists, too, might object to the employment of such archaisms as "thole," or such monstrosities as "doingless"; but that would, perhaps, be captious. As a whole, the translation may be confidently commended to those who cannot read the original. Miss Preston has done her work lovingly, and, unless tried by an ideal standard, remarkably well. Notwithstanding the exceptions taken here to the work, it can be said that the translator of "Mireio" has put English readers under renewed obligations.

Miss Lazarus's Translation of Heine.

LOVE of the art of which Heine was master, rather than any hope of profit, must have been the incentive to this selection from his poems. Miss Lazarus has many precursors, and of Heine's clearer work there is little left that has not found a translator before this. But she brings to the task a strong enthusiasm in the man and his work, and confirms her right to be heard by a delicate appreciation of the quality of Heine's verse. Perhaps of more use than the translations is the preface giving a short sketch of the poet's life: it is both sympathetic and well expressed.

The renderings from the original are remarkably close, and enjoy the same freedom from involution or straining after effect that makes most of Heine's work limpid, and places some of it at the very front of German literature. At times, Miss Lazarus does not succeed in giving the full shade of meaning to a line, not because she does not understand the original, it appears, but on account of the needs of rhythm or rhyme. The exceedingly generous use that the Germans are able to make of double or feminine rhymes is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of the conscientious translator who strives after a rendering which will give word for word, accent for accent, rhyme for rhyme. In the unrhymed and most charming little poem, "The Asra," all goes well until we reach the last line, where a slight, but yet important change has been made. Heine wrote:

"Und der Sklave sprach: ich heisse
Mohamet, ich bin aus Yemen;
Und mein Staam sind jene Asra
Welche sterben, wenn sie lieben."

In the answer of the dying slave the translation loses the fineness of the point—the delicacy of his declaration—by directing the thought to himself, instead of to his whole tribe, as will be seen:

"Spake the youthful slave: 'My name is
Mahomet, I come from Yemen;
And by birth I am an Asra,
One who dieth when he loves.'"

* Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine, translated by Emma Lazarus. To which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of Heine. New York: R. Worthington. 1881.

By throwing the blame of his death on a peculiarity of his tribe, Heine gave to the young Arab the dignity that belongs to the hand of fate. It invests his hopeless love with a wonderful pathos. It explains and condones his temerity; it also shields the princess from remorse. A light is thrown backward on his life, and we see him pining away without a word, although, by a sort of ancestral curse, he must surely die. Whether taken as spoken in good faith, or merely as the ruse of a detected lover, it is necessary to a complete appreciation of the poem to have this shade of meaning brought out, airy though it may at first sight appear.

Many such slips have not been noticed; they are themselves of the most pardonable kind, and testify to the difficulty of the task. Translation is always ungrateful, and doubly so when the original is Heine,—malicious, adroit, and concealing under the simplest garb many a sly hit and subtle turn of satire or of pathos.

Two features we have regretfully missed from the biographical sketch, viz., the consideration of Heine from the stand-point of an Israelite, and something authoritative as to his position in Germany, both as student and exile. We want something more definite than indignation for German discriminations against the Jews. And how do orthodox Jews regard the scoffing poet? What position has he really in German literature? What did his burlesques do in the way of enlightenment? Now that the *Judenhetze* is aroused once more in Prussia and Russia, it is the time for a well-informed co-religionist to be heard on these questions. Here is a chance for one so well-fitted by birth, education, and a poetical nature as Miss Lazarus. But if it be undertaken, it should be done seriously and, as far as possible, completely, use being made of any former translations that seem worth reproducing, and the poet being treated as a classic. In such a scheme expurgation is not permissible; the poems should be given entire or not at all. The main objective point would be the consideration of Heine as a Hebrew poet, who used German as his native, and French as his adopted, tongue.

Björnson's "Synnöve Solbakken" and "Arne."

TO THE American reader it will undoubtedly seem strange that so small and unpretentious a tale as "Synnöve Solbakken" should have heralded a new epoch in the literature of Norway. Nevertheless, such was the case; and the reasons are not far to seek. First, it announced the appearance of a new poet (which in Norway is a far greater event than it is here), and secondly, it presented the first true and poetic picture of Norse peasant-life. The subtle and entirely unconventional flavor of this simple narrative can of course be but imperfectly rendered in a translation, and the readers of Professor Anderson's version will never have any conception of the more elusive qualities of Björnson's style. It must be admitted,

too, that a style like Björnson's, individual to the verge of eccentricity, presents unusual difficulties to the translator, and it requires delicate linguistic perceptions to interpret his laconic phrases, and to find their exact equivalents, both as regards sense and color, in a foreign tongue. Professor Anderson has performed this difficult task creditably, never sacrificing the sense, but, to our minds, frequently missing the color. We are also disposed to quarrel with him about several expressions, such as *chorister*, which does not correspond to the Norwegian *klokker*, *deacon* being approximately a more correct rendering; and the use of the word *force* in the sense of cataract, which, though admissible, is obviously in an American book an affectation.

It is refreshing, amid all the feverish, overwrought fiction of the day, to light upon anything so healthy and natural as this primitive tale of peasant life. The nineteenth century, with its noisy politics and its complex society, had, until very recently, no existence in the remote mountain valleys of Norway, and there was a patriarchal simplicity in the manners and speech of the people which seemed to offer but the slenderest resources to the novelist. It is in the way he has used these slender resources that Björnson has shown that he has the true artistic instinct. He introduces nowhere an extraneous element to heighten the effect. Relying upon the primitive passions of love, hate, and jealousy, which assert themselves as strongly in the lower as in the higher stages of civilization, and the psychological shades and contrasts which human life everywhere displays, he has composed a little pastoral drama of exquisite beauty and interest. His chief characteristics as a novelist are a self-restraint which never mars an effect by over-elaboration, and a simple straightforwardness of thought and speech which reminds one of the old Sagas. The Norwegian nationality has, after centuries of eclipse, re-arisen in its purity in him, and the people whose innermost life he has drawn, and whose longings he has interpreted, have recognized in him, as it were, their ideal self and their natural leader. Whatever he utters is vital and strong, although he himself regards "Synnöve Solbakken" and the other early tales upon which his fame abroad is chiefly founded as the first flutterings of his poetic wings, before he had yet gained strength for a high and sustained flight. The public, however, has clung with peculiar predilection to these pleasant novelettes, and has refused to subordinate them to his later labors, in which a pronounced social or political tendency is everywhere perceptible. We are glad to see that the publishers of the present volume intend to issue a complete edition of Björnson's writings, and thus enable the American public to gain an adequate conception of the work of this remarkable man.

"Arne," the second of Björnson's novels, has a previous hold upon the affections of many American readers, having been published some twelve years ago by the Cambridge firm of Sever, Francis & Co. It is in all essential respects a stronger piece of work than "Synnöve Solbakken," being less idyllic in tone and of more complicated action. It might be cited as a triumphant exemplification of the fact that, in the hands of a great poet, even the most repulsive incidents may become poetic. It is the unvarnished truth concerning

* Synnöve Solbakken. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson, Author of "Norse Mythology," etc. Author's edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

Arne. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Author's edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

the Norwegian peasants (as they were thirty years ago) which Björnson has here related, and there is not a scene in the book which is not in the best sense typical. The disgraceful brawls and drunken revels at weddings and funerals, which are yet deplorably frequent in the more distant valleys of Norway, would, one would imagine, hardly furnish attractive material for an artist who, with all his vigor, is yet capable of such delicate workmanship as Björnson. But, like the late Prosper Mérimée, he has a strong predilection for the more primitive utterances of emotion, and he manages, while dealing with these remnants of barbarism, to give us such vivid glimpses into the depth of human nature that we quite forget to pass judgment upon the social condition which he portrays. Thus, there is a terrible barbaric wildness in a character like Nils the Tailor, and the scene of his death leaves an ineffaceable impression. Beautiful, on the other hand, and fresh as the morning dew, are the little introductory idyl, "How the Cliff was Clad," and the chapter entitled "The Nutting Party."

Matthews's "French Dramatists."

MR. MATTHEWS has made a book that will stand the test of criticism now, and the far severer test of study and reference in the future. It is a comprehensive review of the growth of what the French call dramaturgical art since the beginning of the present century, when "Hernani" sounded his trumpet, and the hollow walls of classicism fell with a final crash." It is a history told in half a score of biographies, a book of history that is also a commentary of sound critical value. There can be no question that such a book was needed. Dramatic composition in France is a dignified art—what is more, a living and vigorous art among other arts. Two Frenchmen, one great, one anxious to be, have, in this century, turned to the theater to fight for their literary opinions. Between the advent of Victor Hugo and the advent of M. Émile Zola, a long line of writers have labored, with more or less earnest purpose and hard-earned skill, for the French stage. It is about these men, their lives and their works, that Mr. Matthews's book is written. It is scarcely needful to say that the author is well equipped for his work; that his knowledge is the result of patient and thorough research; that he says what he has to say in a clear, fluent, and readable style. These things are, after all, no more than the man who undertakes such an ambitious task owes to the public. The value of the work lies in its strength as criticism. The matter it contains has been, in a cruder form, scattered through several magazines. Brought together in this volume, it shows the homogeneity and continuity of thought that make a book—a book with a positive personality behind it; a man who judges with sobriety,—with courage, if need be, as witness the passage that declares Victor Hugo a lyric dramatist, and not a great dramatic poet. Not that Mr. Matthews is always infallible. He has an almost superstitious reverence for the marrowless dry bones of certain dead folk; he worships at Sheridan's shrine; he is polite to the ghosts of Racine and Corneille, now fast slipping down to oblivion, with their

pseudo-classic robes huddled about them; he forgets, in his admiration for the cow-like placidity of M. Angier's somewhat *bourgeois* muse, to pay fair tribute to the erratic genius of Alexandre Dumas *filz*. This is strange, that so keen-eyed a student can fail to see that, for all his posing and haranguing in the marketplace, for all his obvious charlatanism and inconsistency, the younger Dumas has long been an original, stirring, irritant force in the literature of his country—a man with a pure and earnest enthusiasm at the bottom of him, always at war with, always belied by, his superficial insincerity. But here the personal equation of opinion comes in, and Mr. Matthews has certainly won, in this book, the right to demand for the views he expresses a full share of the public's respect.

Von Falke's "Greece and Rome."

A QUARTO volume, elegantly bound, and illustrated with that profusion of material which German archeology invites and the German artist delights in, and which certainly ought to brighten up the study-table of the American scholar, is no unworthy candidate in the book market for popular favor. The artist has gleaned in every field. Painting, sculpture, antiquities, tombstones, Pompeian crypts, Mycenaean burial-places, geology, geography, architecture,—the vast treasury which art and the antiquarian have made accessible,—this painstaking German professor has ransacked for his material, and with an eye to the average reader, who has no time for original investigation. In America, the students of Greek and Roman life are numbered by the thousand, and those who have a reflected, though not always a reflective, interest in antiquity are tenfold more. What this volume does for them, and does well, is to make the daily common life of that wonderful world of the ancients as real as pictorial representation can make it. We may, with its aid, not only visit the ruins of Athens, of old Troy, Mycenae, and Rome, and see the great public buildings on the Acropolis and the seven hills of the queen city, but we may get a better notion than we have generally had of the natural scenery beyond the walls of towns,—the sea-shore of Athens, the quarries of Corinth, the rocks of the Piræus, the plains of Ægina and the far-away mountains, the waters about Syracuse, the chasms of Delphi and the broad fields of Krissa, the rugged coast of Thessaly, the beautiful vale of Tempe where the Peneus cuts its way among picturesque rocks along the base of Olympus, Mount Taygetus and the valley of the Eurotas, the Bay of Baiae, the rocks of Parnassus, Hadrian's Villa, and way-side scenes innumerable. This is a special and charming feature of the book, and of more value to us than the attempts to reproduce, even though from the canvas of great painters, ideal scenes, as that of Nero's Torches, Tiberias at Capree, the Suckling of the Roman Twins, the Banquet, and the three full-page illustrations by Alma Tadema, however excellent as pictures these may be. There is but little to complain of, however, in this latter particular; for the five hundred or more illustrations are remarkably well chosen for

* Greece and Rome: Their Life and Art. By Jacob Von Falke. Translated by Wm. Hand Brown, Associate of Johns Hopkins University. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

* French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Remington & Co.

their purpose of making visible the scenery and life of the ancients. The series of busts and full-length figures, copied from coins and temples, from frieze and glyptothek, serve as a valuable portrait-gallery of the most eminent men of Greece and Rome. To say nothing of the more common heads, we have some opportunity—the best there is—to get acquainted with Sappho, as the Herculanean bronze shows her, with Diogenes, Hannibal, Marcus Brutus, Messalina, Seneca, and about fifty more of the realities of the ancients, together with as many of their ideals—Venus, Jupiter, and the rest. The illustration of interior life is equally full and more enticing. The sports of the youth, the dress, ornaments, utensils, decoration, are all admirably pictured.

We are glad to welcome any attempt to give to America, in pictorial form, the riches of the European museums and galleries. Classical scholarship is probably as widely spread, though not so deeply rooted, in America as abroad; but the means for making the world of antiquity, in all its beauty and grandeur, real, are almost altogether wanting. We cannot see the natural scenery, the surroundings, the ruins, the *débris* of a life of which we all like to read, nor can we feel the charm of the Athenian sky, or hear the roar of the north-east wind as it sweeps down the Hellespont, scattering the fleets of Greece among the thousand isles of the *Ægean*. What we can get is, at best, but a remote and faint echo from a world which was far more closely allied to our own, in the underlying strata of policy, liberty, intelligence, incessant action, than it was to the foreign states to which, however, we are indebted for our main sources of information.

Of the historical text we cannot speak so warmly. It treats of the popular side of ancient life, its social, business, artistic, and religious aspects, its literature, methods in politics and professional life—in other words, it deals with the life of the people, and not so much with the policies of rulers and the changes of dynasties. This is as it should be, and the account is full of interest. It is derived from a great variety of sources, and everywhere keeps the level of common book-making, clear, however, and full of detail, thoroughly readable, nowhere brilliant or smacking of the great historians—never too dignified, sometimes a little gossipy. The translator often gets tired of good English, and lapses into a foreign phraseology. Nor does the good professor in the original keep an even and steady course among the many topics which he is called upon to harmonize. But while the well-read student will find nothing new in the historical account, he will find an effective grouping of details, and out of these and the really excellent special illustration, he will be able to make his own picture of ancient life.

The New Edition of Gilchrist's "Blake."

THE interest felt in William Blake is very largely due to the enthusiasm of a single man. If Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, a young man without property or

special influence, but with single-minded devotion to his work and with a strong sense of Blake's genius, had not projected and perseveringly worked at the elaborate "Life and Writings" which appeared nearly twenty years ago, it is probable that the knowledge of Blake's genius would have been confined to a few collectors and special students. Now Blake's work has become a potent influence in art and literature, and both his designs and his poetry have been added to the imperishable store from which the world at large draws its profit and its pleasure. It is a very unusual instance of the rehabilitation of a man of genius.

Mr. Gilchrist died when his work was substantially done, but before his book had been published or even quite completed, and it is only right to connect with his name, as the reviver of Blake's fame, those of his wife, of Mr. D. G. Rossetti, of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Now, nearly twenty years later, during which time there has been a succession of interesting contributions to our knowledge and criticism of Blake, a new edition of the book has been published at the instance of the same faithful guardians of this trust, for so surely they must be regarded. The result is a positive advance even upon the first edition, and so thoroughly has the work of revision been done that it is difficult to believe in any further discovery of what may be told of Blake. Further criticism there may be, and possibly further publication of fac-similes of Blake's work; but the reader may be confident that, in buying these two rich volumes, he is securing what three generations hence will be received as still final and not to be superseded.

The text of the edition is substantially as before, except that criticism has discovered a few errors to correct, and that some important additions have been made from material lately brought to light. The typographic improvement is marked, and the book has gained especially in pictorial enrichment. The old photo-lithographic reproductions of the "Book of Job," which were singularly unhappy, have given place to a better series in the new photo-intaglio process. Better fac-similes have also been used, and some of the engravings made for the article on Blake which appeared in this magazine for June, 1880, have been effectively introduced. An important series of illustrations designed for "Young's Night Thoughts," recently discovered, are carefully described by Mr. F. J. Shields, and an article on Blake by Mr. James Smetham, which was published in the "London Quarterly," is given a permanent place here. The book, as it stands, reflects great honor upon all engaged in its reproduction, and the dignified, reverent sketch of her husband's life, given at the close of the work by Mrs. Gilchrist, will be welcomed by the many who have been interested in this conspicuous instance of a neglected poet and painter brought back into his proper place by the loyalty of his disciples.

Trowbridge's "Home Idyl."

THAT the author of "The Vagabonds" is a genuine poet, the reader needs not to be told. There is a

* Life of William Blake. With Selections from his Poems and Other Writings. By Alexander Gilchrist. A New and Enlarged Edition. Illustrated from Blake's own Works, with additional Letters and a Memoir of the Author. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

* A Home Idyl and Other Poems. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.



sound core of wisdom, manly tenderness, and warm human sympathy in his poetry. He keeps close to the lines of actual life. The pathos of lowly fates, the beauty that shines from common things, are his theme. Many of the titles in this latest volume indicate his favorite walk: "Old Robin," "Pleasant Street," "The Old Lobsterman," "Old Man Gram." These are all idyllic or *genre* pieces, excellent of their kind.

In workmanship, Mr. Trowbridge is at the farthest remove from the daintiness of such a poet as Aldrich, for example. Homeliness is, perhaps, the best word to express the quality of his style, which often, indeed, becomes so prosaic that we find ourselves doubting whether he is writing poetry at all, or only a kind of metrical *oratio soluta*. Thus, in the name-piece of the present collection, "A Home Idyl," which is a narrative of pioneer family life in the far West, the poetry wears very thin in spots, the method of the story gets very pragmatic and matter-of-fact, and the bald, familiar language is jerked along in a most ungraceful meter:

"For the father, who frowned, at last has smiled,
Reconciled,
On the modest youth who has won his child.
'Right sort of chap: I like his way!

We'll have him at dinner Christmas-day," etc., etc.

But just as we are beginning to doubt, comes in a touch of imagination which lifts the verse for an instant into a finer air. Mr. Trowbridge's muse by no means abides in the atmosphere of Carleton's "Farm Ballads," but has in her on occasion "those brave translunary things" which distinguish true poetry from rhymed sentiment or rhymed wisdom. In "Two-score and Ten," "The Isle of Lambs," and "Recollections of Lalla Rookh," especially, the ideal is always lurking close at hand and flashing in through the crevices of the real. But "Under Moon and Stars" is, to our mind, the most impressive poem in the volume. It has a depth of feeling and a dignity of manner too often absent from the author's page, and is to his more loosely written idyls and ballads as Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is to such pieces as "Peter Bell" and "The Idiot Boy." Here he shares the spiritual vision of all high poets of that "luminous realm of spirit" that flows round the world:

"Round our ignorance and anguish,
Round the darkness where we languish,
As the sunlight round the dim Earth's midnight tower of
shadow pours,
Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
Viewless to the eyes of mortals
Till it flood the moon's pale islet or the morning's golden
shores."

Guichard's Decorative Designs.*

THESE forty plates are executed with the utmost delicacy, and are printed on full folio sheets of thick

* Dessins de Décoration des Principaux Maîtres. Quarante planches. Sous la direction de M. Éd. Guichard. Étude sur l'Art Décoratif et des Notices par M. Ernest Chesneau. Paris: A. Quantin. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1881.

paper; together with the descriptive letterpress for each and the essay on decorative art supplied by Ernest Chesneau, the whole fills a thick portfolio where they may be always kept, unless it be preferred to have them bound. Very interesting, as may be supposed, when one thinks of the prominence France has had for several centuries in the making of beautiful furniture, is the essay by Chesneau. The editor is an ex-president of "L'Union Centrale des Beaux-Arts appliqué à l'Industrie," and the author of a work on furnishing and interior decoration. The essayist is a frequent contributor to "L'Art." It would surprise some of our "swell" decorators to see from what a high point of art M. Chesneau regards the arrangements of line, of curve, and of color in the furniture of houses by no means palatial. Especially does color occupy his attention, and his criticisms sound more like those addressed to paintings than articles of furniture meant for dwellings of the ordinary class. He deplures two things, which he hopes, however, that time will mend. One is the absence of a style belonging to our epoch; the other is the absence of individual character imposed upon industrial products by division of labor among the workmen and by the intervention of machines in fabrication. As to machines, he does not think to oppose them or decry them; he accepts the use of machinery as inevitable, but hopes that taste will rise superior even to their baleful influence. Much excellent advice is given as to the lines and moldings assumed by carpets, hangings, wall-papers, pieces of furniture, etc., etc. He yields with a good grace to the use of moldings for ceilings, etc., and of cast-iron instead of forged iron for balconies. Under some circumstances, these, he thinks, might be painted in bright colors, thereby repeating the bold experiment of Mr. Richard Hunt, the architect, of New York, who put up on Broadway a tall business building with iron façade, the pieces cast in Moorish shapes, and this façade painted in brilliant colors. But the timidity of the mercantile classes was too great for the experiment to be repeated; the building is there, but clad in one dull garb of paint. It is to be acknowledged, though, that the choice of colors, while not extremely violent, was not the best. It was the idea that was admirable; the carrying out was inferior. In his remarks on color, Chesneau refers to Chevreul, Brücke, and Schutzenberger; in those on designs, he points out the wealth of material for novel combinations offered by the chalices and cross-cuts of flowers, and quotes Michelet the eloquent for proof that common insects have under the microscope a treasure-house of wonderful patterns and designs. The concise notices of plates speak of such great artists in furniture and the finer arts as Boulle, Delacroix, Gillot, Lebrun, Poussin (Nicolas), Prud'hon, and Puget. Four plates are after work by unknown masters. In addition to the notices there is a bibliographical table giving the chief events in the lives of the artists mentioned.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

House Construction. I.

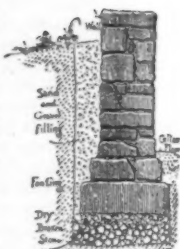
FOUNDATIONS.

THE house-builder's first care is to secure a solid foundation. The best basis for this is either rock or gravel which has not been moved. Next come clay and sand, subject to the same conditions as gravel. Loose or soft, wet situations are more difficult of treatment, and require extreme care and scientific methods of procedure. Examination by means of wells or pits sunk at different places over the proposed site, down to or lower than the under side of the foundation, is the only sure means of determining the character of the ground. If a solid basis is found, it is only necessary to remove loose deposits and level all surfaces, so that the bases of the foundation may not be begun on inclined planes. In general, a site at the top of a hill is undesirable, because it is difficult to raise trees and shrubs there; and, as these elevations usually have a thin layer of soil above a rock substructure, rain will collect and produce springs. In the cutting of a cellar in such a position, considerable expense will be incurred in diverting springs by sinking channels. To these objections may be added the extra labor of walking, riding, or driving up and down a long hill, where gradual and easy ascent is not possible. Should it be thought advisable, however, to retain such a site, it is well to keep the cellar excavation as high as possible above the rock, grading judiciously to enhance the appearance of the building. Valley sites are as open to objections as those on hill-tops; for, when the valleys are long and deep, and there is much still water, dampness and unhealthiness of air are nearly always present. The best position for a country house is midway between these extremes, on the side of a hill and near broad sheets of moving water—such, for instance, as the slopes along the Hudson River and by the great inland lakes. In those regions, it will be found that spring is about two weeks earlier and autumn nearly two weeks later than in the same latitude east or west, where the relative conditions of land and water are less favorable.

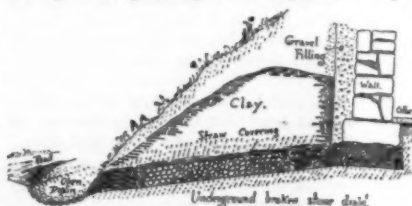
Clay soils may be classed next to rock and gravel for stability as building sites, but they present unfavorable features on account of changes in their structure in dry and wet weather, their imperviousness to water, and the tenacity with which frozen clay adheres to masonry. Yet, by using care in draining the excavation, the foundation on clay may be made nearly as solid as that constructed on compact sand, and the site prove as conducive to health. Sand, from its porosity, forms an admirable drain, and helps to keep the cellar and substructure dry. If the soil is wet, special means must be employed to keep the cellar and walls free from dampness.

The site having been tested, the excavations are commenced. These excavations are generally, or, rather, ought to be, eight or ten inches wider than the

proposed area of the building. This space outside of the wall should be filled with gravel, and if the wall is built on dry, broken stone, the surface water will not be apt to penetrate the cellar. Such preparation, however, might not be sufficient in the case of a clay-bed whose upper surface was above the cellar level. In this case, trenches must be cut outside of the building, so as to conduct the water to some main-road drain or to the foot of the slope. Sometimes the outside surfaces of cellar walls are coated with cement and sand, which is termed "rendering," and this helps to shed water in the soil. After this has been accomplished, the earth is filled in and thoroughly settled by ramming and wetting, called puddling, so as to pack it closely in



TYPICAL WELL-CONSTRUCTED CELLAR WALL.



DRY STONE DRAIN UNDER CLAY BED.

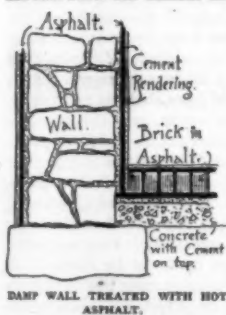
place; but particular care must be taken that the walls are settled and quite dry before this is done, for if the walls imbibe moisture, especially if built with lime-mortar, they rarely part with it, and wet gradually and surely rots the timbers resting on the foundations. To prevent a soakage of water through the earth packing, a course of brick should be laid under-ground, leaning toward the building, and this should be cemented very thoroughly. Where wet soils are encountered,



BRICK WATER-SHED.

moisture will be conducted by means of the wall into the dwelling. The surest protection against this is to use hot asphalt, which is carried over the cellar floor, through the foundation walls, and upon the outside of the foundation walls, thus forming a complete envelope to the building, which, if properly put on and carefully regulated as to special requirements, will make the cellar floor as dry as the attic, even when the level of summer water outside is several feet above the grade of the floor. If the cellar walls of an existing building are damp, and it is impossible to keep the

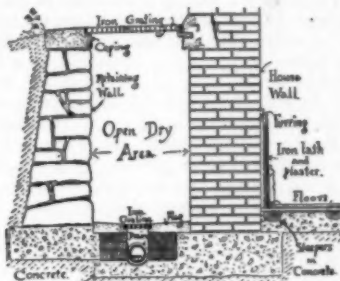
cellar floor free from moisture, the following method will make a dry cellar and add to the security of the household against disease. Nothing is more detrimental to the health of the inmates of a house or more conducive to the decay of the building than moisture. Diphtheria has developed from the fungoid growth on damp wall-paper in a house where the drainage was excellent. The first thing to be done is to take up the cellar floor, and level the soil about nine or ten inches below the finished grade of the cellar floor. In very bad locations, lay four or five inches of concrete, or, in more favorable ones, between four and six inches of coarse, clean sand. (Sand is clean when, being wet and then rubbed, it does not soil the hands.) This layer of sand should be well rolled or packed; then spread over the sand or the concrete an even layer of cement-and-sand mortar from three-quarters to one inch in thickness, and when this has well set, pour hot asphalt over the entire surface of the floor, carrying the same up on the walls above where the moisture shows. The outer surface of the cellar wall must be treated in the same way if the ground is unusually bad. Of course, a rough-stone wall will need to be brought to an even surface with cement mortar before applying the asphalt, and a second cement rendering should be placed outside the asphalt on both sides of the walls and the floor. To make a good walking surface, which shall also be capable of resisting wear and tear, the cellar floor should be covered with bricks on edge, well grouted in cement. Or the bricks may be heated and dipped in asphalt, then laid on the asphalt bed, and afterward the cement may be spread over them.



These methods for keeping walls dry are excellent when dry areas or air-drains cannot be conveniently constructed. Dry areas are cavities between the outside of the foundation walls and the retaining walls which support the soil. Sometimes these areas are covered with half-brick arches, or a flat stone a little below the surface of the ground. This entirely nullifies the anticipated benefit, for the surface drainage descends and injures the cellar wall even if it is cemented above the covering, while the dark passage becomes a harbor for vermin. The best form is that of an area which is open to the elements, covered at intervals with a movable grating, and is sufficiently wide to admit of being cleaned out. It should have a drain-pipe laid to grade at the bottom. This area, of course, may be utilized in giving light to rooms partially below the ground surface, such as kitchens, laundries, and sculleries, although it is not

well to have any working-rooms below the ground levels. The best possible arrangement would be to have the working department of a household in a semi-detached wing.

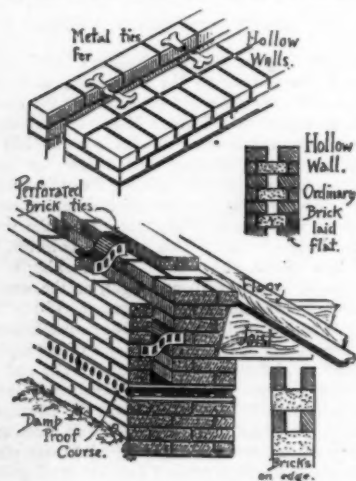
Damp courses are used to prevent the moisture which may get into the foundation walls from rising by capillary attraction. The absence of this simple precaution,



OPEN AREA TO PROTECT AGAINST MOISTURE.

especially in the so-called "jerry-builder's" work, while saving a few dollars to the contractor, ultimately results in the expenditure of hundreds, by the household, in repairs and doctor's bills. In very cheap buildings, several courses of brick-work, laid in cement above the footings and below the floor, sometimes take the place of building the entire wall in cement. Another way is to bed thick slates in cement in courses with lapped joints through all the walls, whether large or small. This method, however, has fallen into disuse, either from the breaking of the slates by the superincumbent weight, or the want of adhesion of slates and ordinary cement. If Portland cement is used, it will, from its well-known adhesion to slate, prove more satisfactory. A layer of hot asphalt, sand, and tar, between the foundation walls and the superstructure, has proved very efficacious. Gas-tar mixed with lime it is said will resist the advance of moisture. In some of the old and well-constructed buildings of two centuries ago, sheet-lead was placed on the top of a wall to prevent any wet coming down from the gutters; what has worked so well on the upper portion has been suggested for the lower part of the wall, but it is an expensive method. Thus far, one of the best and cheapest means discovered to keep dampness out of a wall is to insert a damp proof course, which is made of vitrified pottery or stoneware. These blocks come in various sizes; they are perforated entirely through their lengths, which go across the width of the wall; each block has a half air-space, which remains open after the mortar-beds are laid on each side of the block. These slabs can be introduced into work already executed, by cutting out a course of bricks. Hollow walls have been used to accomplish the same all-important result, and also the layer of air, being a non-conductor, helps to keep the inside of the building at an equal temperature. The two portions forming the hollow wall have been variously placed as to their position and bonding. They have been arranged with the thin portion sometimes on the inside and sometimes on the outside. When the thin portion is inside, the bulk of the wall is exposed to the wet,

which may penetrate to within a few inches of the interior. The span of the roof has also to be increased, to bring the wall-plates on to the substantial part of the wall; this, however, can be avoided by building the upper portion solid, which will render that portion of the wall liable to damp. If the thin portion is on the outside, the damp is at once intercepted by the air-space; it does not attack the greater bulk of the wall, and is kept at a considerable distance from the interior of the structure. The roof will now rest on the interior, thicker wall, and the whole will be a more economical arrangement. If the outer or thinner portion, however, is built of bad bricks, the attacks of frost, for instance, will soon destroy it. In bonding or tying the two portions together, bricks like an S have been used; the end which goes into the outer portion being a course lower than the other end. This prevents any moisture running along the surface of the tie into the main wall. These bonders, as they are termed, are placed about two and a half feet apart in a horizontal, and about ten or twelve inches in a



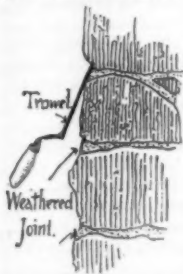
DAMP-PROOF COURSE AND HOLLOW WALL BONDING.

vertical, direction. Wrought and cast iron ties, properly painted or tarred, with a depression or a twist at the middle to prevent water passing and to resist compression, are also of general use. Special hollow bricks have been used for the entire building, and sometimes the walls are built of ordinary bricks on edge, previously dipped in tar and asphalt, and with ordinary bricks as bonders from front to back. Or the bricks may be laid flat, with a two-inch space between; the headers or bonders will then be too short to span the width of wall, and must be filled out with "bats," or broken bricks. These methods, which may be used in constructing hollow walls with ordinary bricks, are defective in strength and durability as compared with those having special bonding-bricks or metal ties; for the durability of the wall is affected by the porosity of ordinary bricks, which conduct moisture to the inside wall, and thereby defeat the very object to be obtained in making the wall hollow. In the absence

of special bonding-bricks or metal ties, it is better to use pieces of slate-slab as thick as the courses of brick. Use may be made of this in the ornamentation of the front, by having the edge of the slab rubbed smooth where it is exposed to view, and if a Philadelphia brick is employed for the exterior, the deep contrasting color will produce a pleasing effect. Often a stone wall is lined on the inside with four inches of brickwork or three inches of fire-proof material, leaving a two-inch air-space between; this lining must be tied into the main wall, and will go from the foundations up to and between the beams.

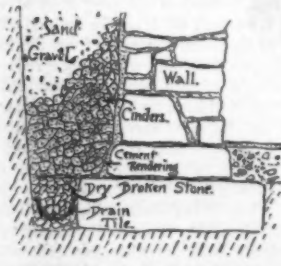
If concrete is used in the foundations, care must be taken that it is made of proper materials, and that the mixing and laying are well executed. Concrete is an artificial compound, generally made by mixing lime or cement with clean, sharp sand, water, and some hard material, such as broken stone, gravel, burnt clay, bits of brick, iron slag, and breeze. The broken material for convenience is called the "aggregate," and the mortar which incases it the "matrix." If there is any choice about the aggregate, preference should be given to fragments of a porous nature, such as brick or limestone, in one and a half or two-inch cubes, rather than to those with smooth surfaces, because the cementing material will more readily adhere to the rough surfaces of the former. The following modes of mixing concrete are systematic, scientific, and practical: The proportions decided upon are measured out in boxes. The measured materials are then heaped together, and turned over with hoes and shovels at least three times; when thoroughly incorporated, the mass is sprinkled with water from a watering-pot. If too much water is added, the lime or cement is washed away. Another method, recommended by engineers, is to mix the matrix separately and then add the aggregate. In this method, the mortar should have about as much moisture as in ordinary brown sugar, and the aggregate should be thoroughly moistened in order not to abstract any moisture from the matrix. When the aggregate is in the form of a sandy ballast or gravel, the first method is better, as the expense of screening would have to be added if the second method were used. As a rule, mixing separately is more expensive, and for ordinary concrete need not be adopted. In laying concrete, the common practice has been to tip it from a height of ten or more feet, but this is considered objectionable, because the heavy and light portions separate in falling and the concrete is therefore not uniform. After thorough mixing, the concrete should be wheeled to the position desired and gently tipped from a height of not more than three feet, and be carefully rammed immediately, if a quick-setting cement is not used, in layers of from eight to twelve inches in thickness, and then not disturbed after setting has commenced. Before adding a layer, make sure that the one on which it rests is thoroughly set; the upper surface of the lower one should be swept clean, wetted, and made rough with a pick. When concrete is to be placed under water, it is deposited through shoots, or sometimes placed in oiled cotton-waste bags, which remain after it is laid. If footing-stones alone are used, without concrete, as a sub-foundation, it is well to see that these stones, if they have uneven beds, are fitted solidly on the gravel. An excellent way

to bed an irregular stone is to heap sand without pebbles around the stone in the trench, and then turn a hose on the mass; the water in sinking through the sand carries it into all interstices, and thus gradually makes a solid bed. When the foundation wall is built of stone, care must be taken that there are no cracks in the stone, which, even if almost invisible, will allow water to soak through, and unfit the stone for resisting a strain. Any suspicious stones when struck with a hammer will, if good, ring clear, and if there are seams in them, the dull sound which follows the blow will betray their presence. The stones should have nearly flat beds and be well bonded, and the side of the wall toward the bank should be as carefully pointed as that



PROPER JOINTS FOR STONE WALL.

on the inside,—that is, the joints should be well filled with mortar, and the mason should make what is called a "weathered joint," by pressing the mortar in with the trowel, the point being held up. If the filling of the trench, which must be either sand, gravel, cinders, broken brick, or stone-chips, should be in direct contact with the wall, this form of joint compels all water falling on the stones to trickle off and down until the drain is reached, when further harm cannot be done. If brick is used in the foundation walls, some one of the before-mentioned methods for excluding moisture must be employed, otherwise it will be impossible to keep the house dry and wholesome. Even when stone is used, the utmost care and attention must be practiced to prevent country masons, in particular, from constructing the walls with long stones, which they will not break but set with the neat, fair face on the inside, and the projecting portion running into the bank, there to collect the water and conduct it to the interior of the building. The reprehensible practice in some localities of building the cellar walls without any mortar, of irregularly shaped



OUTSIDE FILLING FOR CELLAR WALL.

stones, and depending partly for support on the soil backing, ought never to be countenanced. Such walls have the smooth faces of the stone on the inside, the side toward the bank having many projections. To make a presentable appearance toward the cellar, the crevices are filled with chips of stone and the joints are only pointed with mortar. On completion

and after whitewashing, such a wall would pass muster as a first-rate one. But after heavy rains, streams of water will percolate, and finally pour into the cellar; rats and other vermin, finding easy lodgment between the stones, will soon push out the chips and pointing mortar, thus reaching the interior, while the earth, washed in by successive floods, will soon bring such a pressure that the cellar walls will bulge inward. Dry stone walls may suffice if proper means are taken to keep the bank from the outside, but as a general rule it is better to have the entire thickness of the wall compactly filled with cement-and-sand mortar.

That portion of the wall which shows above the ground is ordinarily made with a smoother face than the rest. Slabs of granite or freestone, or even an eight-inch brick wall, are used in low-priced work. Of the three, split granite is the best, because the others absorb moisture from the ground and from snow-banks. The most solid construction is obtained, however, by carrying up the stone wall the full thickness, and depending on neatly pointed joints for the appearance of the outside.

Another decidedly bad practice in country work should never be allowed; this is the reduction of the

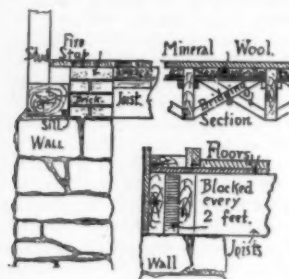


BADLY CONSTRUCTED CELLAR WALL.

thickness of the wall to that of the sill, in order to allow of the accommodation of the atrociously bad framing in which the floor-joint is notched into the sill, so that their upper surfaces coincide, but so that the whole weight comes on the tenon, which is liable to split off. The proper way is to have the under surfaces of the beams flush with the lower part of the sill; the tenon can then be made deep enough for safety, and the wall carried up the full thickness. An excellent mode of securing the sill to the wall is by bolts two feet long, set vertically in the masonry, about eight or ten feet apart; holes are bored in the sill, which is slipped over the bolts and secured by nuts and washers, care having been taken to spread previously a layer of soft-cement mortar as a bed, which, when the sill is hammered down, closes effectually all crevices against the frost. Another most effective means for keeping out the cold, stopping the spread of fire, and preventing rats from climbing over the wall and finding their way through the floor above, is to fill up the space between the beams from the sill, and the top of the stone wall to the under side of the floor-boards, with brick-work. The same object is attained in the West by dispensing with the sill, and using two floor-beams all around the building, so placed as to leave an air-space, which is blocked every two feet. These beams are so arranged that they project inward about an inch more than the studs above. The studs rest on a plate placed on the under flooring, which is laid diagonally. The advantages claimed for this method are security and warmth, with less cost of material than with beam-filling; greater stiffness than with sills; diminution of shrinkage, and greater height of walls with the same length of studs.

In preparing cellars or basements, it is often desirable to have board-floors. These floors may be laid on sleepers imbedded in concrete, or, if circulation is

wished under the floor and through the walls by means of air-bricks, the floor may be laid on the regular beams away from the ground surface, and ought to be "deafened" with "mineral wool," which, from its antiseptic and non-inflammable qualities, is



BRICK AND "UNDER-FLOOR" FIRE-STOP.

a most valuable and at the same time an inexpensive adjunct to good building. Mineral wool is prepared by passing superheated steam through ordinary iron slag, the resulting product being a white, almost weightless, woolly substance which is death to insects or vermin that enter it. Also, it is a non-conductor of heat, cold, and sound, is perfectly fire-proof, and costs

only a few cents a square foot about one inch thick. The beams are prepared for the wool by nailing fillets, from one to one and a quarter inches thick, say two inches below their upper surfaces. These fillets support a thin board bottom, on which the mineral wool is laid in a moderately compact mass until it is level with the top of the beams. If packed too tight, it loses many of its valuable properties; however, it should not be merely scattered between the beams. The trifling expense incurred will be repaid a hundred-fold by the comfort and security resulting from its use. As a fire-stop, the value of this material is only beginning to be known. If placed in partitions, behind furring, between floors and under roofs, many fires unaccountable in origin and difficult to get at, would be prevented.

Such, in brief, are some of the points which require attention in constructing a good foundation. With different conditions and novel requirements, special and novel means will be employed by a skillful architect to accomplish the desired ends. These hints are not given in order that the reader may become the architect of his own house, but in the hope that they will enable him to examine intelligently and to appreciate properly prepared plans and specifications for new structures, and in the hope that they may suggest simple means of improving dwellings already constructed.

GEORGE MARTIN HUSS.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Steam-boat and Engines.

In a new steam-boat now building upon the Hudson, an attempt is being made to produce a boat that shall be self-righting, that shall be very fast, and that cannot sink unless entirely torn to pieces. The boat is comparatively small, as it is intended only for an experimental or model boat. If successful, it is intended to build ocean steam-ships upon the same principle. It appears that the inventor's aim is to make a self-righting boat by carrying the sides over the deck in the form of a dome. The side frames are made continuous and meet over the center of the hull, or, in other words, the frames begin at one side of the keel, rise directly at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the water-line, and then curve inward over the deck and back on the same lines to the keel. A section of the hull taken in the center is thus of a wedge shape, with a sharp edge below and rounded top above. This wedge form is preserved through the entire length of the hull. There are no hollow lines in the boat, and the sharp, overhanging bow is intended to part the water near the surface and to form a long, tapering wedge. The widest part of the hull is exactly at the middle, both ends being precisely alike. This is quite different from the flat bottom and straight sides, with comparatively bluff or rounded bows, of the ordinary ocean steam-ship. The boat is intended to be much deeper aft than forward, and the deck will be much higher above water at the bows than at the stern.

There will be no houses or raised constructions of any kind on the deck, except the dome-shaped pilot-house, the ventilators, and the smoke-stacks. There will be an open railing around the center of the deck, so that it can be used as a promenade in pleasant weather or whenever the seas do not break over the boat. The object of this unbroken dome-shaped deck is to enable the boat to throw off all waves that break over the bows or sides in rough weather. It is thought that, instead of shipping tons of water and retaining it on deck till it can be drained off, the boat will shed or throw off the water from the long, sharp bows and open deck, and will at once relieve herself of the weight of the water. Waves striking the rounded deck will have no hold on the boat, and their force will thus be spent harmlessly. The sharp wedge-shape and rounded top of the hull, and the fact that even when fully loaded the center of gravity will be below the water-line, makes the model self-righting. From experiments with a small model, this claim of the inventor seems to be clearly proved. In laying out the boat, only the spar deck will be used for passengers, the main deck and all below being intended for cargo, coal, and engines. The state-rooms will be arranged along the outside, each room having a port in the side of the boat, while the ceiling will be formed of the curved deck above. The saloons will be the whole width of the ship, and on the spar deck. For lighting the saloons there will be sky-lights in the center, and as these in rough weather may be

covered by the seas that sweep over the deck, they will be very strong, and will be air-tight. To secure ventilation there will be steam-fans, kept in motion at all times, and maintaining a good circulation of air through every part of the boat. For this purpose the fresh air will be taken through wind-sails on the deck, and the exhaust air from the rooms will be turned into the blast used in forcing the boiler fires. No boats are to be carried on deck; the life rafts and boats will be kept in an apartment under the domed deck at the stern, and when they are to be launched, doors will be opened in the deck and the boats launched in the usual way from davits through these doors. The pilot-house will be at the bows, and will be entirely inclosed. It will not rise much above the deck, and will be entered from below.

There will be no masts or sails, as it is intended to depend wholly on the engines for propulsion. In constructing the hull, to secure great strength, three heavy trusses, or "hog frames," are to be placed on the keel, each one rising to the spar deck and securely fastened to the side frames of the boat. The ceiling will be double, and placed diagonally on the frames. In the larger steam-ships, the absence of sailing power will be compensated for by two extra engines and two supplementary screws, that can be employed in case the larger screw is lost or the main engines break down. For this purpose the three shafts will be placed one over the other. The two smaller shafts will be placed above and below the larger or main shaft, and each will have an engine. There will be a two-bladed screw on each shaft, and they will move above and below the main shaft. Behind those two small screws will be a second stern-post supporting the main screw-shaft, and to this will be fastened the large screw generally used in moving the ship. There will be behind this screw a third stern-post, carrying the rudder. On the second stern-post will be two extra rudders, one on each side, and when the smaller screws are not in use these two rudders will be turned forward and shut close against the main stern-post, and will be bolted from the deck above in this position. By this arrangement, the two small screws may be completely shut in out of sight and out of reach. The water will flow past the two rudders to the larger screw, precisely as if the second stern-post formed the real end of the hull. If the larger screw and rudder are broken or lost, or if the engine fails, these supplementary rudders may be unlocked, turned back, and used to steer the steamer, while the two small screws, exposed to the water by the opening of the rudders, may be brought into use to propel the ship. The supplementary engines can be used to handle the cargo, or do other work, when not employed in turning the screws.

The engines and boilers for the main engine are to be of a novel type. The engines will be double compound, that is, there will be two compound engines, each having two cylinders, the high-pressure cylinder being placed within the low-pressure cylinder. The piston of the larger cylinder will be annular shaped, and will have two piston-rods. The action of this style of engine will be easily understood. The steam will be admitted, say, at the top of the high-pressure cylinder, and driving the piston downward. The exhaust steam will escape below, directly into the bottom of the larger cylinder that surrounds the first cylinder,

and its expansion will drive the piston upward. In external appearance the engine will resemble a single engine having three piston-rods.

The boilers will be upright, with vertical water-tubes hanging down into the combustion chamber, somewhat like some forms of steam fire-engine boilers. All these tubes will be joined at intervals by horizontal tubes. The steam will be gathered in a larger tube in the center, where the steam will be disengaged from the water and will rise to the upper part, which will make a steam dome in the center of the boiler, and just under the throat of the stack. The boilers are to be very strong, as the engines are to be used under very high pressure and at high speeds. Further details of the construction and behavior of the model boat will be given as soon as she is launched.

Electrical Steering Apparatus.

EXPERIMENTS have been recently made in the use of electricity in steering or guiding steam-ships upon the open sea, and in controlling a light in such a way that the position of the light shall indicate the steamer's course. After the ship's course has been set, the helmsman's duty is simply to watch the compass and to move the wheel whenever the ship in her progress turns to the right or left from the course laid down. To enable the compass to steer the ship automatically, an index or pointer is fixed to the card of the compass in such a way that it may be fastened in any position on the card that may be desired—east, south-east, south, etc. When the course has been decided upon, and the index placed in the right position, the end of the index rests between two metal pins, each of which is part of an electrical circuit. When the movement of the ship out of her course, to the right or left, affects the compass, the card brings the pointer in connection with one of the pins. This closes one circuit, and the current, by the aid of suitable mechanism, controls one cylinder of the steam steering-engine, and this in turn controls the rudder. The ship, obeying the rudder, changes its course, and this in turn affects the position of the compass-card and the index is moved away from the pin, and the circuit is closed and the engine stopped. While such an arrangement of electrical and mechanical apparatus is quite possible, and while experiments with it have been successfully carried out upon at least one steamer, the invention cannot be regarded as one that will enable any ship to dispense with a helmsman or pilot. It might be suggested that, in place of employing the electric current to move the steam steering apparatus, it could be used to strike a gong. The sound of the bell would be a signal that the ship had left her course and required attention. By making the closing of the right-hand or left-hand circuit cause a bell of a different tone to ring, the deviation of the ship to the right or left could be clearly indicated. The circuits could also be extended to the captain's room, so that the ringing of the bells would inform him of the change in the ship's course. If the steering is made entirely automatic, there is danger that too much reliance might be placed on it by the pilot, and he might become careless or negligent at a critical moment, and place the ship in peril. By mak-

ing the apparatus merely ring a bell instead of controlling the steering engine, a watch would be set on the pilot at all times. The ringing of a bell should be the limit of this application of electricity to the compass. If not already patented, this suggestion will be free, and by its announcement here, all persons are debarred from taking an American patent on this application of electricity to a ship's compass. Another invention of somewhat the same character has been recently announced, that seeks, by means of a signal light, to give an indication in the night of a ship's course. A powerful light of some kind—an electric light being preferred by the inventor—is arranged near the bows in such a manner as to throw a beam of light directly ahead. Upon the ship's wheel are placed two electrical contacts, in such a position that while the ship is steered directly ahead no connection is made with either contact, precisely as the index on the compass-card is used in the first invention described. When the wheel is moved and the course changed, connection is made by the wheel with one of these points, and the current causes a reflector behind the lamp to move and deflect the beam of light to the right or left. This movement of the beam of light seen by approaching vessels indicates the change in the ship's course and the direction of the change. After the course has been changed and the vessel has fairly started in the new direction, the movement of the wheel opens the circuit and the reflector automatically returns to its first position of straight ahead. Approaching vessels see both the intended or changing course of the approaching ship by the movement of the beam of light, and are at the same time informed if the new course is maintained. A device resembling the one already suggested also rings a bell in the captain's room each time the reflector of the lamp is turned. A shutter, or shade, is also provided for preventing deceptive reflections on the water whenever an electric light is used with this apparatus. The movement of the reflector in the lamp, as first designed by the inventor, was to be performed by hand independently of the wheel, but the electrical arrangement is evidently better. This invention will not be patented, and is hereby given freely to the public.

White Slates.

SCHOOL slates are now being made of white cardboard, covered with a film formed by the action of sulphuric acid on tissue paper. This covering is probably a modification of celluloid. The slates can be used with a lead-pencil or with ink, and, to remove the marks, the slate is washed with cold water. A special ink is also prepared for use with the white slates. It is composed of harmless mineral coloring matter mixed with dextrine, and is aptly called "children's ink." It can be removed from the slate with a wet sponge. Another form of slate is made by coating the white card-board with water-glass. It may be used with lead-pencils or colored crayons. When the surface becomes soiled the water-glass may be rubbed off with sand-paper, and a new film may be put on with a sponge or brush dipped in water-glass. The ordinary black slate and white pencil is well enough for mere writing and outlines, but for pictures requiring shading it misleads the child by presenting the picture

with the lights reversed, or in a negative position. A white slate and black pencil is, therefore, better, as following nature in the matter of shading and giving pictures that are positives. The new slates have not yet been introduced in this country, but it would seem that they might prove of value in our schools. Perhaps a celluloid slate, if properly made, would be equally good, and might be sold at a low price.

New Tripod.

A NOVEL form of portable tripod for holding field cameras has been introduced which presents some features that may make the invention of value in a number of ways. It consists of three wooden legs, each eighty centimeters long, and hinged at the top to a small brass plate. This hinge is formed by a brass pin that passes through the top of the wooden rod or leg and gives it a free motion in two directions, while the frame of the hinge prevents any lateral motion of the rod. The screw for holding the camera on top of the tripod is fixed in the brass plate, and the camera is screwed down upon it by turning it round. This device saves the trouble of carrying a separate screw for this purpose. On the outer side of each rod is a T-shaped channel, cut in the wood the whole length of the rod. Three more rods of the same length are arranged with a projection on one side that will fit into the T-slots on the rods. These six pieces, when put together, one rod sliding on another, make a tripod that may be extended to a full length of one hundred and sixty centimeters (five feet three inches), or may be shut up to half the length. Brass rings hold the two parts of each leg together, and set-screws are used to keep each leg extended in any position desired. This arrangement enables the operator to adjust the tripod to any convenient height and to any uneven surface quickly and securely. When shut up, the tripod makes a small, light bundle, easily carried in the hand or trunk. By fixing a table to the top of the tripod, it may be used as a drawing-table for sketching out-of-doors, or for a dressing or dining table in camping out. It may also be used, by placing wooden leaves at the top, as a rack for holding sheet-music for bands. A larger tripod of wood or metal might also be used as a portable frame-work for a small field-tent, by covering the tripod with canvas or tarpaulin.

Improvement in Stoves.

THE tendency in the manufacture of all kinds of apparatus for burning fuel, whether it is merely to obtain heat for warming a room or in making steam, is toward a greatly increased radiating surface. The aim is to increase the radiating pipes, flues, or other parts of the stoves, so that as much heat as possible may be absorbed and given off to the air or water, instead of being thrown away up the chimney. The latest experiments in this direction have been made with a stove that was suggested by the ordinary surface condenser for steam. In this familiar apparatus, the exhaust steam from the engine is made to enter a chamber filled with a great number of small pipes. Through these pipes flows cold water, and the steam meets a large surface of the cold pipes and is condensed quickly, hence the name "surface condenser." In the

new stove, the chimney or stove-pipe over the fire-box was formed by a great number of small copper pipes placed in a cluster directly over the fire. The products of combustion were made to pass in many minute streams through this multiple chimney, and so great was the surface exposed to the air that only a very small percentage of the total heat of the fire was lost at the top of the chimney. It does not appear to make any material difference what kind of a stove or fuel is used, provided the tubes are small and enough of them are used to carry off all the gas and smoke. The experiments made seem to prove that it is possible to give a stove sufficient radiating surface to save nearly all the heat without making the collection of small pipes inconveniently large. The only objection to the use of a great number of small pipes in this way would be the trouble of keeping them clean, but the cost of cleaning would be probably more than offset by the economy of fuel.

New Water Meter.

A NEW apparatus for measuring the consumption of water has been introduced, that appears to have the

merit of simplicity and cheapness. It consists of two cast-iron cylinders, placed together at the bottom, and inclined from each other at an angle of about twenty degrees. They are supported on a pivot, and on this they are free to rock from side to side, as the weight of the water in one or the other causes it to move. These cylinders are connected with each other at the bottom, and are partly filled with quicksilver. There are also inlets and outlets for the water, controlled by the oscillation of the cylinders, which serves to move a registering device that marks the quantity of water that passes through the apparatus. The water, on entering one cylinder, drives out the quicksilver and it passes over to the other cylinder. Here the weight of the quicksilver serves to rock or upset the cylinder, and its movement on the pivot opens the outlet port and closes the inlet port. At the same time, a second inlet port is opened and the water flows into the second cylinder, driving out the quicksilver. The same operation follows in the first cylinder, and thus the continuous passage of the water is secured, while the oscillation of the cylinders controls the registering apparatus.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Old Ship of Zion.

OH! eb'rything's ready,—
De wind is steady,
An' de folks keep a-crowdin' to de gospel ship;
'Tis de best time to ride
On de Jordan tide—
Dar's no use o' waitin' for de 'scursion trip!

Dey's a-loosenin' de line,
An' soon she'll be gwine,
For yonder come de deck-hands to push her off de bank;
She's a-puffin'! she's a-puffin'!
An' she nebber waits for nuffin'—
Better git abode, sinners, 'fo' dey pull in de plank!

Absence of Mind.

[Scene: A sleeping-car. An absent-minded passenger suddenly awakes from his seat and looks aimlessly around him.]

"A HEAVY weight is on my mind!
I know I've left something behind!
It cannot be the brazen check,
For trunks which baggage-masters wreck,
For here it is! My hat-box? No!
It safely rests the seat below!
It must be, then, my new umbrella,
My wife will taunt me when I tell her,
'Your fifteenth since the glad New Year!
Why, bless me, no! How very queer!
'Tis in the rack there, plain in sight!
My purse and ticket are all right!
What fancies crowd an addled head;
There's naught amiss! I'll go to bed."

Full peacefully he sank to rest,
If snores a peaceful sleep attest.
A tuneful hour had scarce slipped by,
When loud uprose an anguished cry—
A crazed man's moan of lamentation—
"I've left the baby at the station!"

Rafting.

(NASSAU MARSH, FLORIDA.)

THE tide ebbs out in Lockler's Creek,
And the moonbeams break through the trees
around
On the changing shore where the current sweeps,
And the night-owl hoots at the echoing sound,
As the raftsmen cheerily sing:
"Ho, Jennie, gal, oh! oh!
De tide ride high, and de tide ran low,
And de water mus' hab its turnin';
But de ebb-tide car' de raf' along
Wid de binders stiff an' de current strong,
An' de trouble' stream a-churnin'."

The tide flows high o'er Nassau's banks,
And the hot sun lights the haze that floats
O'er the waving marsh-grass, tall and rank,
Where the marsh-hen pipes her pointed notes,
As the raftsmen dreamily sing:
"Ho! Jennie, gal, de work go slow,
For de tide mus' ebb an' de tide mus' flow,
An' de water am slow ob turnin';
For de flood-tide car' de raf' ashore,
An' we all mus' res' tell de water low'r,
Ef de noon-day sun be burnin'."

The white-caps break on Nassau's beach—
There's a rising wind and a lowering sky,
And out where the mists and the tempests meet
The circling sea-gulls flutter and cry,
As the raftsmen, jubilant, sing:
"Ho! Jennie, gal, de win' may blow,
An' de tide may ebb an' de tide may flow,
An' de water hab its turnin';
For de raf' ride safe in de cove alone,
An' I'm here wid you an' de boy at home,
Fo' de lighted fire a-burnin'."

The Taste Supply Association. (Limited.)

FOUNDED TO FURNISH SINGLE PEOPLE AND FAMILIES
WITH CORRECT AND HIGHLY CULTIVATED
TASTES OF ANY PERIOD OR
FASHION, IN
DRESS,
INTERIOR DECORATION,
OR
FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.

President.

MR. DANTE ATHELBERT HOSKINS.

OFFICES: { 1 Queen Anne Flats, New York,
and
{ South Kensington, London.

It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the fact that during the last few years there has been a great revival of Taste. No person who desires to hold any recognized position in society can hope to do so without possessing a clearly defined Taste. As Tastes are the result of close study and long and careful training, those persons who are engaged in business, or who have not the necessary leisure or assiduity, have hitherto found it impossible to procure them.

It is to remedy this state of affairs that the Taste Supply Association (Limited) has been formed—its directors and directresses being animated more by a spirit of philanthropy than by a desire for mere pecuniary gain; for they recognize it as utterly grievous that in the present enlightened period any person of means should be without special Tastes.

The staff has prepared a fine and very easily learned collection of Tastes, embracing every period and its various modifications, from the earliest Egyptian and Phœnician to the time of Queen Anne—later than whose reign nothing worthy of the disciples of Taste appears to have been produced.

All Tastes supplied by this Association will be guaranteed to be absolutely correct and unimpeachable. They will be personally imparted in a number of lessons varying with the difficulties and intricacies of the Taste selected. Those personally unable to attend may purchase rules for the formation of any desired Taste. These rules are clear and explicit, and are copiously illustrated with explanatory examples. We would, however, impress upon our patrons the fact that this study must be undertaken in a spirit of true earnestness.

The following are a few of the most useful and popular Tastes we have now on hand:

I. THE JAPANESE.

This is a simple and easily acquired Taste, in spite of its apparent complexity. It is an excellent Taste for beginners, and its cultivation generally forms the first stage of æsthetic development. Utter absence of consistency and homogeneity form its principal characteristic. This is, to a certain degree, true of all other fashionable æsthetic Tastes; but none other possesses this advantage to such an extent as the Japanese. It is very useful, also, in teaching novices to disregard that conventional fiction known as "the fitness of things." After a strict course of Japanese Taste, the æsthetic student will begin to understand that umbrellas are not made to carry over the head, but to hang up over doors or to put in front of empty grates; that plates are not fashioned for the table, but to be suspended in little tin frames; and that rugs made to be walked on should be used for *portières* by those who have the benefit of an Eastern civilization. The

course is brief and easy, although a little hard study is required at the first to enable pupils to distinguish between Japanese and Chinese wares. Chinese art, it should be remarked, is wholly unrecognized by the leaders of pure æstheticism. The stock for a fully developed Japanese Taste may be bought very cheap on Fourteenth street or Sixth Avenue, New York, and we have made very low

Terms for instruction.....\$2.50
Rules for self-instruction, by mail, postage paid. .25

II. THE ROCOCO.

This is the next step to the Japanese, and is slightly more complicated, although no great sense of consistency or uniformity is required. It is our object to show our patrons how to group odd bits of furniture, manufactured in France anywhere between the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis Philippe, or in Massachusetts after old French models, in a perfectly harmonious and truly æsthetic whole; also to teach them how to meet, and rejoin to, the scoffs of precise and unimaginative moderns, who are apt to designate such collections as "hodge-podge," "heterogeneous ruck," and to use other quite too unsympathetic descriptive terms. This is a really cheap Taste to gratify, as excellent genuine Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze furniture is now made by steam in this country, and several of the Michigan factories are about to establish *Directoire* departments.

Terms for instruction.....\$15.00
Rules by mail.....1.50

III. THE QUEEN ANNE.

This is an effective and highly popular Taste. Its apparent simplicity has led many amateurs to attempt its cultivation without adequate instruction, going in on the broad principle that everything that is ugly is Queen Anne. This is not the case. Everything that is truly Queen Anne is ugly; but an implicit trust in the converse of the proposition leads the collector to infringe upon several other Tastes. Our system obviates all this difficulty. Just as we teach the student of the Rococo to walk about a room without stumbling over the curved and projecting legs of the tables, or knocking the ornate corners off the cabinets, or catching himself on the brass-work, so we teach the devotee of the Queen Anne style to sit down on a spindle-legged chair, and write at a still more spindle-legged desk, without breaking either.

Terms for instruction.....\$25.00
Rules by mail.....2.50

IV. THE PURE CLASSIC.

THE Pure Classic is a very convenient Taste for those having large houses and very little furniture; but its use involves an extension of its principles into the realm of personal attire, which is often inconvenient, and, in a cold climate, sometimes positively dangerous, while it is at all times apt to bring a blush to the cheek of Philistines of exaggerated modesty. This Taste cannot very well be cultivated except by those living far out in the country, or, perhaps, in strictly private insane-asylums.

Terms for instruction.....\$35.00
Rules by mail.....3.50

V. THE MODIFIED CLASSIC.

THIS Taste is an invention of our own, and has been duly patented and will be protected by law. It

is a useful and ingenious combination of the principles of the Pure Classic and the Modern Tastes, so arranged as to admit of no objections on the scores of convenience, warmth, or propriety. It has all the advantages of the truly Classic with none of its disadvantages; it is eminently practicable, and the too absurdly low price at which we bill it puts it within the reach of all. The costumes may be easily and cheaply constructed. An excellent tunic, toga, or chiton may be made from an old meal-sack, or a mattress-ticking, drawn in about the waist with a bell-rope or a piece of curtain-cord. This Taste will be found particularly useful for young ladies' seminaries.

Terms for instruction.....\$20.00
Rules by mail.....2.00

VI. THE EARLY ENGLISH.

THIS is the great original æsthetic Taste, and for too excessively additional consummateness it readily takes precedence of all others. It is not exactly easy to define the underlying principle of Early English art; but it may be briefly described as a purely perfect passion for angles. The attempts of a certain burlesque dramatist and his too supremely derisive musical coadjutor to belittle the beauty and sacredness of Early English art should be met with lofty contempt by the patrons and pupils of this Association. That the sweet comprehensiveness of the style embraces Florentine stamped velvet and Gobelin tapestries, and permits of the juxtaposition of bear-skins and peacock-feathers, merely exhibits its rich elasticity and its complete adaptability to modern means and opportunities of collection. The principles of Early English costuming are easily mastered by Parisian dress-makers, and even the Philistine genius of Worth, when chastened and sublimated by the mystic influence of mediævalism, may produce raiment not more than four or five centuries later in style than the pure Early English—a trifling anachronism, scarcely noticeable so long as the general effect of Intensity is preserved. As an instance of the growing popularity of the Early English Taste, we may mention that the fashionable shoe for gentlemen is gradually getting nearer and nearer to the pointed form of King Stephen's time.

Terms for instruction.....\$50.00
Rules by mail.....5.00

VII. THE EARLY AMERICAN.

HERE we have a Taste at once practical, patriotic, and pleasing. To families of undoubted Cape Cod or Mohawk Valley ancestry, we can most confidently recommend this Taste as offering in itself an opportunity of social distinction. After a few weeks of study under our instructions, and a month or so spent in traveling about the country and collecting antique settles, chairs, spinning-wheels, samplers, Dutch ovens, spits, eight-day clocks, and shoe-buckles, a small family may fit up an ancestral hall at very slight expense, and may fairly claim to belong to the American aristocracy. Our course of study includes lessons in American history, and every graduate is presented with a pedigree, made out with careful reference to his inventory of antique possessions, so that he may attribute each article to an appropriate ancestor, and avoid anachronistic errors. We should warn our patrons against purchasing their heirlooms except under our supervision, as most of the simple-minded farmers who are willing, for a consideration, to part with old family furniture and china are agents of

Connecticut and Rhode Island manufacturers of antiques.

Terms for instruction.....\$12.00
Rules by mail.....1.20

Applications by letter must be addressed to the Secretary, and must state very distinctly what kind of Taste is required. No rules sent out except on receipt of the regular fee.

Our rules, while calculated to prove of great advantage to our patrons in the rural districts, give merely the broad rudimentary principles of Taste, and we cannot too strenuously insist upon the immense advantages of personal instruction.

Disputed questions of Taste may be referred to the Association, and will be decided for a very moderate charge.

" Ah, si Jeunesse savait ! "

HAD youth but known, some years ago,
That freckled-faced small girls could grow

In most astounding way,
To lovely women, in whose eyes
The light a man most longs for lies—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

HAD youth but known—my youth, I mean—
That you would walk as regnant queen

Of hearts in this new day—
That elfin locks could change to curls
Softer than any other girl's—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

HAD youth but known the time would come
When I should stand, abashed and dumb,

With not one word to say,
Before you, whom, in days gone by,
I'd tease until you could but cry—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

I little dreamed in those old days
Of undeveloped winning ways

To wile men's hearts away—
When, wading in the brook with you,
I splashed your best frock through and through—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

Your pretty nose—ah! there's the rub—

I used to laugh at once as "snub,"
Is now *mes retroussé*;
Upon the one-time brown bare feet
You wear French kids now, trim and neat,—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

The brief kilt-skirt, the legs all bare,
The freckled face, the tangled hair—

These things are passed away:
You are a woman now, full grown,
With lovers of your very own—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

You'd plead to be my comrade then,
With tearful big brown eyes—Ah, when,

My winning, winsome May,
Will words like those your lips atween
Come back again? No more, I ween!
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

Time turns the tables. It is meet,
Doubtless, that I here at your feet

Should feel your scepter's sway—
Should know you hold me 'neath your heel—
Should love you, and should—well, should feel z.
Ah, si Jeunesse savait !

A Successful Lawyer.

HE heaped the logic pile on pile, the evidence still higher,
 The counsel on the other side he hinted was a liar.
 He said his client was a well-known gentleman and scholar,
 And that his side had never paid their witnesses a dollar.
 He told them of the orphan's moans, the base oppressor's sneers,
 And, piling pathos mountain deep, moved all the Court to tears.
 He said: "I came not here for fame, nor yet for paltry gold;
 But justice is a thing, my friends, that never can be sold";
 And then at the rascality filled with indignant rage,
 Declared the act unparalleled in any previous age.
 He said that such a perjured wretch ne'er breathed beneath the sun,
 And, rising in his legal might, asked that the right be done.
 He quoted Blackstone, Chitty, Bamm, that no one could dispute,
 And said his "chain of reasoning" no lawyer could refute.
 He told the "honest, lawful men" to judge alone by fact,
 And not be swayed by empty speech and mere word-juggling tact.
 He wound up with a "glowing scene" that moistened every eye,
 And took his seat—to meditate on his stupendous lie.

The Pretty Toll-gate Keeper.

DOWN a valley fresh and fragrant, where a lake of silver sheen
 Lies embosomed in broad meadows of the deepest, purest green,
 Stands a busy rural village, with a touch of tower and spire,
 And its homes of squire and merchant in their plain and neat attire.

Many travelers go there daily,—some to talk and some to trade,
 Some with baskets, some with wagons,—man and woman, boy and maid;
 But whoever makes the journey is compelled, each time, to wait
 Long enough to drop some pennies at the tollman's rustic gate.

She who takes them is his daughter; sixteen years I heard her say
 Is her age; and she salutes me in so beautiful a way,
 With her pretty face in smiles, and her soft curls dropping down
 On her shoulders, that I think of her the whole long way to town.

I have business at the village every work-day of the week,
 And the reason why I go there is not very far to seek;
 I might take a shorter by-way, and see just as fair a land,—
 But I'd miss the tender softness of her white and pearly hand!

I am never in a hurry if she makes me stand and wait,—
 While I linger, half a dozen may have sauntered through the gate;
 But when my fee and fingers touch her fingers well outspread,
 What a sharp electric tremor tingles through my heart and head!

Yesterday I paused much longer than was needful to pay toll;
 One by one I dropped the pennies from my fingers' slow control;
 One by one I saw the blushes flame across her dimpled cheek;
 And, amidst the sweet confusion, I aroused my heart to speak.

It was just a simple question,—four short words and nothing more,—
 Yet a volume of intention filled the utterance they bore;
 Had I argued round a circle I might still be there to-day;
 So I put the matter frankly in the good old-fashioned way.

Then her face grew sweet and sober, and her blue eyes seemed so meek,
 That I caught at once the meaning which her lips were moved to speak.
 Let the busy gossips chatter,—I am willing they should prate,—
 For I'll now pay toll with kisses when I reach the rustic gate!

Her China Cup.

(RONDEAU.)

HER china cup is white and thin;
 A thousand times her heart has been
 Made merry at its scalloped brink,
 And in the bottom, painted pink,
 A dragon greets her with a grin.

The brim her kisses loves to win;
 The handle is a manikin,
 Who spies the foes that chip or chink
 Her china cup.

Muse, tell me if it be a sin:
 I watch her lift it past her chin
 Up to the scarlet lips and drink
 The Oolong draught. Somehow I think
 I'd like to be the dragon in
 Her china cup.

To a Bashful Lover.

(TRIOLET.)

YOU know it is late,
 And the night's growing colder;
 Still you lean o'er the gate!
 You know it is late,
 There's a fire in the grate,—
 Ah, sweetheart, be bolder!
 You know it is late,
 And the night's growing colder.

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Maurice Arnold.



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